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THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE

PLANQUETTE

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THE

BELLS OF CORNEVILLE;

(LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.)

COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

MUSIC BY

ROBERT PLANQUETTE.

The Original Dialogue and Stage Business Translated and Adapted to this Edition.

Orchestral parts can be procured of the Publishers.

225474

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THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE.

CHARACTERS OF THE OPERA.

SERPOLETTE, THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING	SOPRANO.
GERMAINE, THE LOST MARCHIONESS	MEZZO SOPRANO.
GERTRUDE, *JEANNE*, *MANETTE*, *SUZANNE*	VILLAGE MAIDENS.
HENRI, MARQUIS OF CORNEVILLE	BARITONE.
JEAN GRENICHEUX, A FISHERMAN	TENOR.
GASPARD, A MISER	BASS.
THE BAILLI	BASS.
REGISTRAR (*GREFFIER.*)	TENOR.
ASSESSOR (*L'ASSESSEUR.*)	TENOR.
NOTARY (*LE TABELLION.*)	BASS.

VILLAGERS, ATTENDANTS OF THE MARQUIS.

ARGUMENT.

HENRI, MARQUIS OF CORNEVILLE, who has been since childhood, owing to civil war, an exile, returns to his ancestral home on the occasion of the great annual fair which is being celebrated in the village that receives its name from his chateau. It is one of the old-fashioned Norman villages of the seventeenth century.

In the First Act, the curtain rises on an assemblage of village gossips, discussing scandal and small talk. SERPOLETTE, a cross between Fanchon and Boulotte, is the topic of conversation among the belles of Corneville. She comes in just in time to turn the tables on the others, and changes their taunts into expressions of rage. GASPARD, an old miser, wishes to marry his niece, GERMAINE, to the principal magistrate of the district, the BAILLI. This arrangement does not suit GERMAINE, nor a young fisherman named JEAN GRENICHEUX, who pretends that he has saved her life from drowning on a certain occasion. To escape from the power of old GASPARD, GERMAINE takes advantage of the privileges of the fair (a similar scene to that in the first act of "Martha"), and becomes the servant of the Marquis. Her example is followed by GRENICHEUX and SERPOLETTE.

The Second Act is taken up with the supernatural visitors who have made the Castle of Corneville so long an object of dread. HENRI determines to find out the real character of these ghostly appearances, and discovers that it is all the work of the old miser, who has concealed his treasures in the chateau. The discovery drives Gaspard crazy, especially when he hears the bells of the chateau ringing for the first time since the flight of the old Marquis.

The Third Act represents the grand fete given in honor of the return of HENRI to his ancestral home. SERPOLETTE arrives as a Marchionesss, as some papers, found in the chateau, indicate that she is the lost heiress. The miser, however, recovers his reason, and shows that GERMAINE is the true Marchioness. A love Duet between her and HENRI, and the reconciliation of all the parties, bring the romantic story to a close.

Stereotyped and Printed by J. Frank Giles, Boston.

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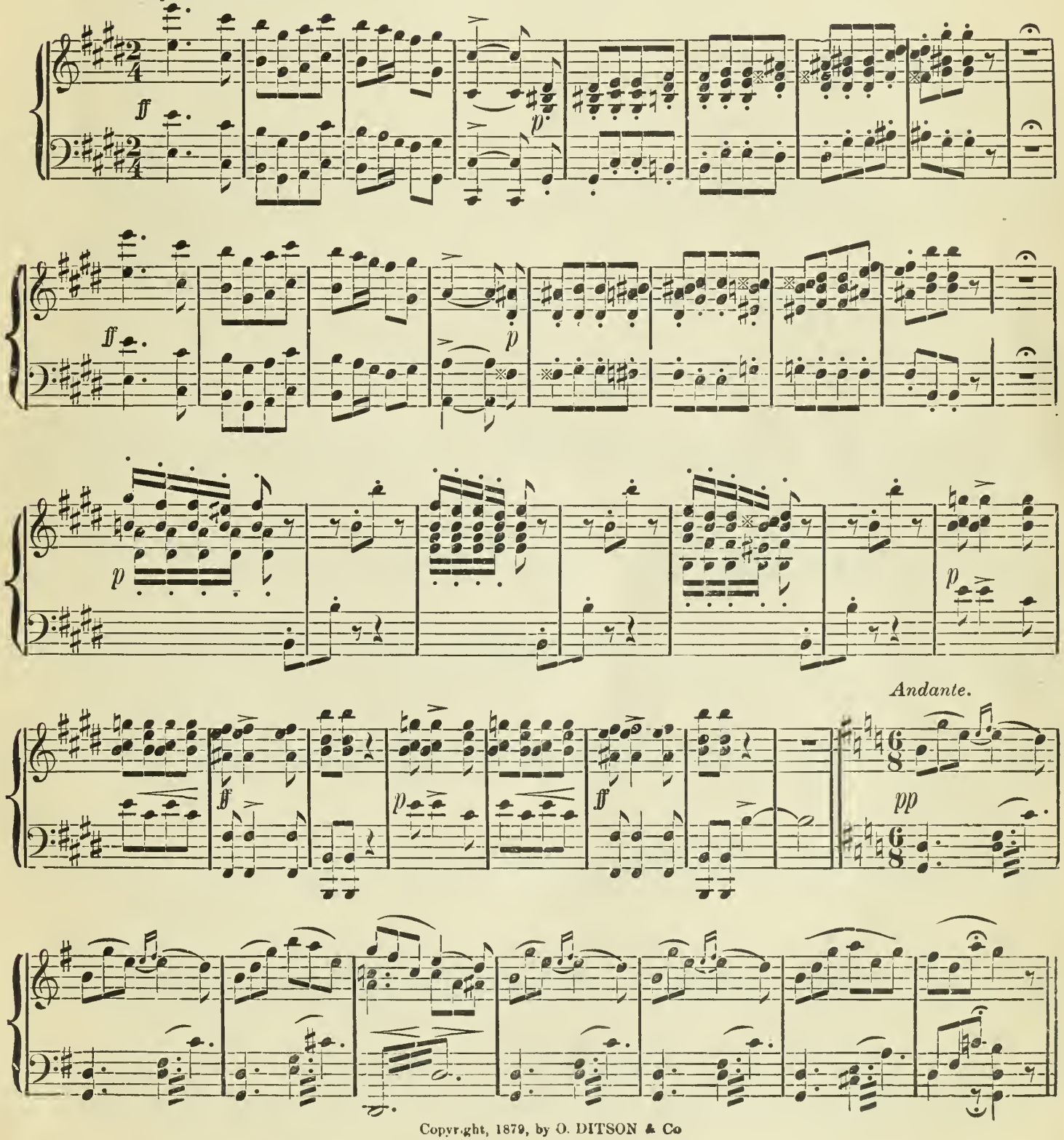
THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE.

OPERA COMIQUE IN 3 ACTS.

ROBERT PLANQUETTE.

OVERTURE.

Allegro Moderato.



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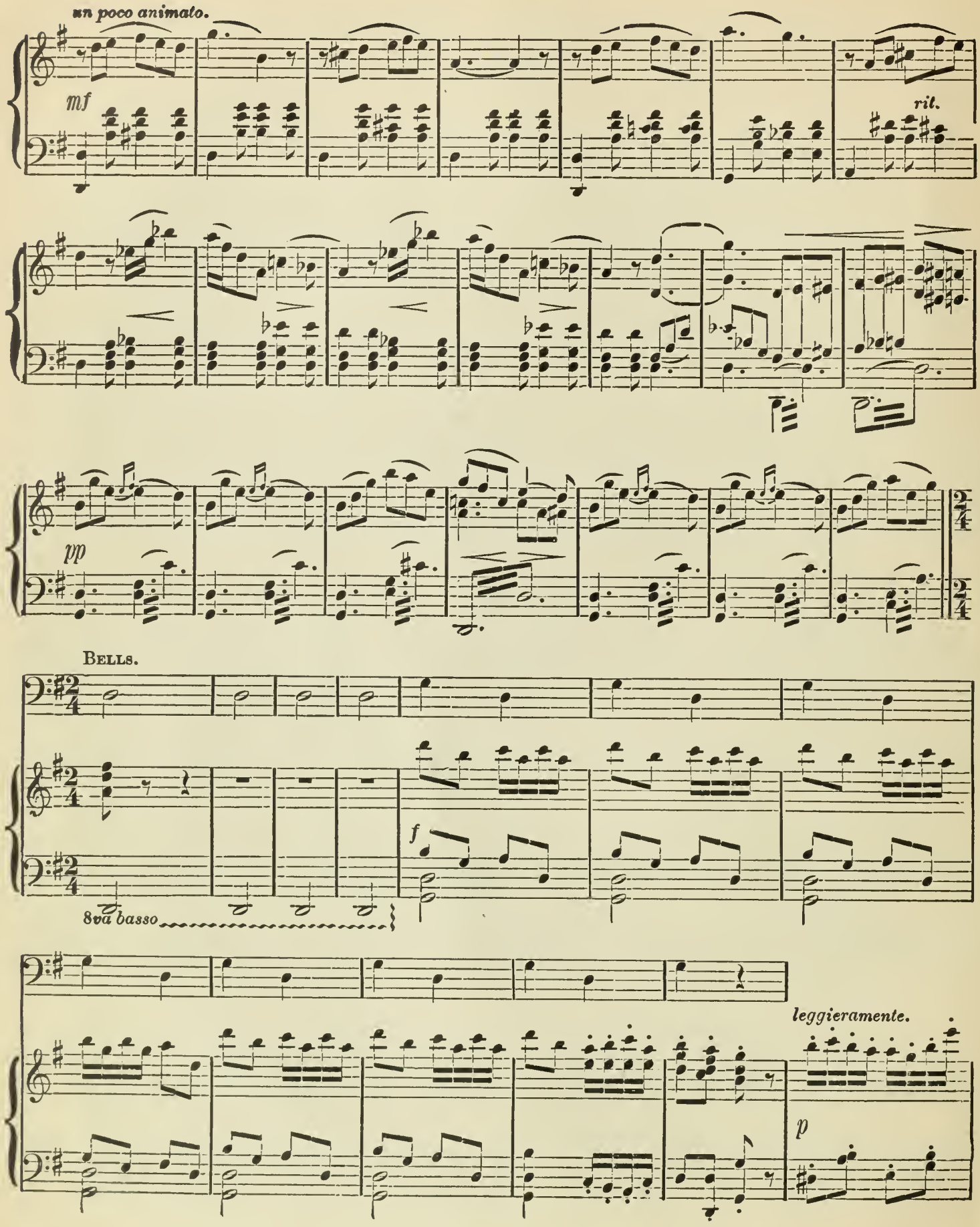
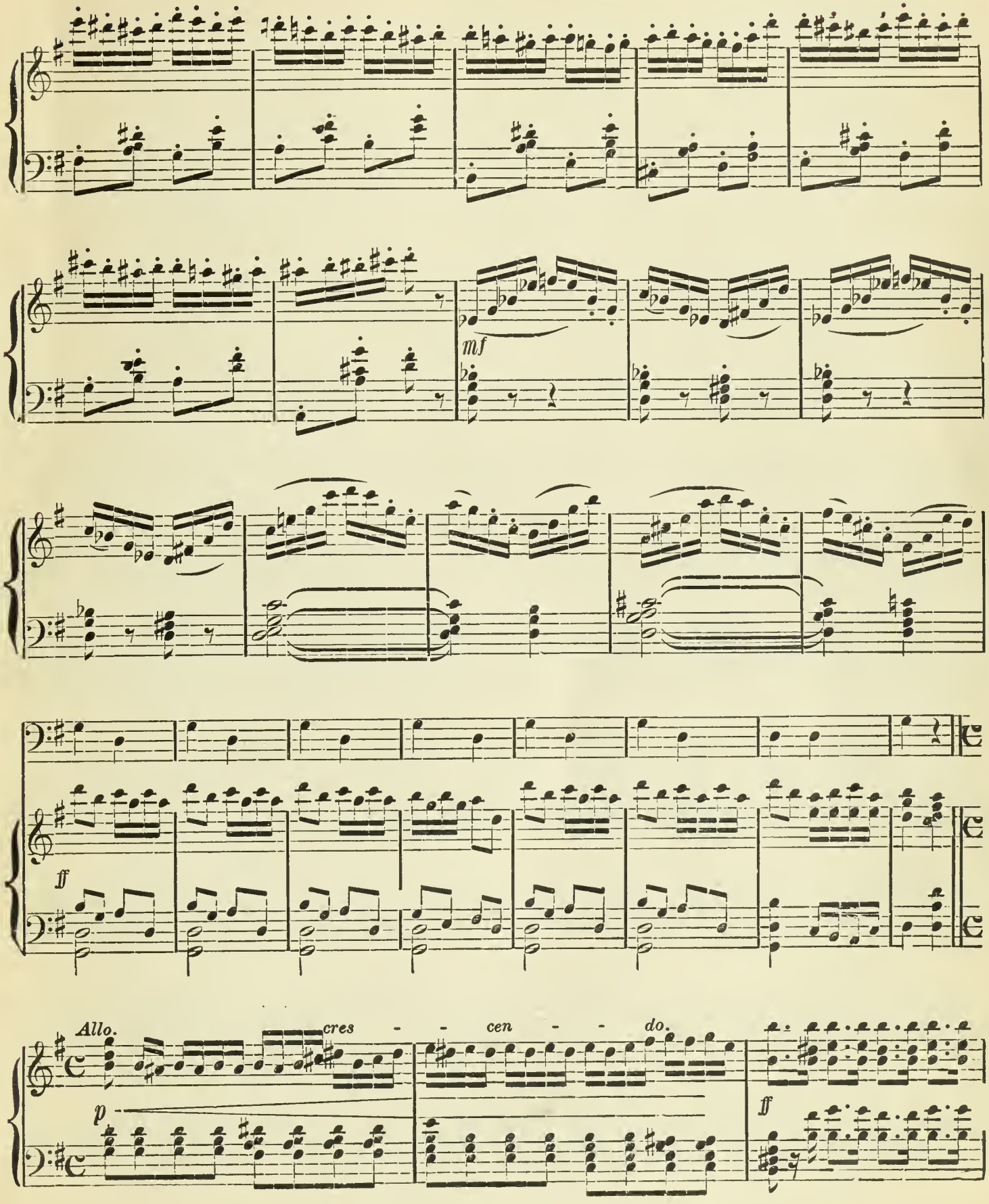
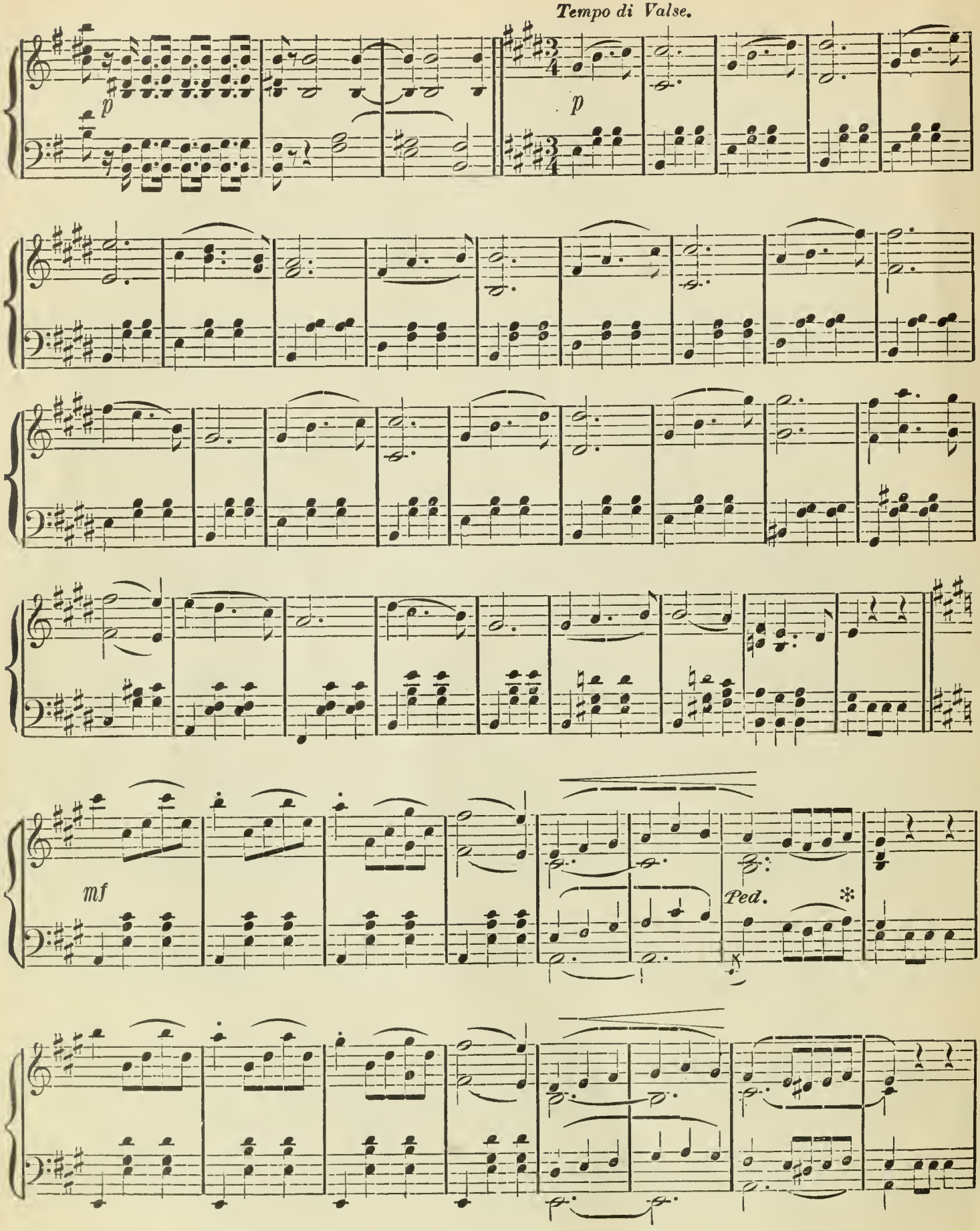
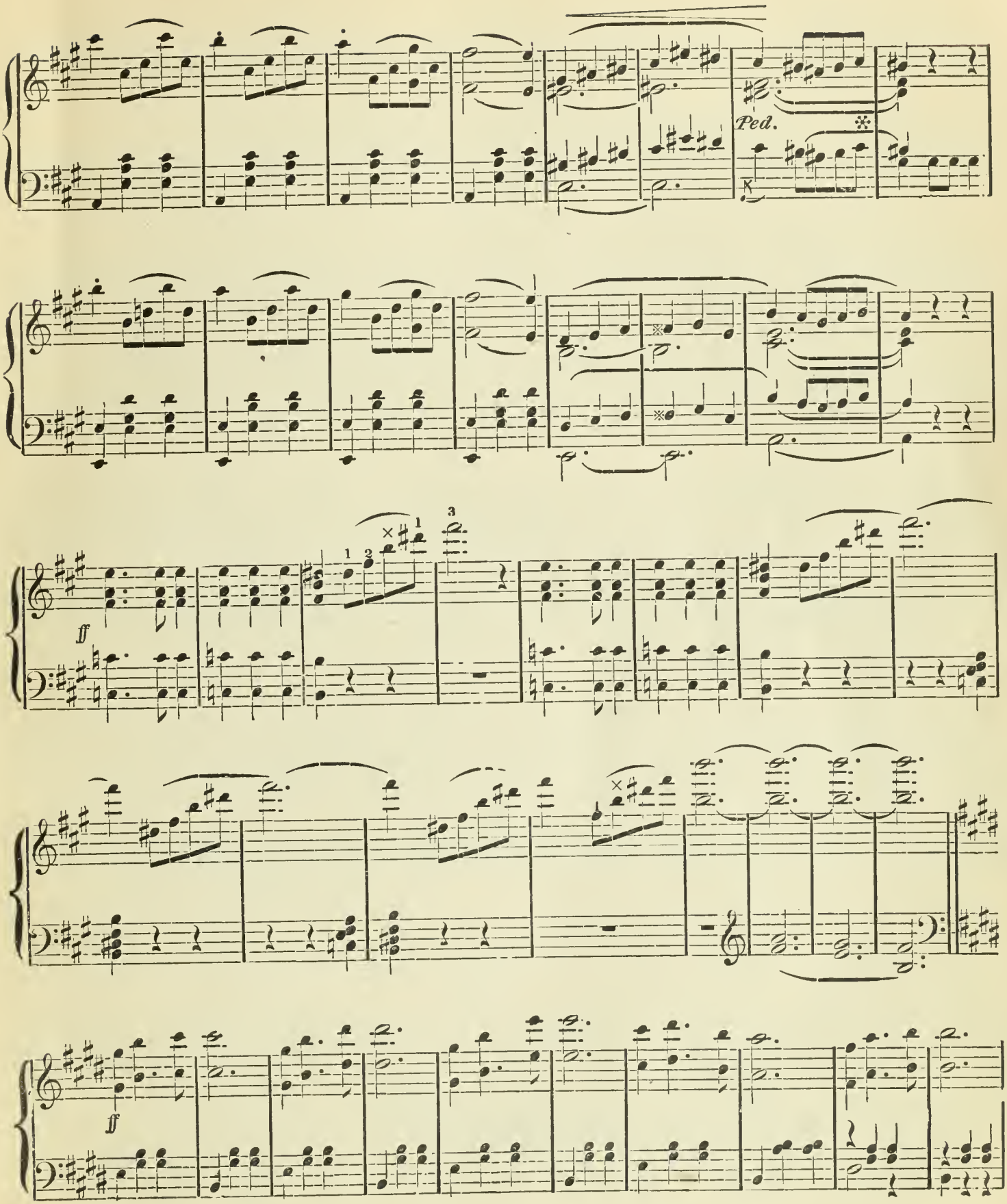
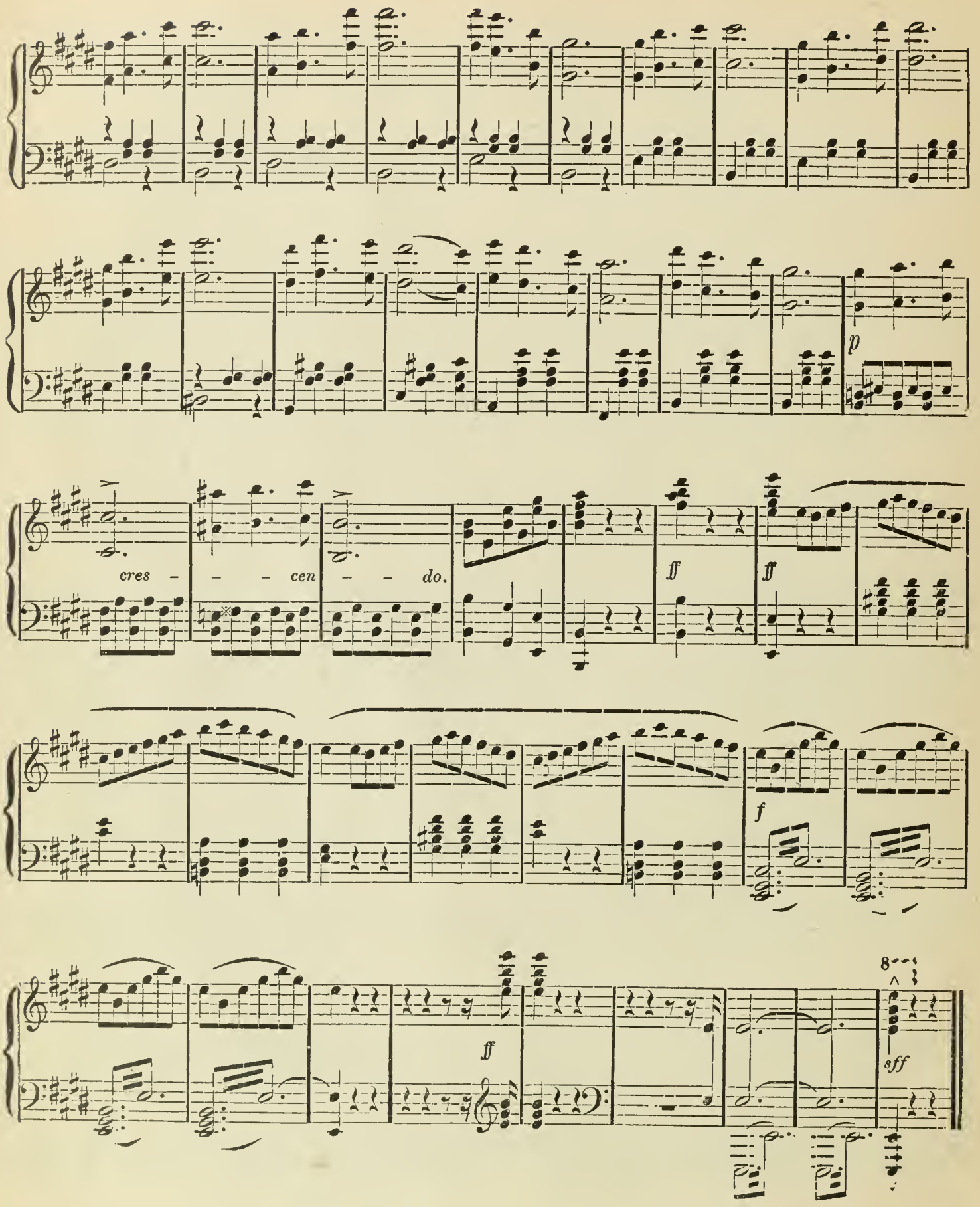

un poco animato.
mf
rit.
pp
Bells.
f
8va basso
leggieramente.
p


mf
ff
Allo.
cres - - cen - - do.
p
ff

Tempo di Valse.




Ped.
ff
ff


p
cres - - - cen - - - do.
ff
ff
f
ff
8
sff

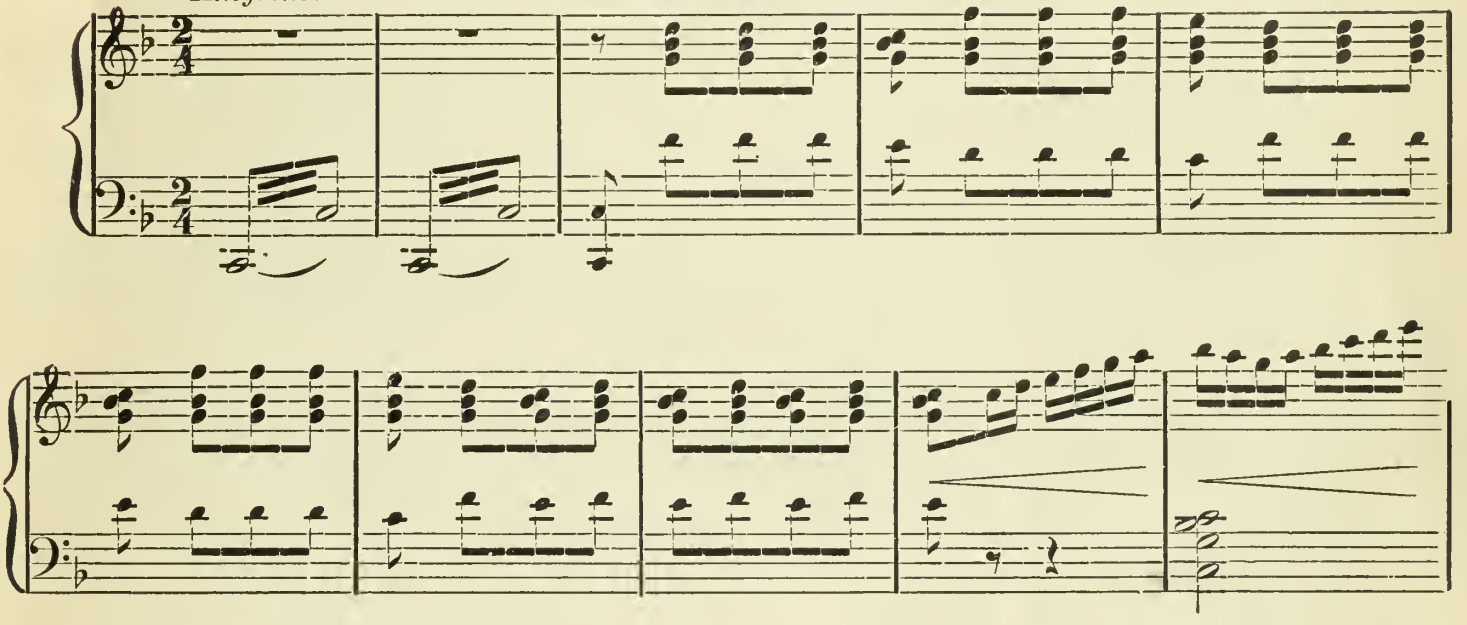
ACT I.

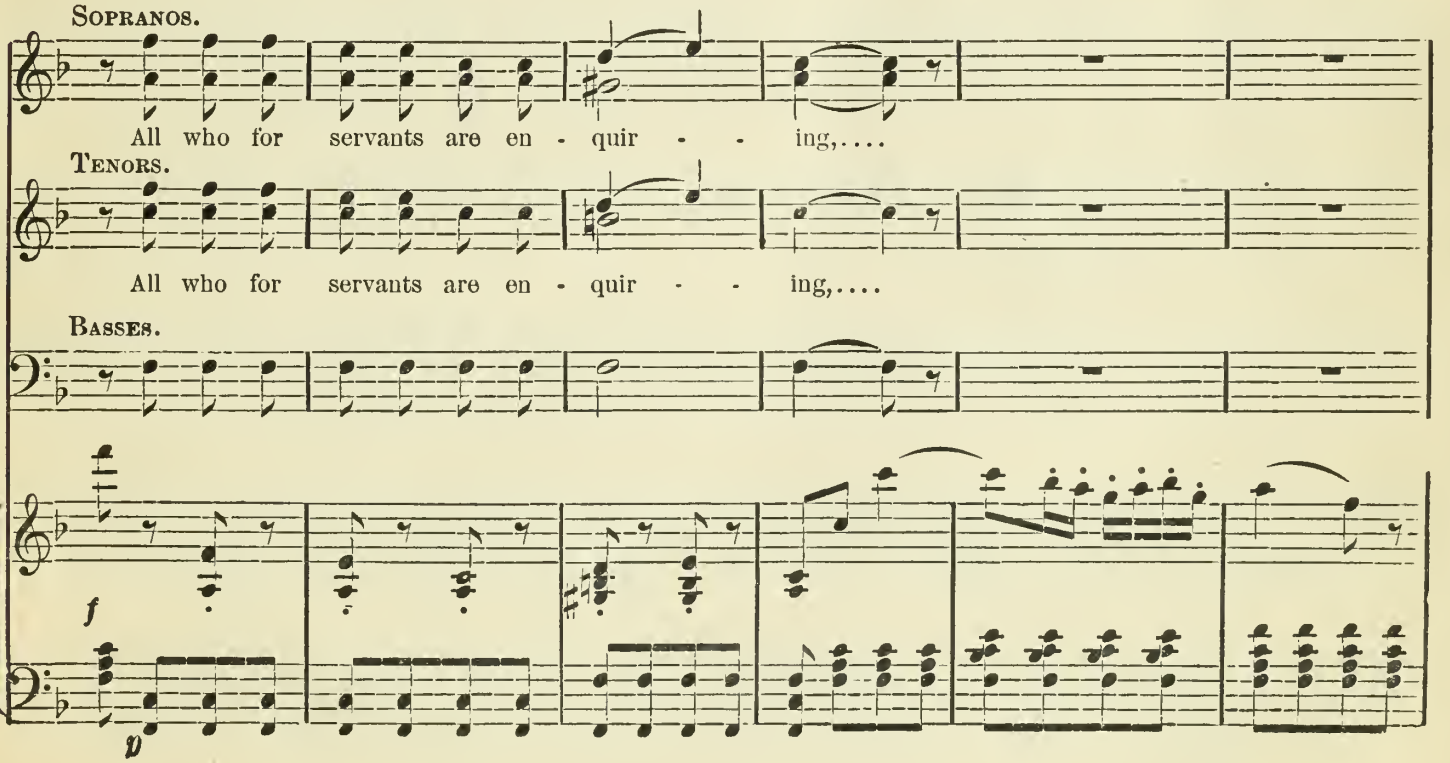
[*The stage represents a Forest Scene near the village of Corneville. At the middle of the scene is a fountain somewhat to the right of the spectator. At the first entrance, left, is a tall post, bearing a bill on which is inscribed in large letters, "Corneville Market, Grand Hiring of Maid-servants, Coachmen and Domestics." Enter Peasants and village maidens.*]

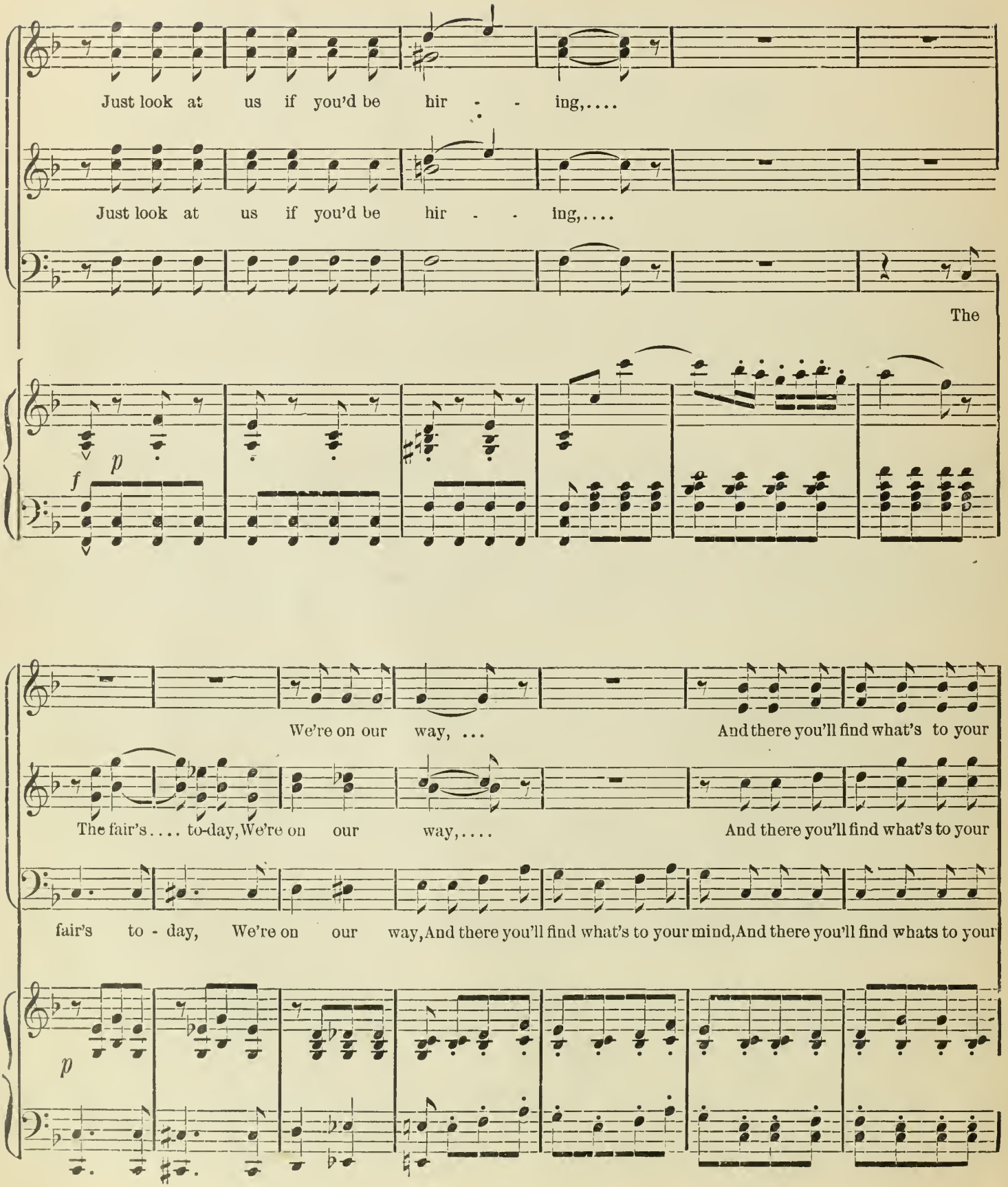
ALL WHO FOR SERVANTS.

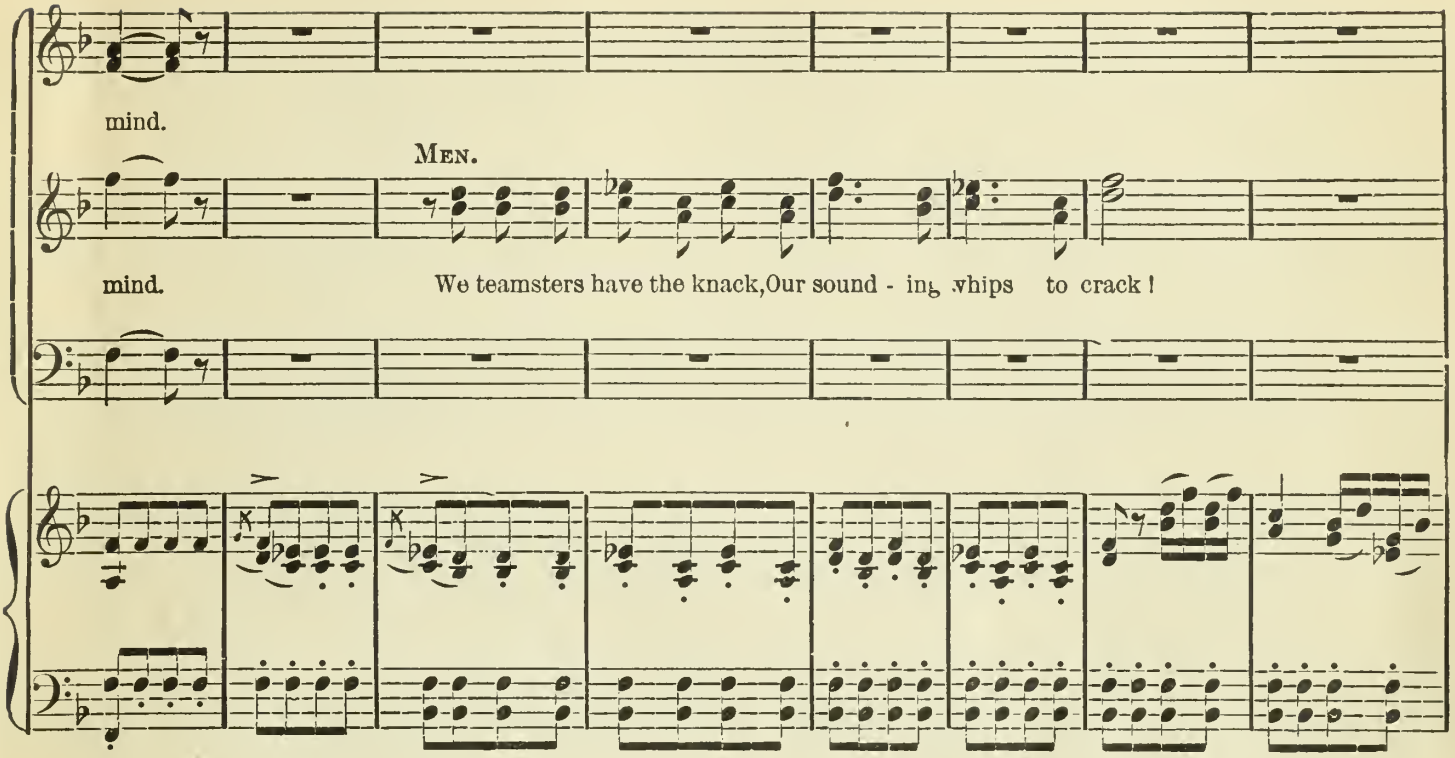
No. Ia. **CHORUS.**

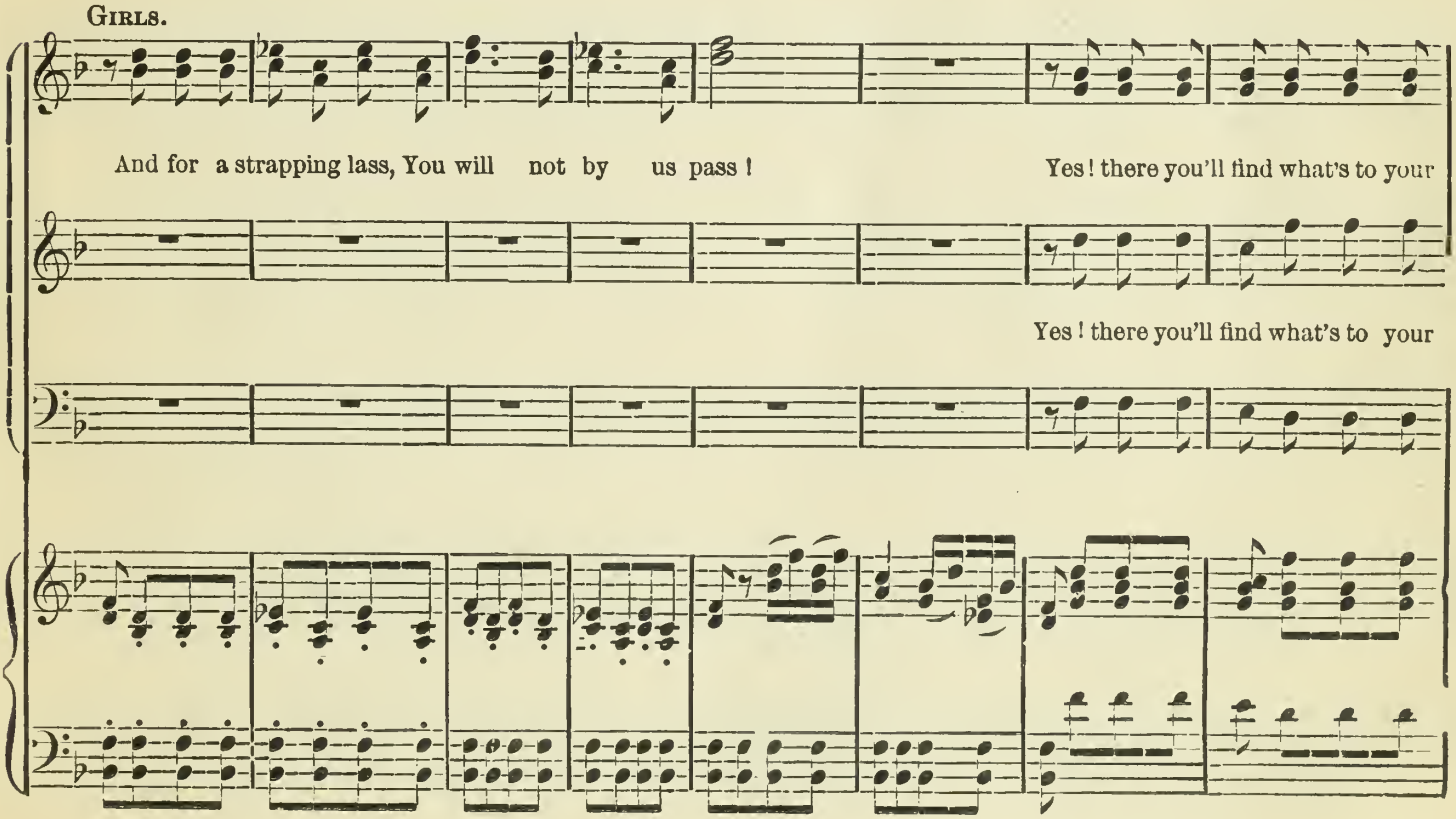
Allegretto.

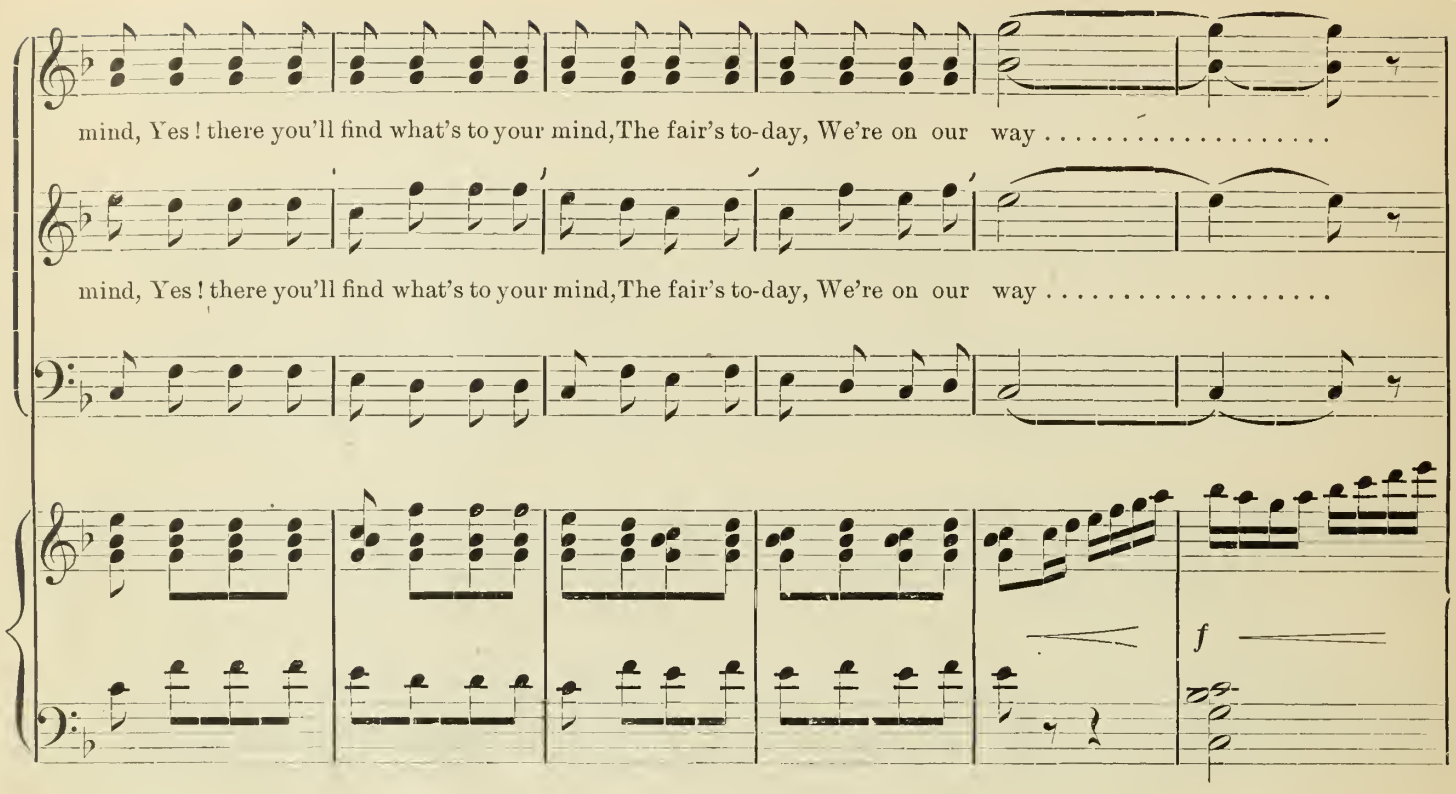


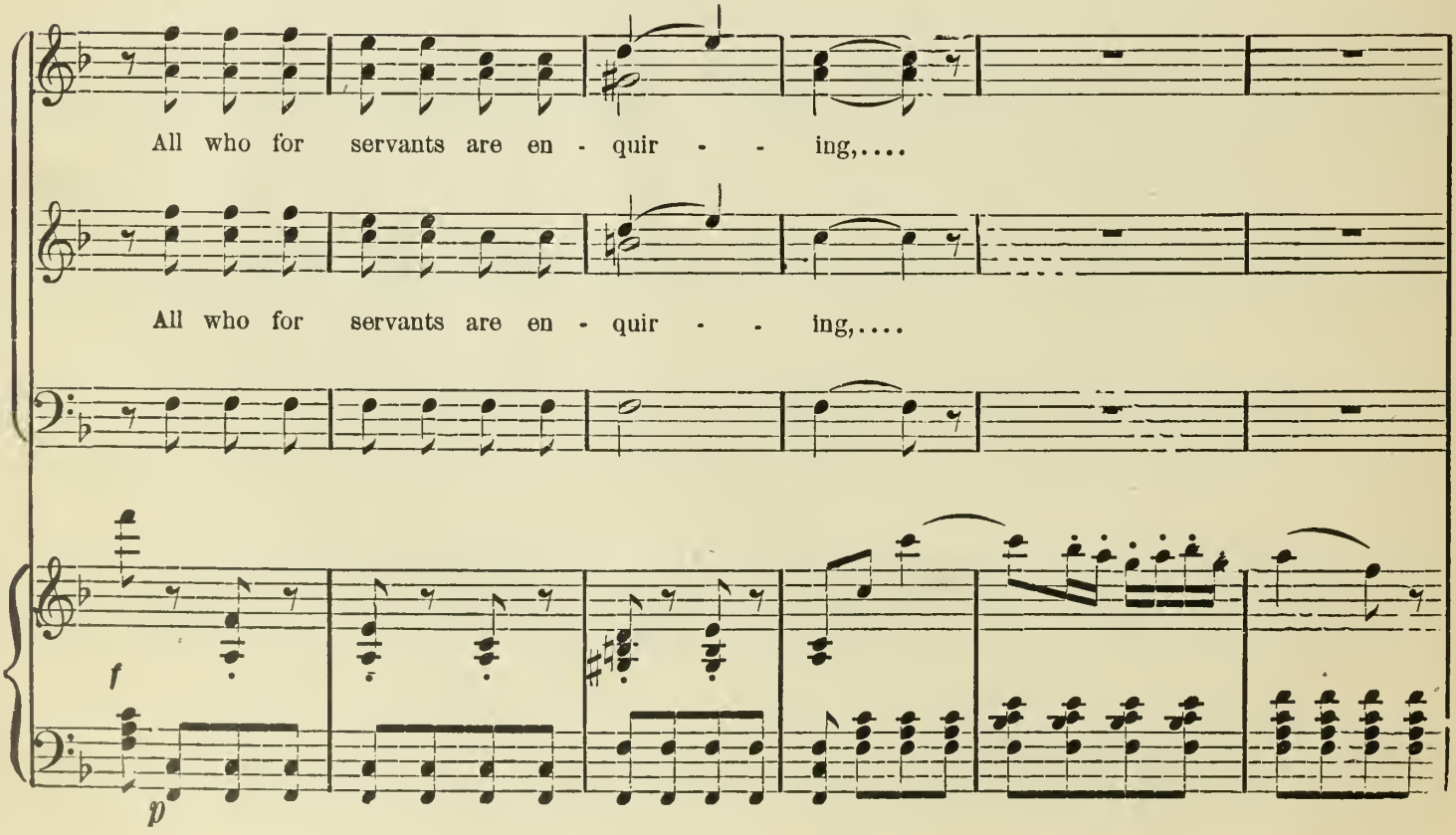


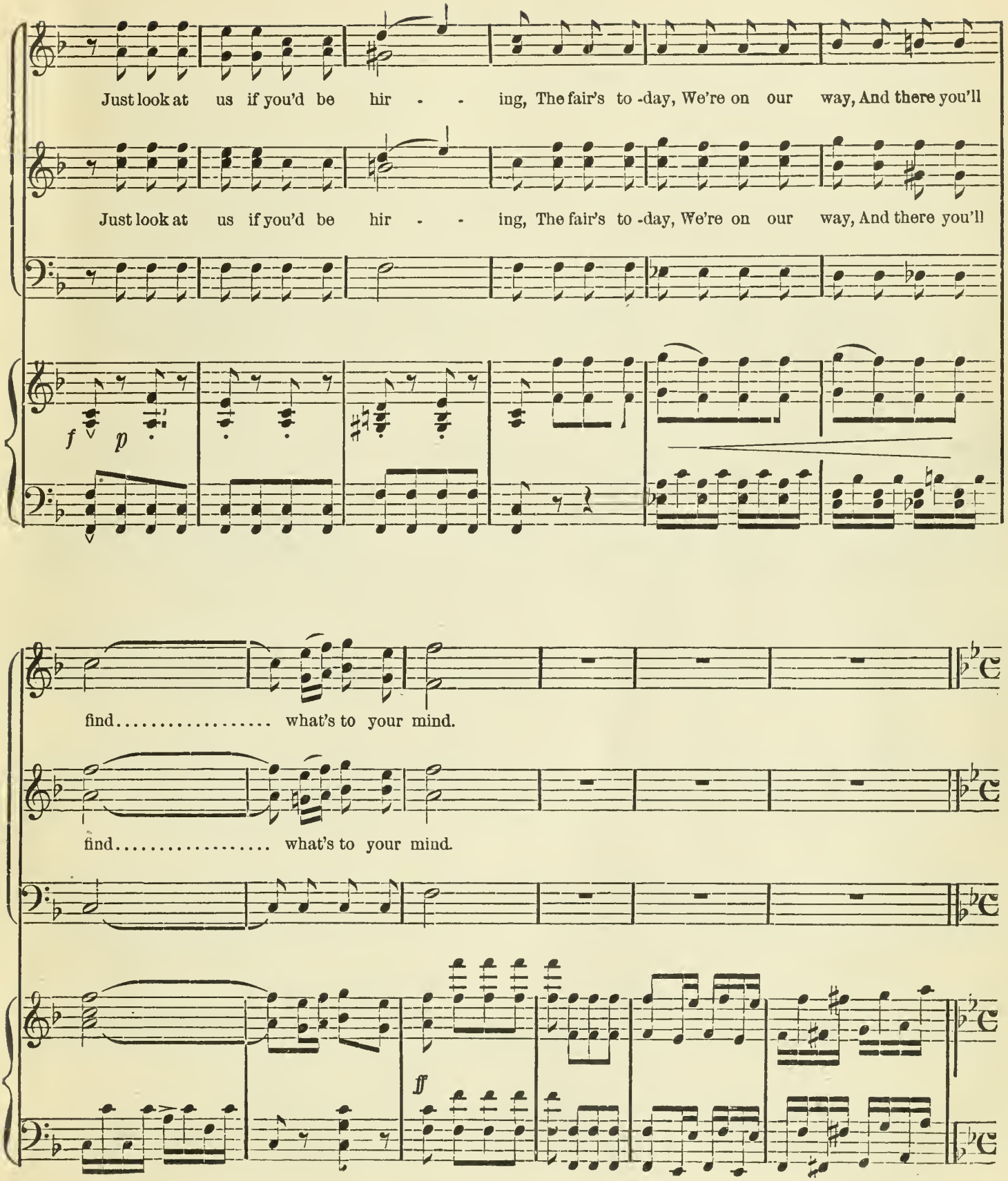

Just look at us if you'd be hir - - ing,....
Just look at us if you'd be hir - - ing,....
The
f
p
We're on our way, ...
And there you'll find what's to your
The fair's.... to-day, We're on our way,....
And there you'll find what's to your
fair's to - day, We're on our way, And there you'll find what's to your mind, And there you'll find whats to your
p


mind.
MEN.
mind.
We teamsters have the knack, Our sound - ing whips to crack!


GIRLS.
And for a strapping lass, You will not by us pass!
Yes! there you'll find what's to your
Yes! there you'll find what's to your

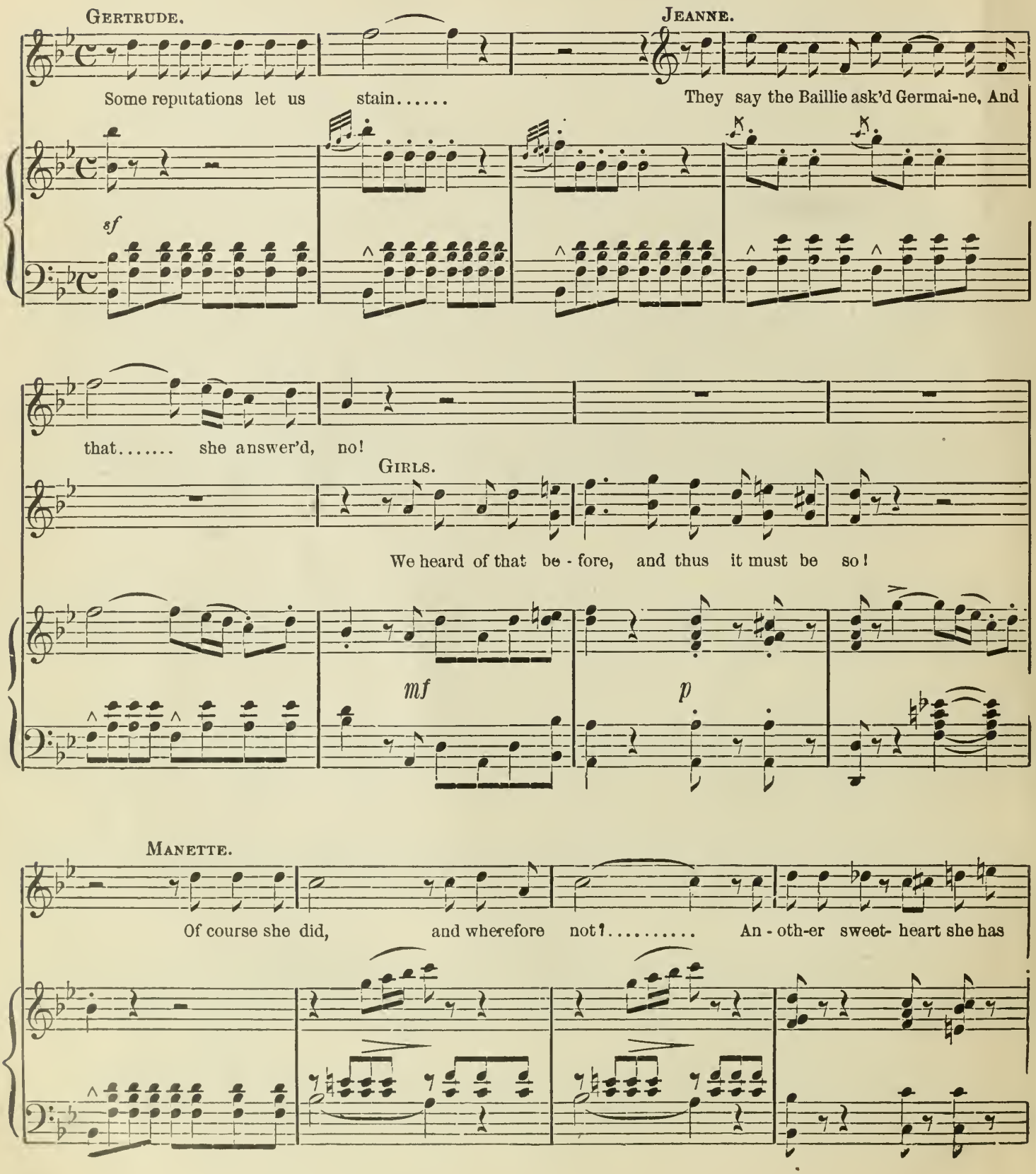

mind, Yes! there you'll find what's to your mind, The fair's to-day, We're on our way .....
mind, Yes! there you'll find what's to your mind, The fair's to-day, We're on our way .....
f

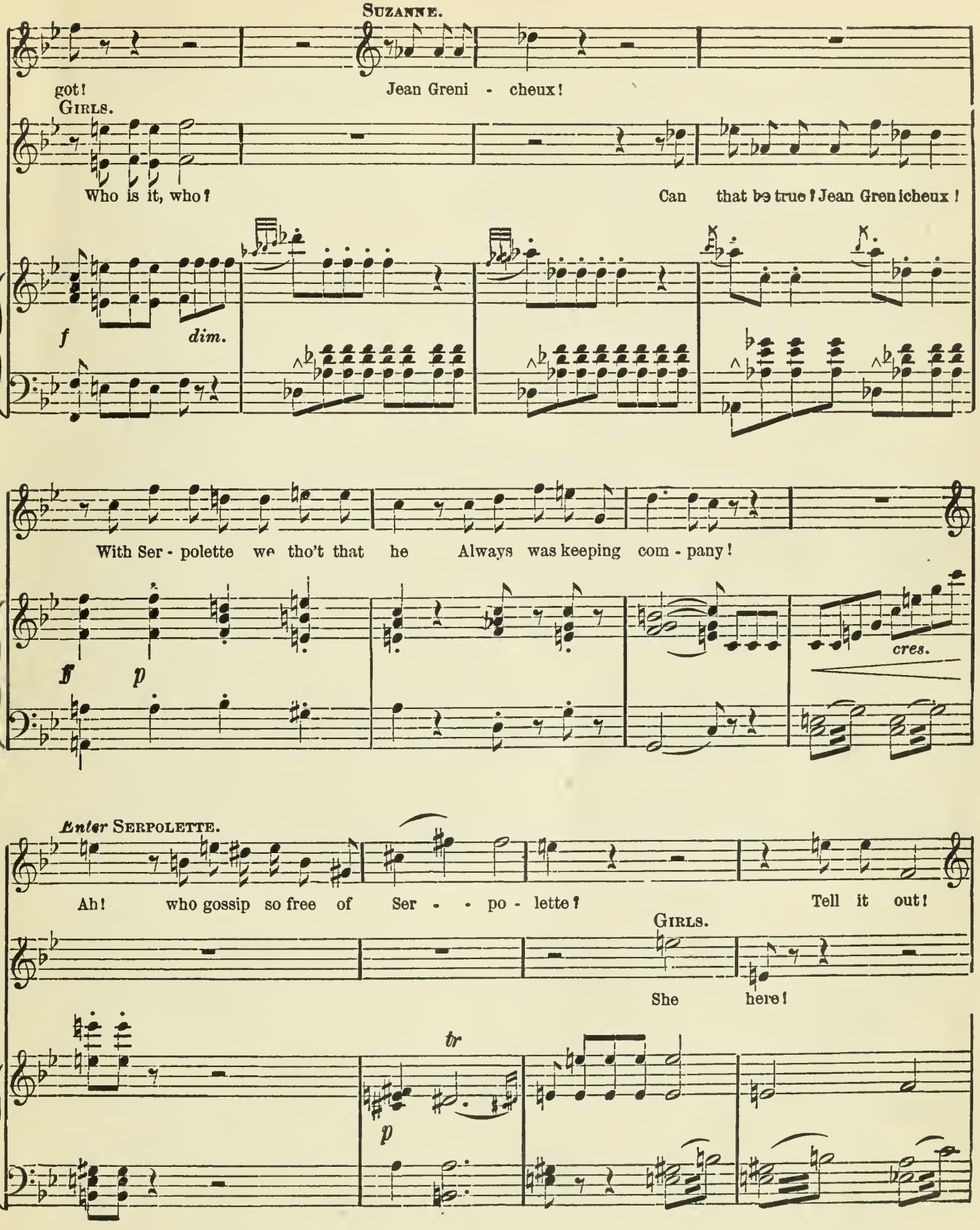

All who for servants are en - quir - - ing,....
All who for servants are en - quir - - ing,....
f
p

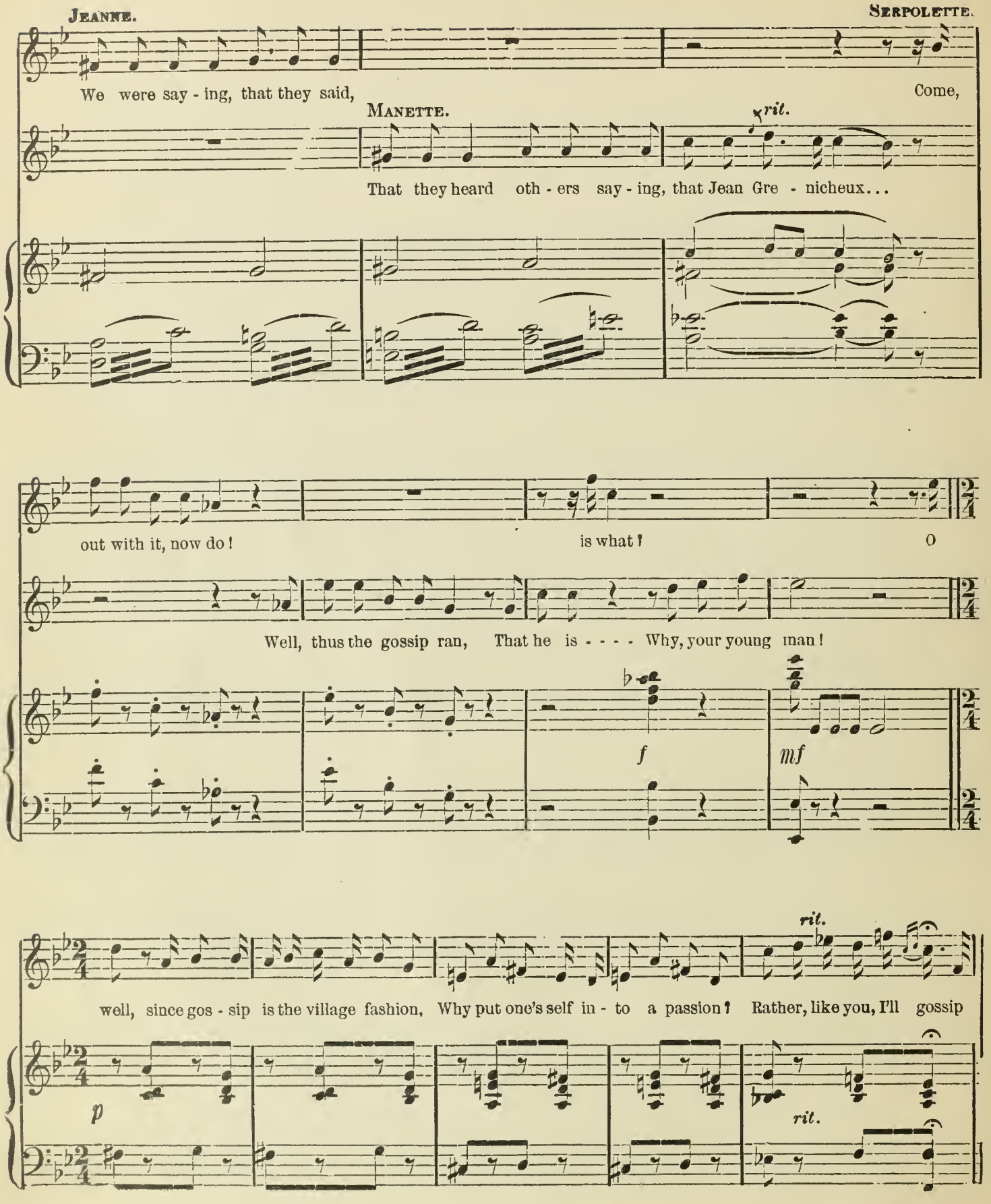

Just look at us if you'd be hir - - ing, The fair's to -day, We're on our way, And there you'll
Just look at us if you'd be hir - - ing, The fair's to -day, We're on our way, And there you'll
f
p
find..... what's to your mind.
find..... what's to your mind.
ff

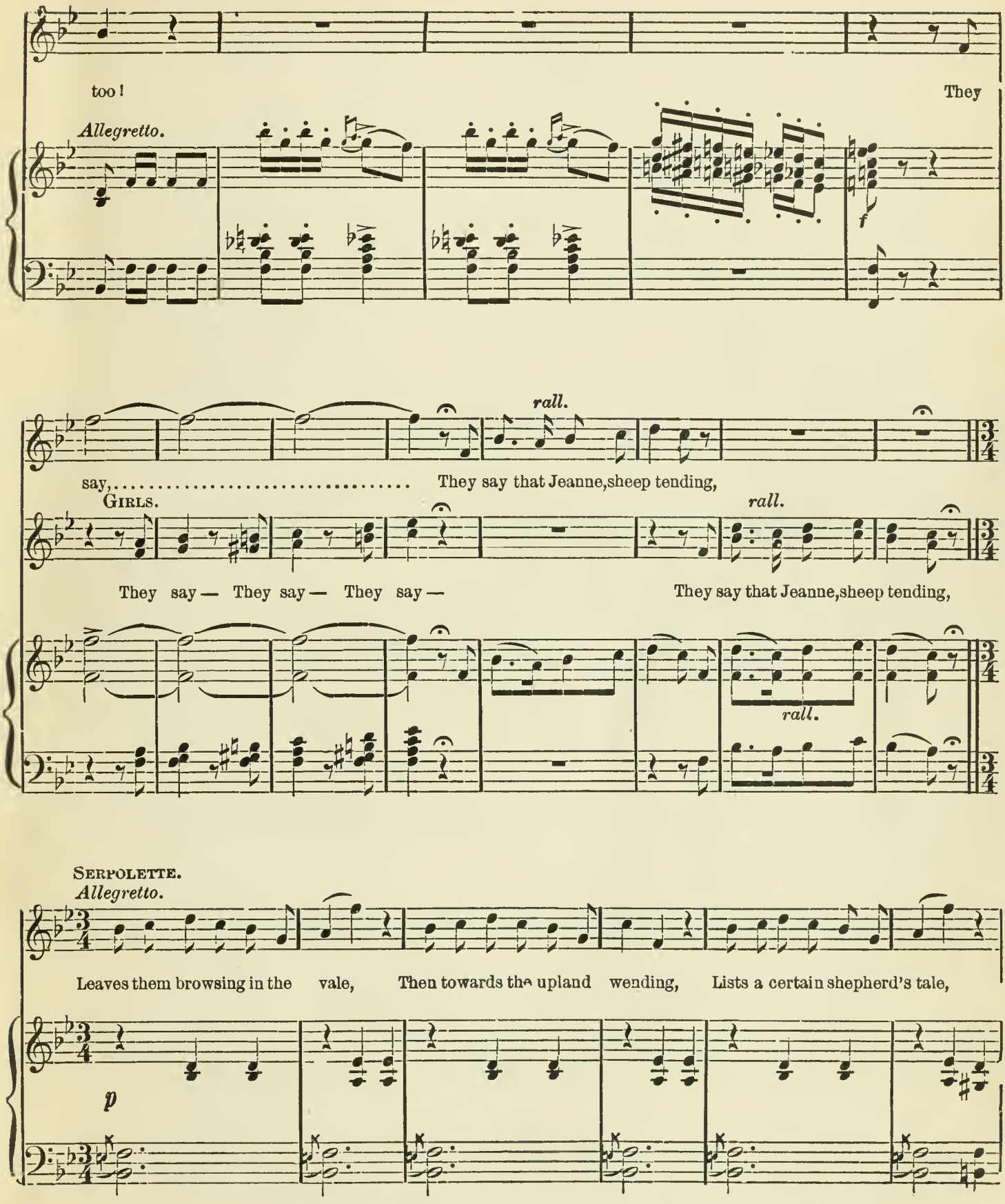
THEY SAY.

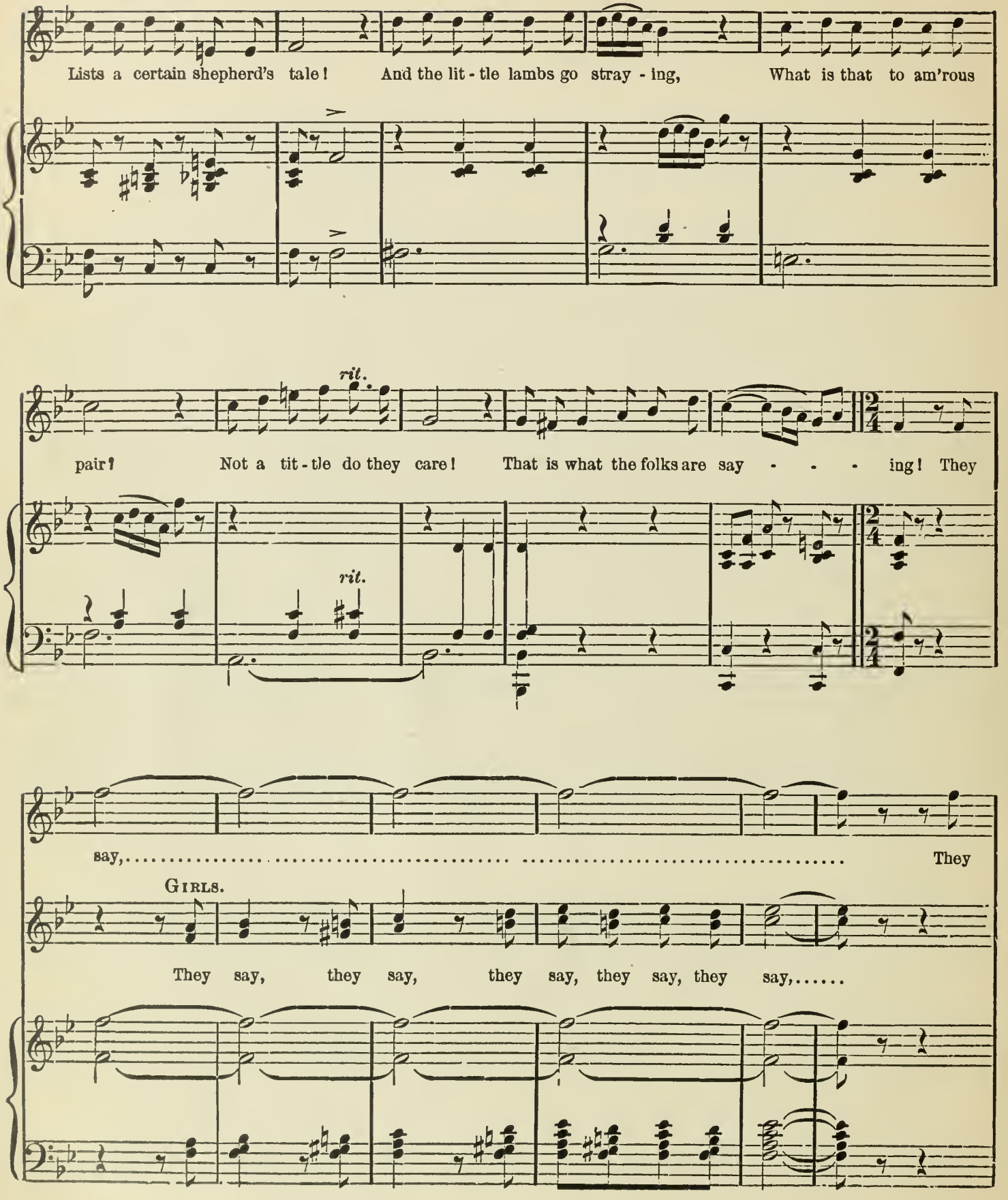
No. 1b. AIR and CHORUS.

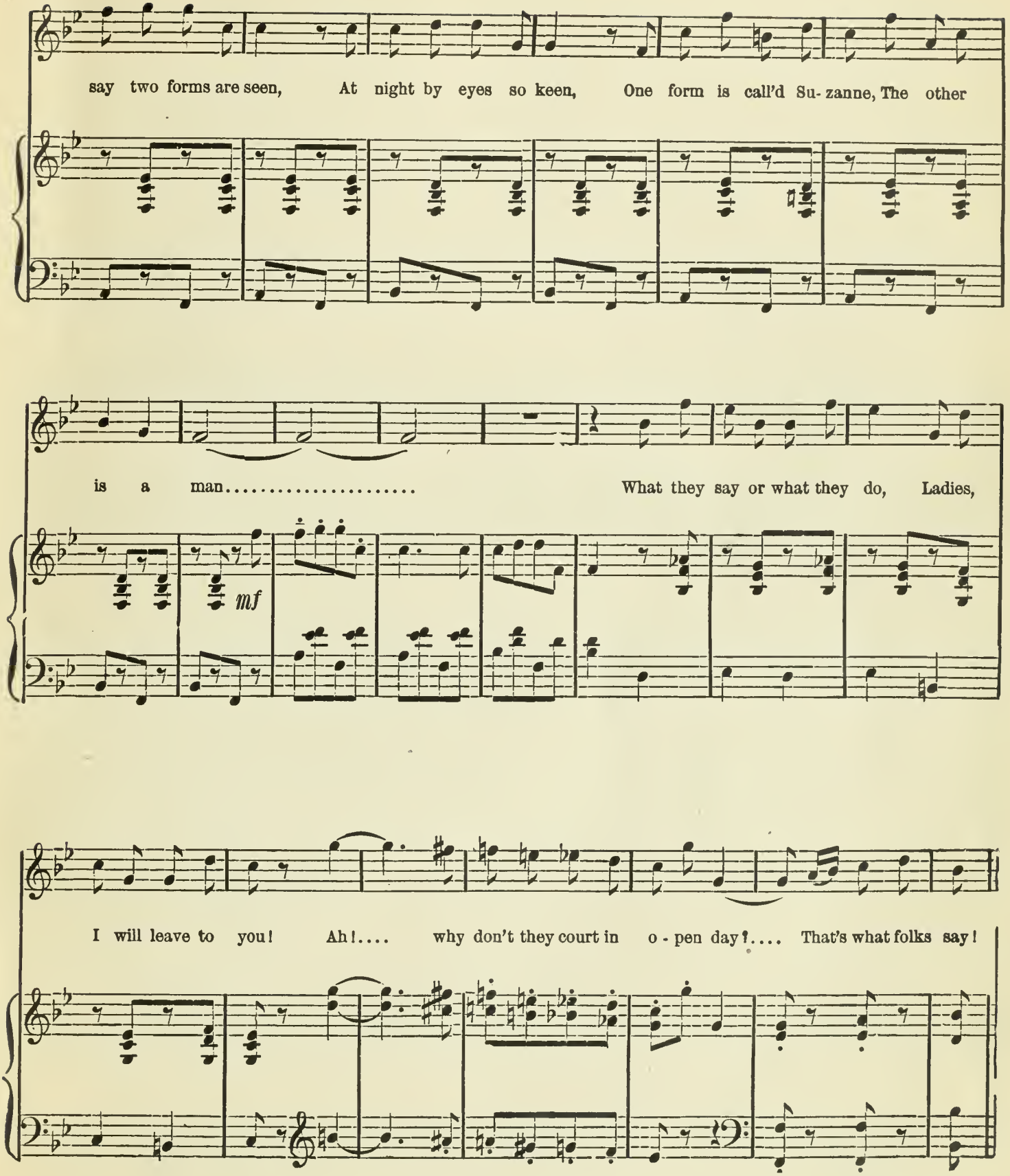


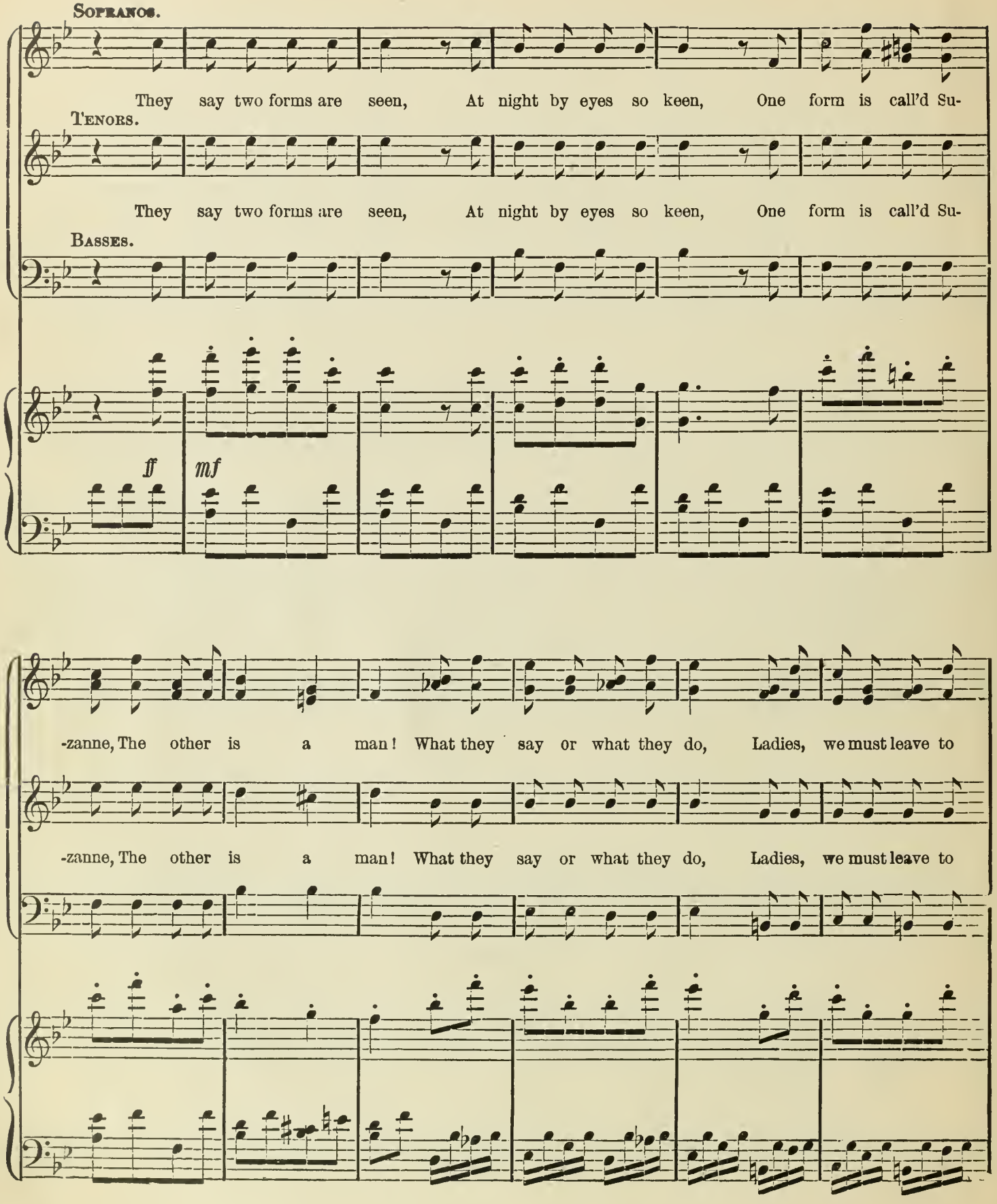

Suzanne.
got!
Jean Greni - cheux!
Girls.
Who is it, who?
Can that be true? Jean Grenicheux!
f
dim.
With Ser - polette we tho't that he Always was keeping com - pany!
ff
p
cres.
Enter Serpolette.
Ah! who gossip so free of Ser - - po - lette?
Tell it out!
Girls.
She here!
tr
p

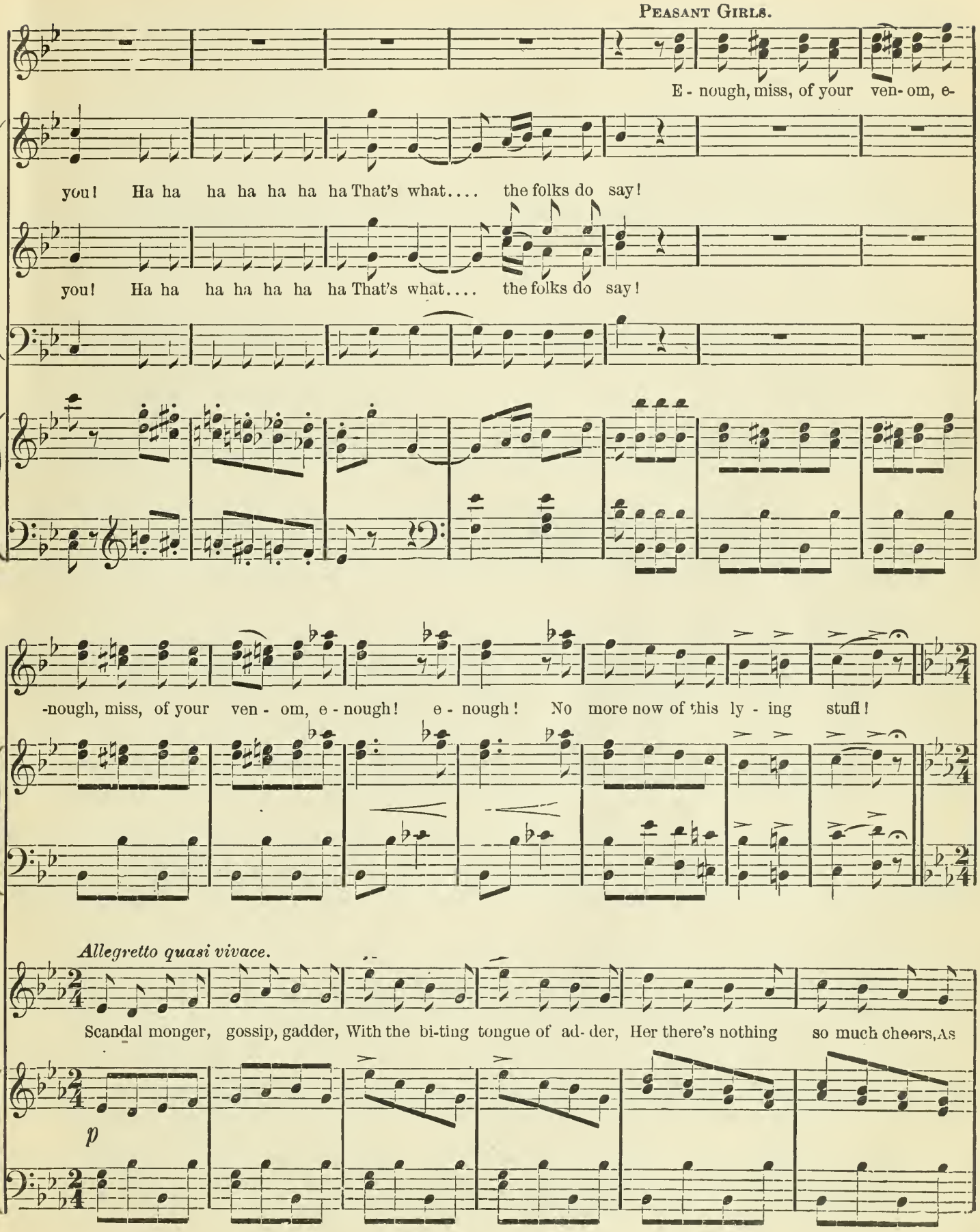

JEANNE.
SERPOLETTE.
We were say - ing, that they said,
Come,
MANETTE.
rit.
That they heard oth - ers say - ing, that Jean Gre - nicheux...
out with it, now do!
is what?
O
Well, thus the gossip ran, That he is - - - - Why, your young man!
f
mf
rit.
well, since gos - sip is the village fashion, Why put one's self in - to a passion? Rather, like you, I'll gossip
p
rit.

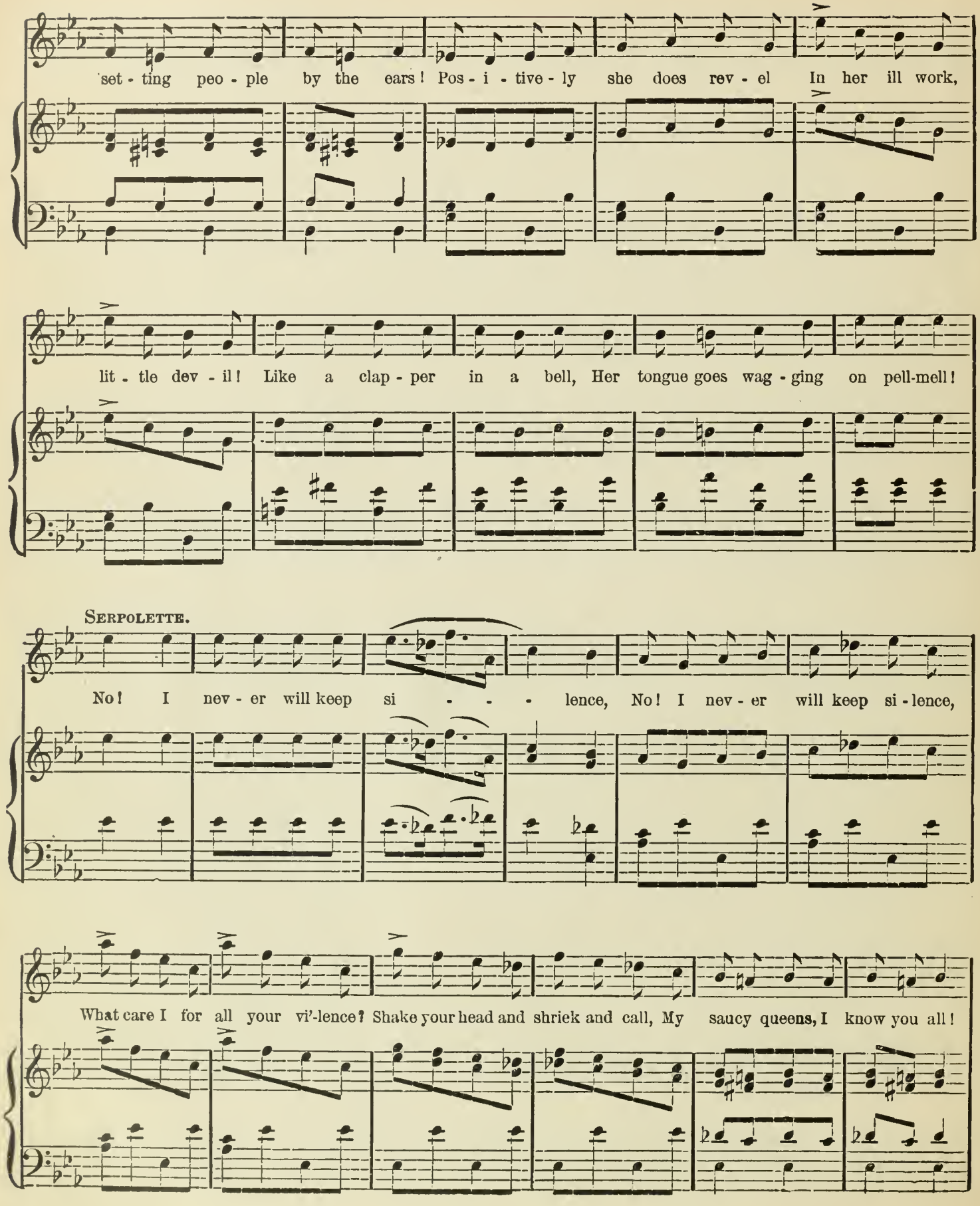

too!
They
Allegretto.
f
rall.
say,.....
They say that Jeanne,sheep tending,
GIRLS.
rall.
They say — They say — They say —
They say that Jeanne,sheep tending,
rall.
SERPOLETTE.
Allegretto.
Leaves them browsing in the vale, Then towards the upland wending, Lists a certain shepherd's tale,
p

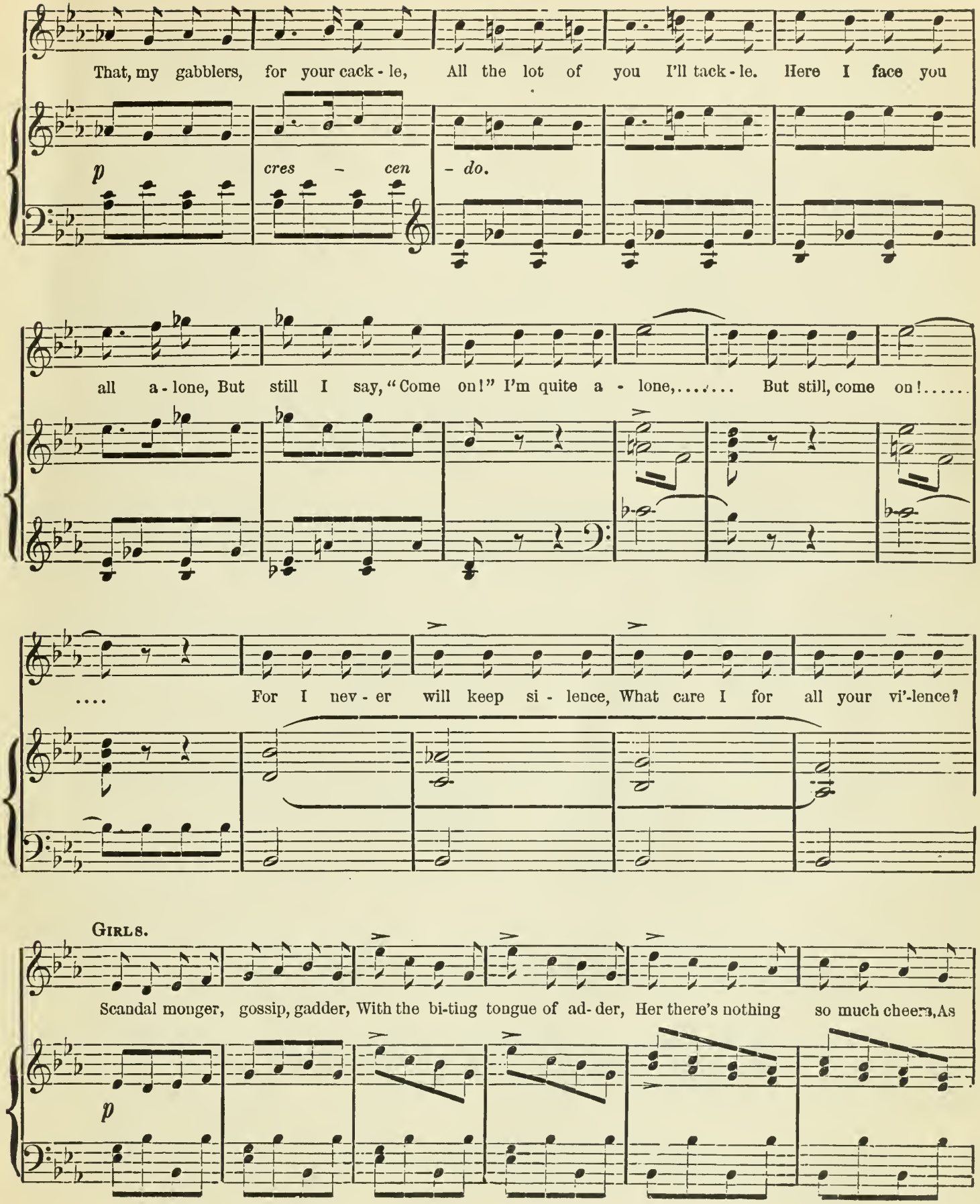

Lists a certain shepherd's tale! And the lit - tle lambs go stray - ing, What is that to am'rous
rit.
pair! Not a tit - tle do they care! That is what the folks are say - - - ing! They
rit.
say,..... They
GIRLS.
They say, they say, they say, they say, they say,.....

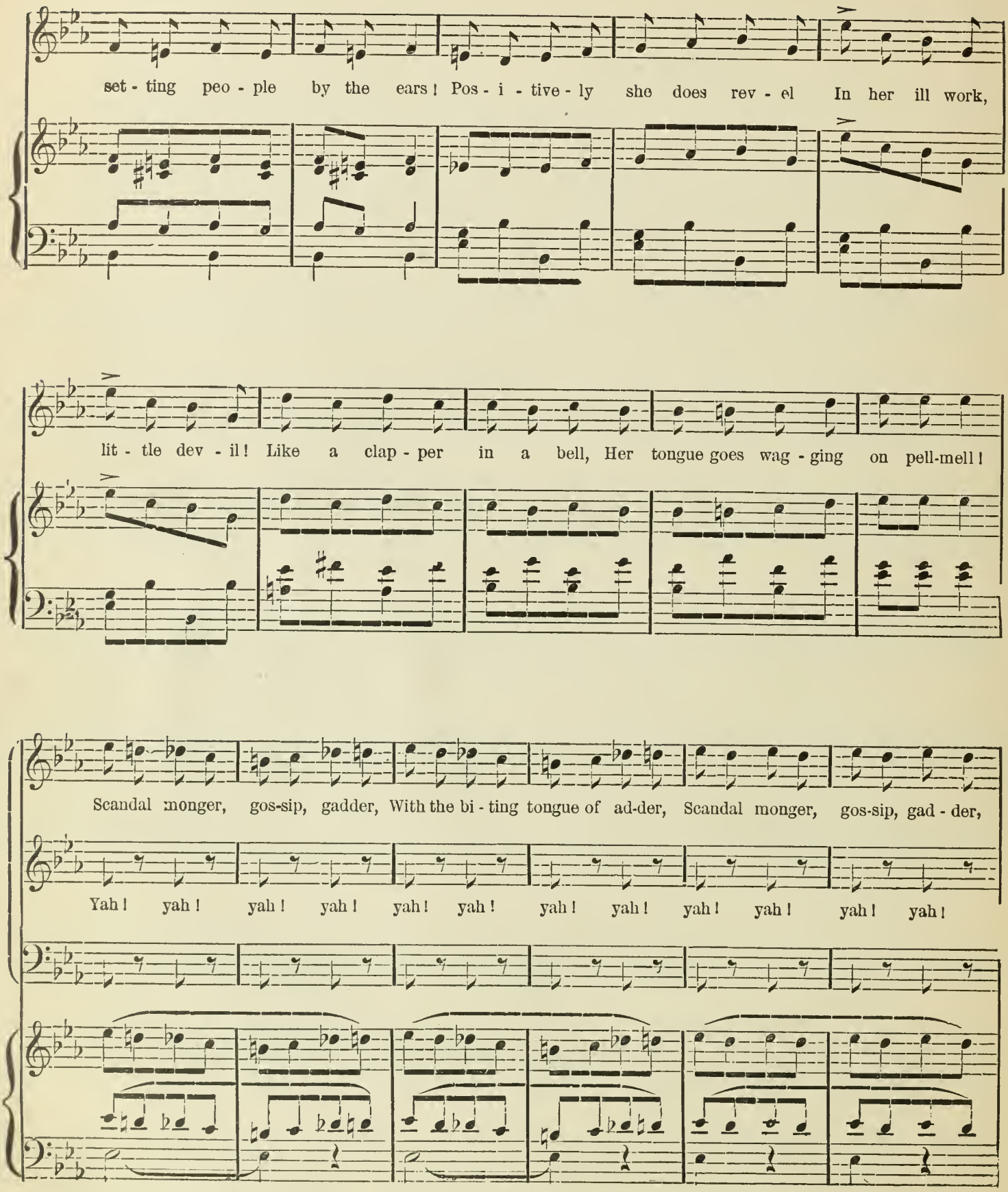

say two forms are seen, At night by eyes so keen, One form is call'd Su- zanne, The other
is a man..... What they say or what they do, Ladies,
mf
I will leave to you! Ah!.... why don't they court in o - pen day?.... That's what folks say!

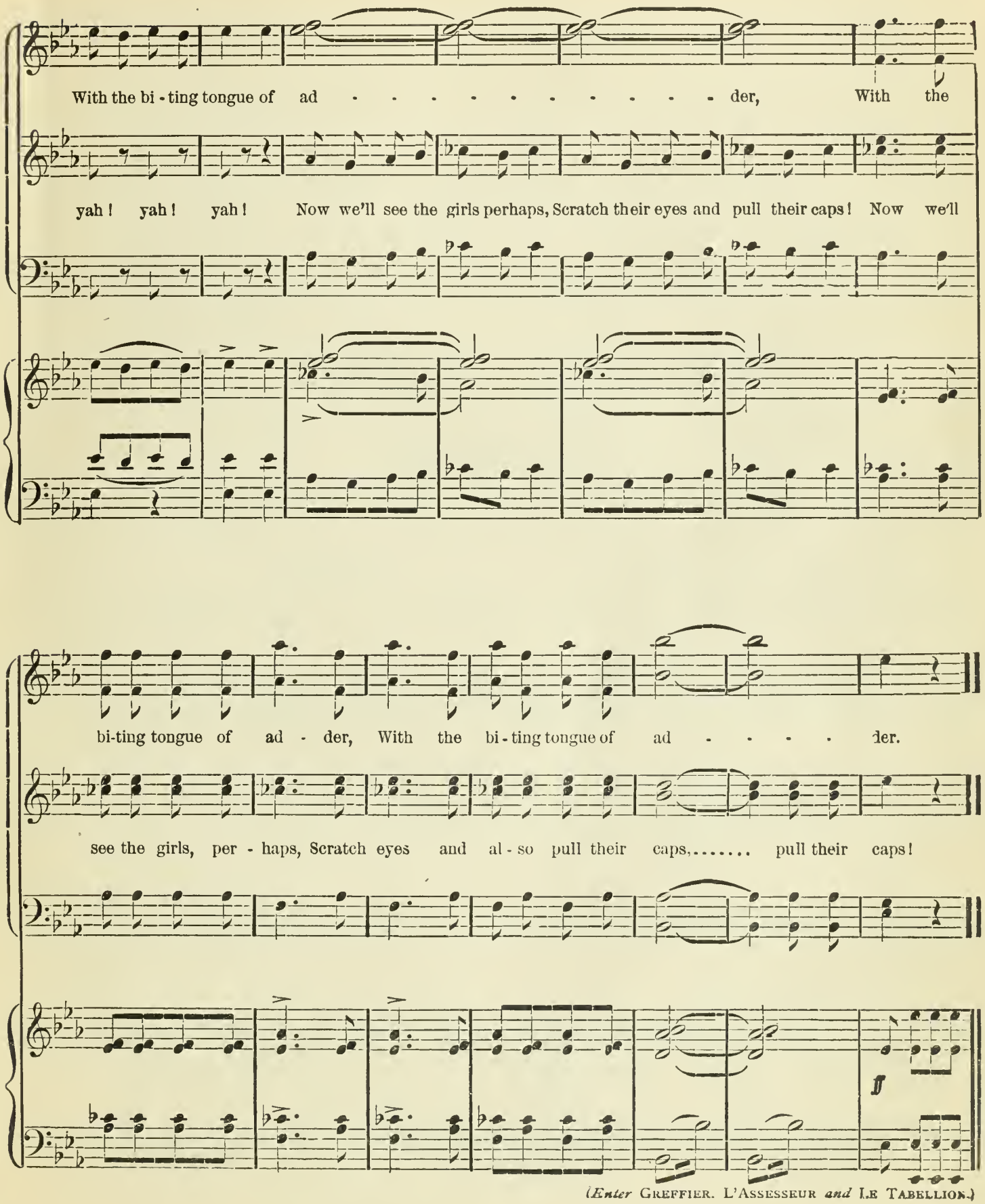

Sopranos.
They say two forms are seen, At night by eyes so keen, One form is call'd Su-
Tenors.
They say two forms are seen, At night by eyes so keen, One form is call'd Su-
Basses.
ff
mf
-zanne, The other is a man! What they say or what they do, Ladies, we must leave to
-zanne, The other is a man! What they say or what they do, Ladies, we must leave to


Peasant Girls.
E - nough, miss, of your ven- om, e-
you! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha That's what.... the folks do say!
you! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha That's what.... the folks do say!
-nough, miss, of your ven - om, e - nough! e - nough! No more now of this ly - ing stuff!
Allegretto quasi vivace.
Scandal monger, gossip, gadder, With the bi-ting tongue of ad- der, Her there's nothing so much cheers, As
p


set - ting peo - ple by the ears! Pos - i - tive - ly she does rev - el In her ill work,
lit - tle dev - il! Like a clap - per in a bell, Her tongue goes wag - ging on pell-mell!
SERPOLETTE.
No! I nev - er will keep si - - - - lence, No! I nev - er will keep si - lence,
What care I for all your vi'-lence? Shake your head and shriek and call, My saucy queens, I know you all!


That, my gabblers, for your cack - le, All the lot of you I'll tack - le. Here I face you
p
cres - cen - do.
all a - lone, But still I say, "Come on!" I'm quite a - lone,..... But still, come on!.....
....
For I nev - er will keep si - lence, What care I for all your vi'-lence?
Girls.
Scandal monger, gossip, gadder, With the bi-ting tongue of ad- der, Her there's nothing so much cheers, As
p

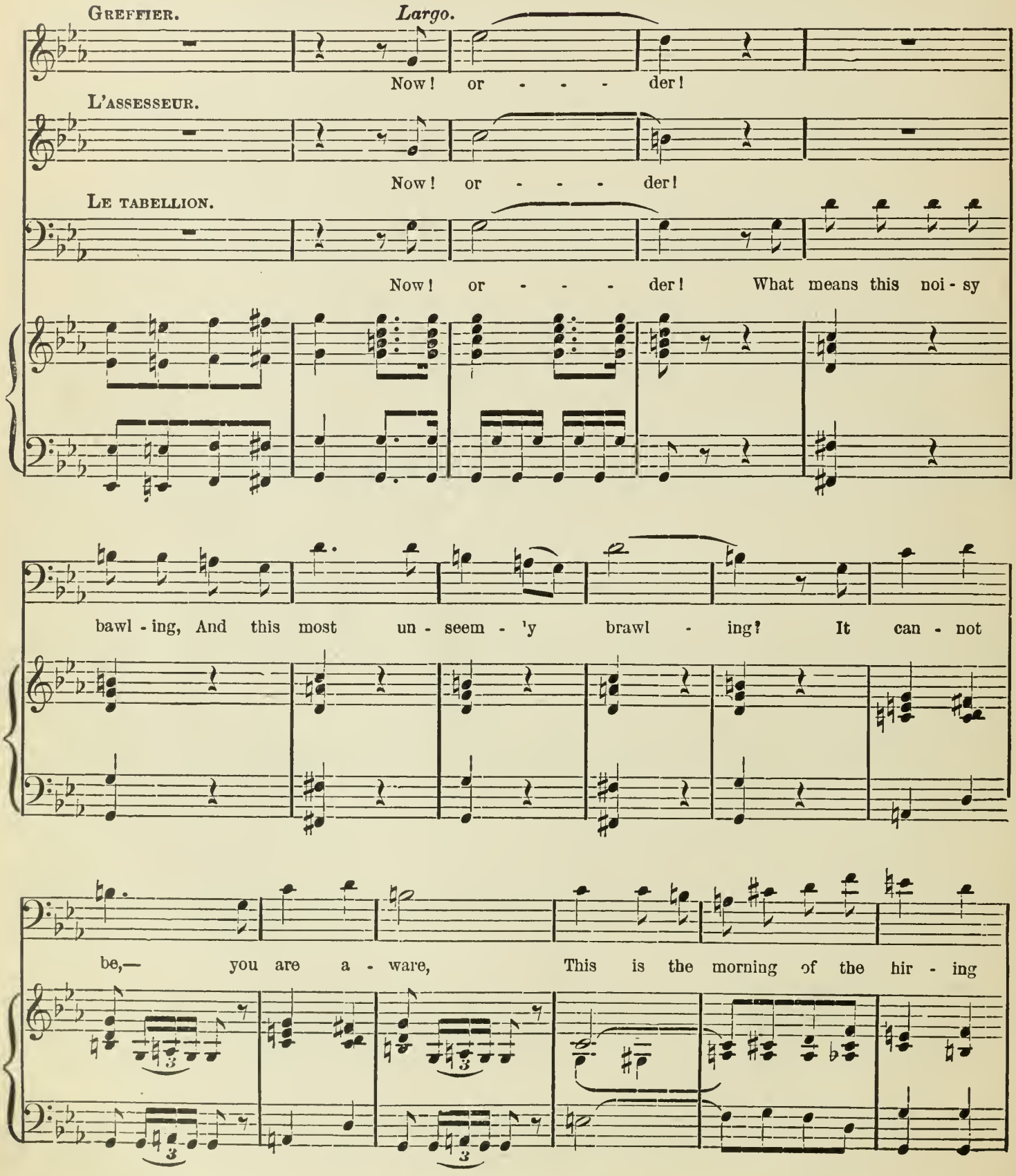

set - ting peo - ple by the ears! Pos - i - tive - ly she does rev - el In her ill work,
lit - tle dev - il! Like a clap - per in a bell, Her tongue goes wag - ging on pell-mell!
Scandal monger, gos-sip, gadder, With the bi - ting tongue of ad-der, Scandal monger, gos-sip, gad - der,
Yah! yah! yah! yah! yah! yah! yah! yah! yah! yah! yah! yah!

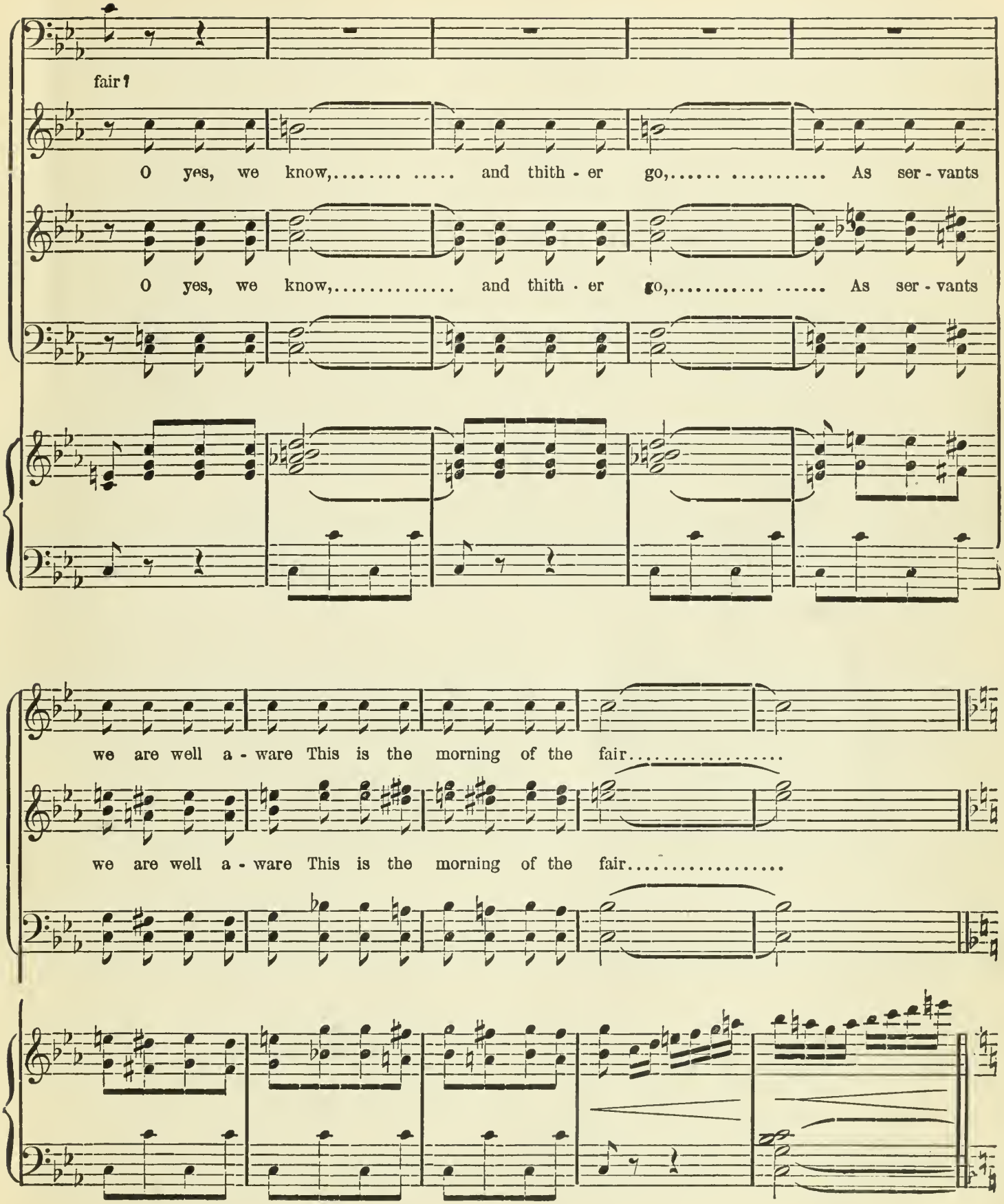


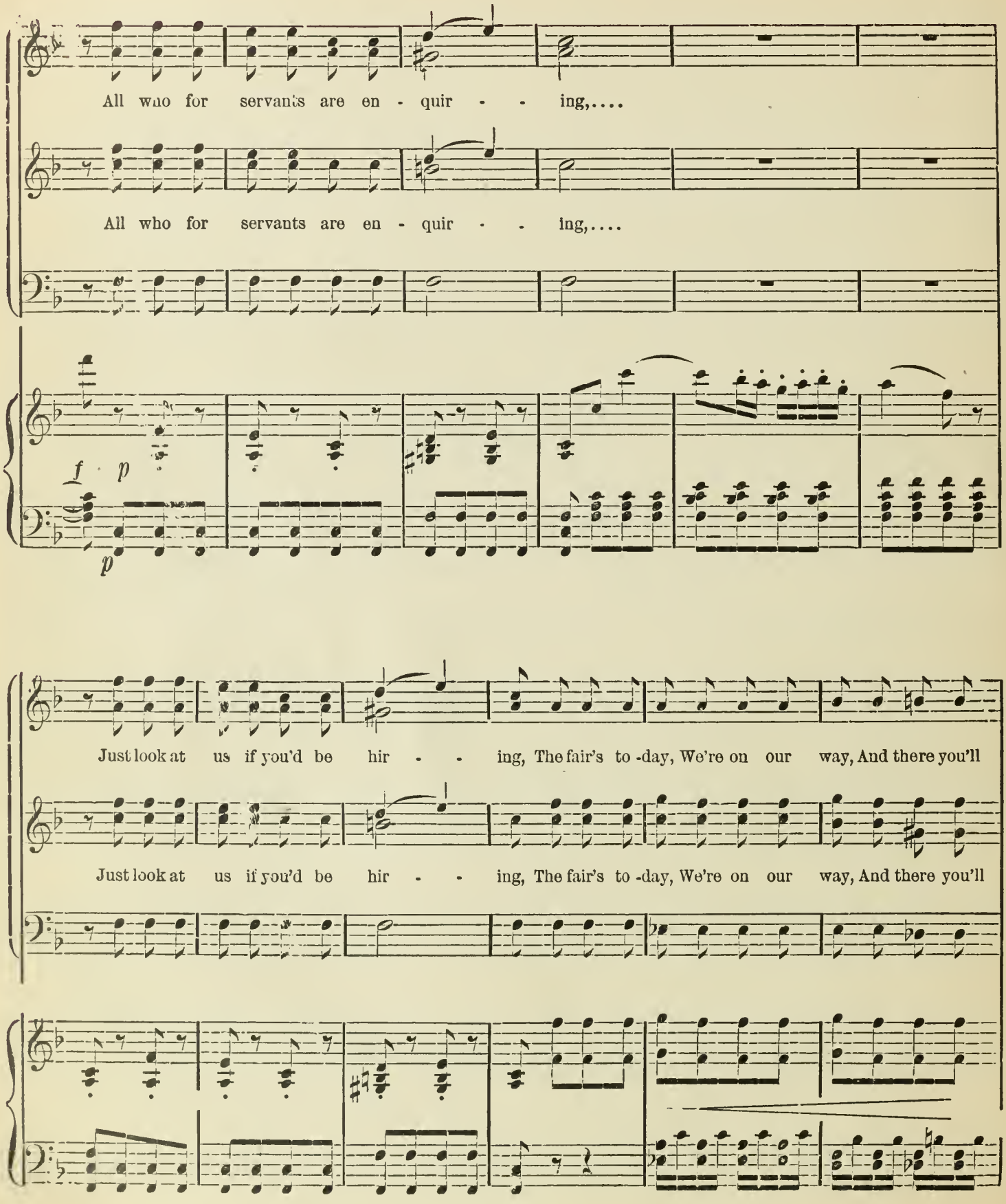
(Enter GREFFIER. L'ASSESSEUR *and* LE TABELLION.*)*

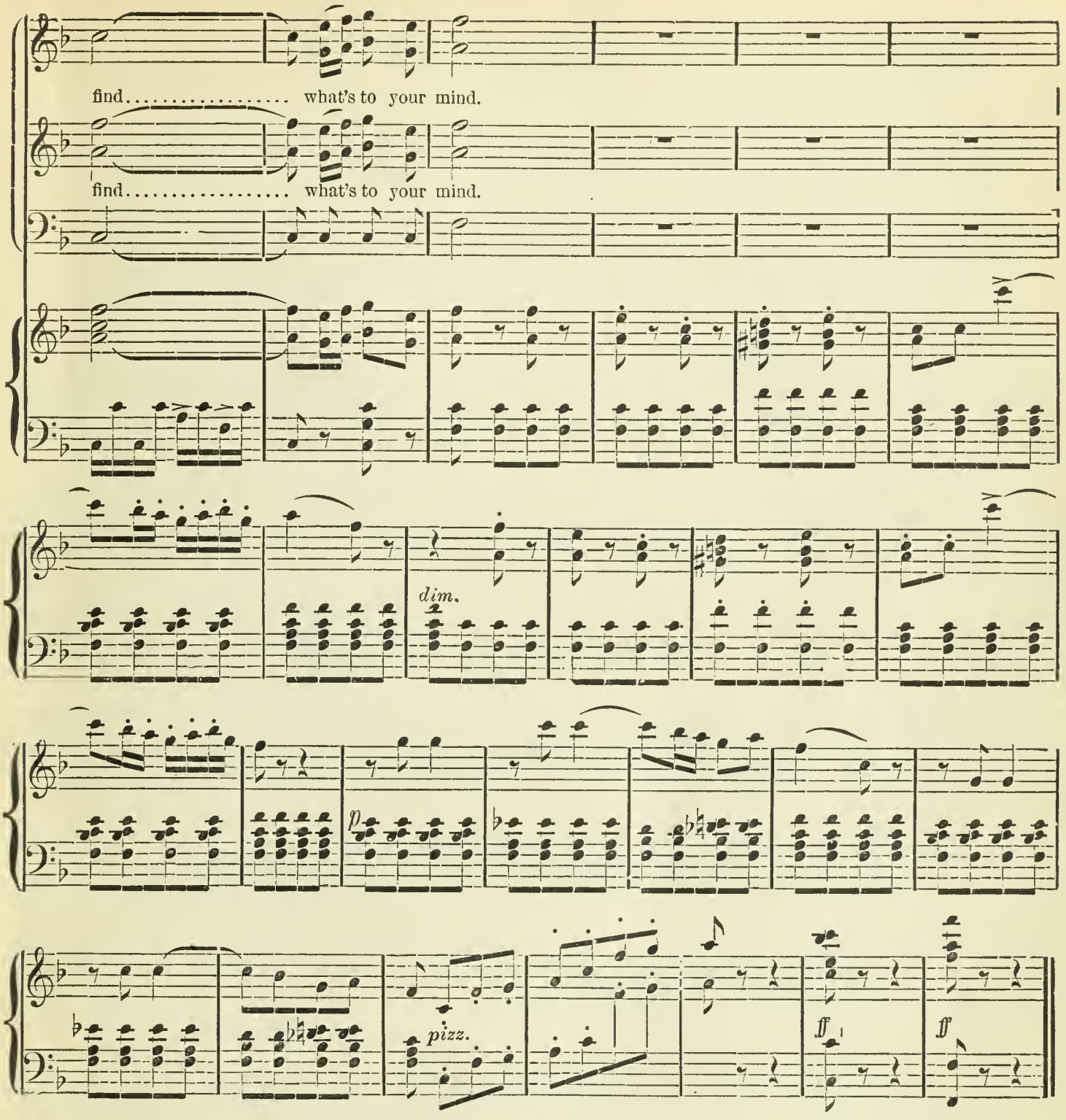
RECITATIVE AND CODA.

No. 1c.




fair?
O yes, we know,..... ..... and thith - er go,..... ..... As ser - vants
O yes, we know,..... and thith - er go,..... ..... As ser - vants
we are well a - ware This is the morning of the fair.....
we are well a - ware This is the morning of the fair.....


All who for servants are en - quir - - ing,....
All who for servants are en - quir - - ing,....
f p
p
Just look at us if you'd be hir - - ing, The fair's to -day, We're on our way, And there you'll
Just look at us if you'd be hir - - ing, The fair's to -day, We're on our way, And there you'll



(*Exeunt Omnes except* SERPOLETTE, *who hides herself. She then comes forward and signs to the other peasant girls to join her. They advance with hesitation, and form a circle around her.*

SERP. Oh, come now! you must not take a little sharp talk too much to heart, girls. You know you began it. But it's all over, and I'm not the one to bear malice. Well, I admit I was foolish enough at one time to allow this miserable, good-for-nothing fellow, Jean Grenicheux, who couldn't speak the truth, if he tried, to keep company with me. Of course, when that horrid old miser, Gaspard, brought his chalky-faced, simpering niece, Germaine, into the house, Grenicheux found it more profitable to dance attendance on an heiress than to be true to a poor, friendless girl. But, let me tell you, he's wasting his time there.

GERTRUDE. You do not seem to have a particularly good opinion of Father Gaspard.

SERP. Good opinion? Why, bless your silly heart! he is such a repulsive creature, that I often wishsd he had never found me in the fields when I was a baby!

MANETTE. Where did Germaine spring from?

SERP. Oh, some vulgar stock, I suppose! Now, as for me, do you know, girls, tnat I often dream that royal blood flows in these veins, and that princely parents are hunting all over the world for me!

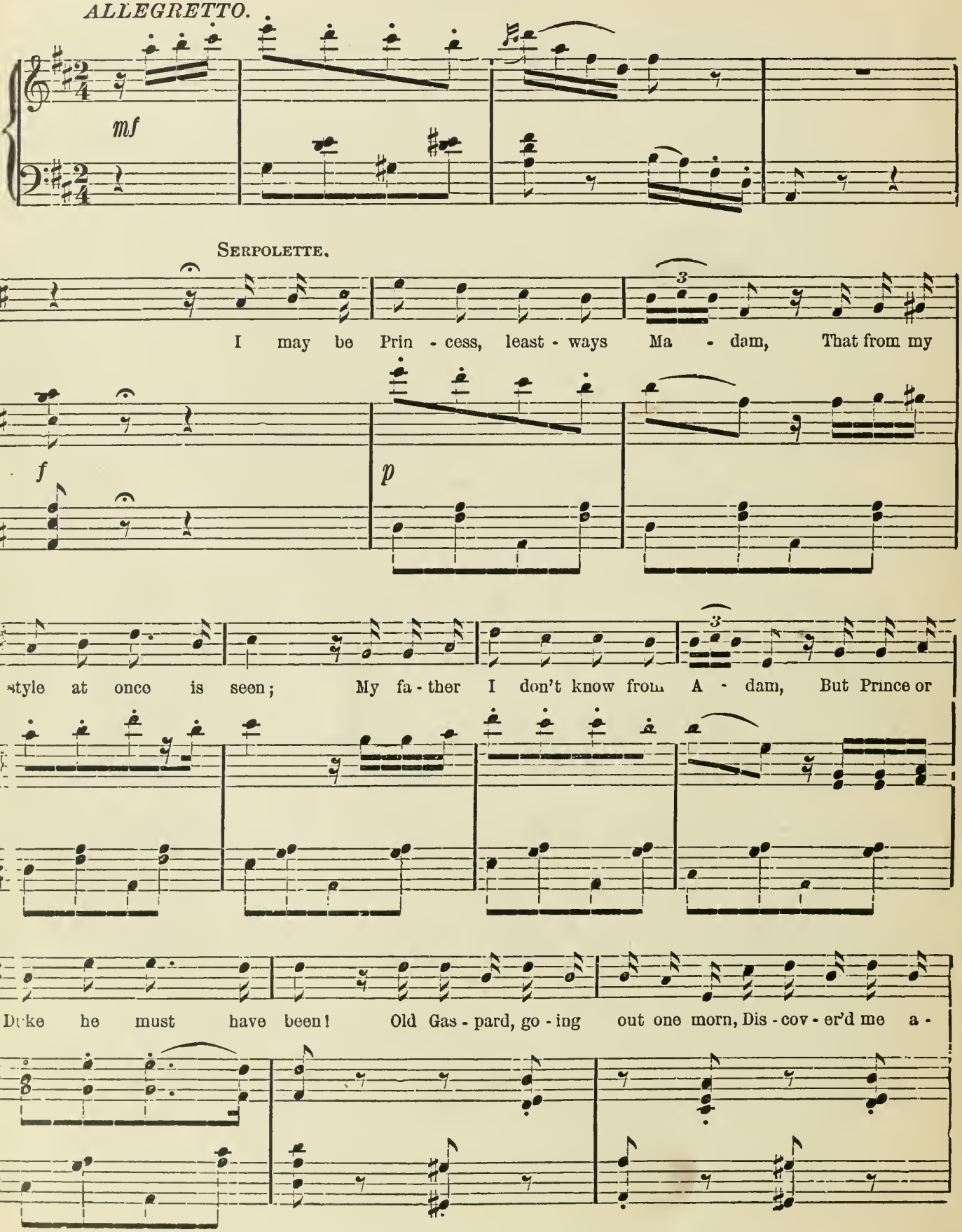
ALL. Royal blood! A princess! Ha, ha, ha!

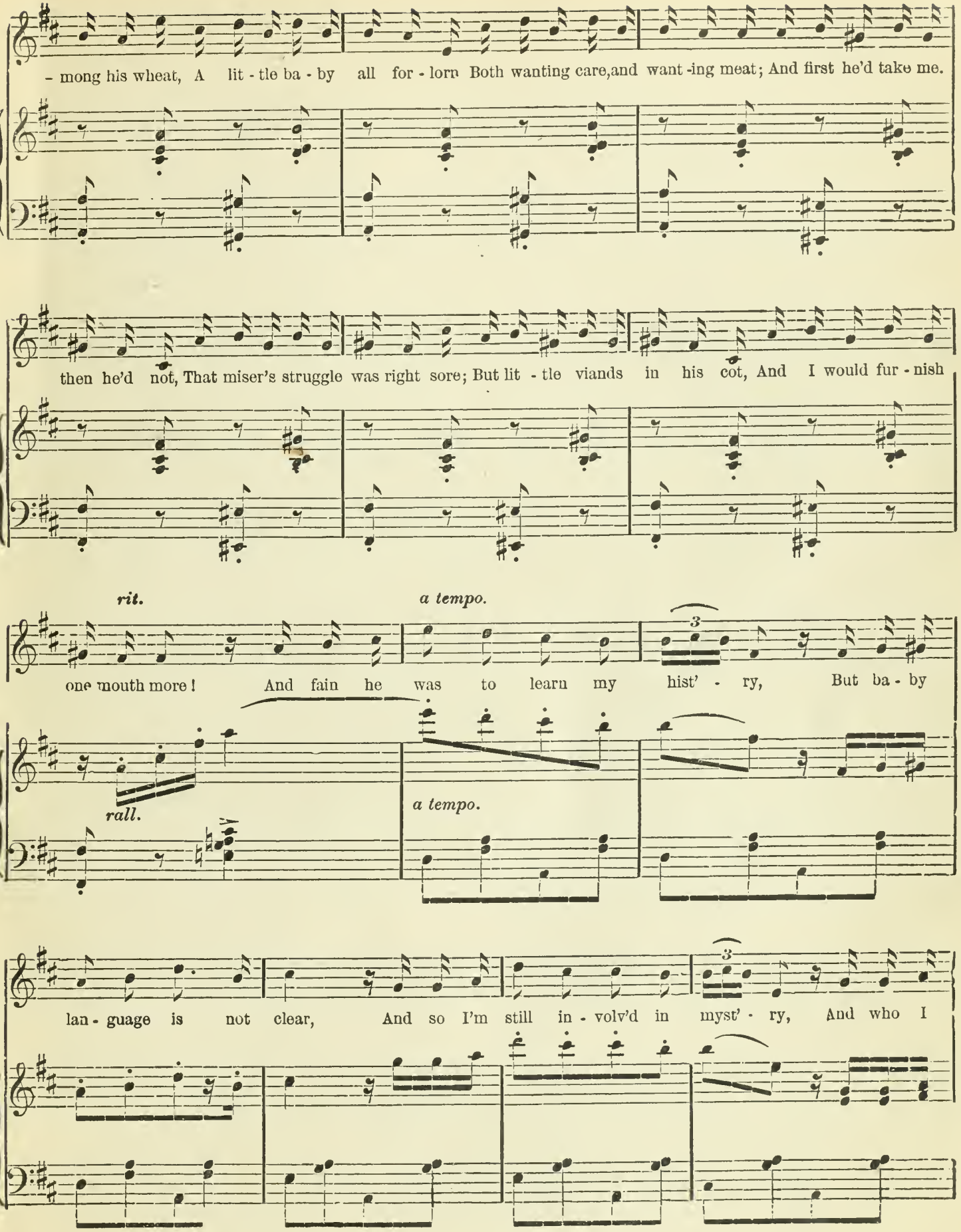
SERP. You will see, some time or other! Listen.

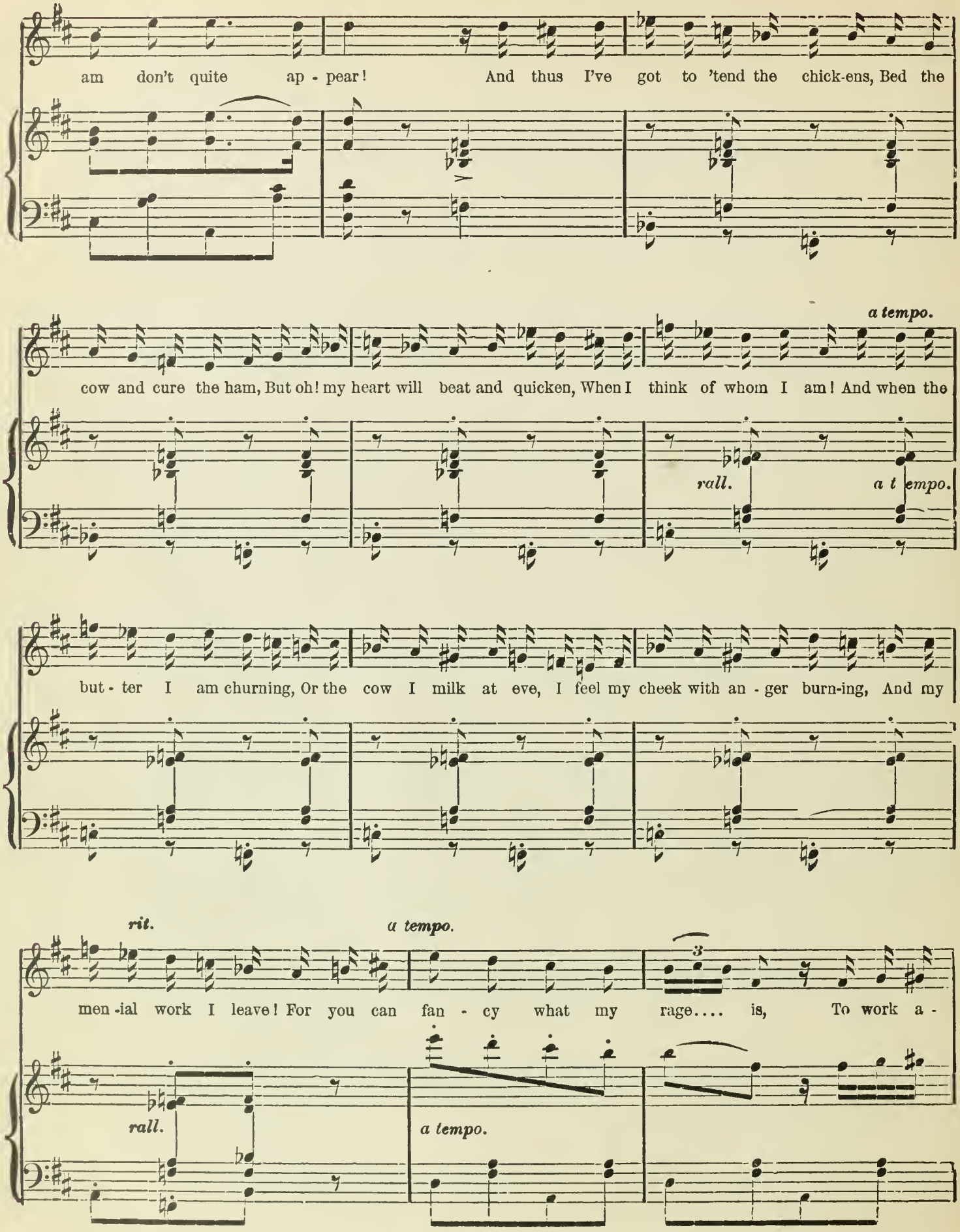
I MAY BE PRINCESS.

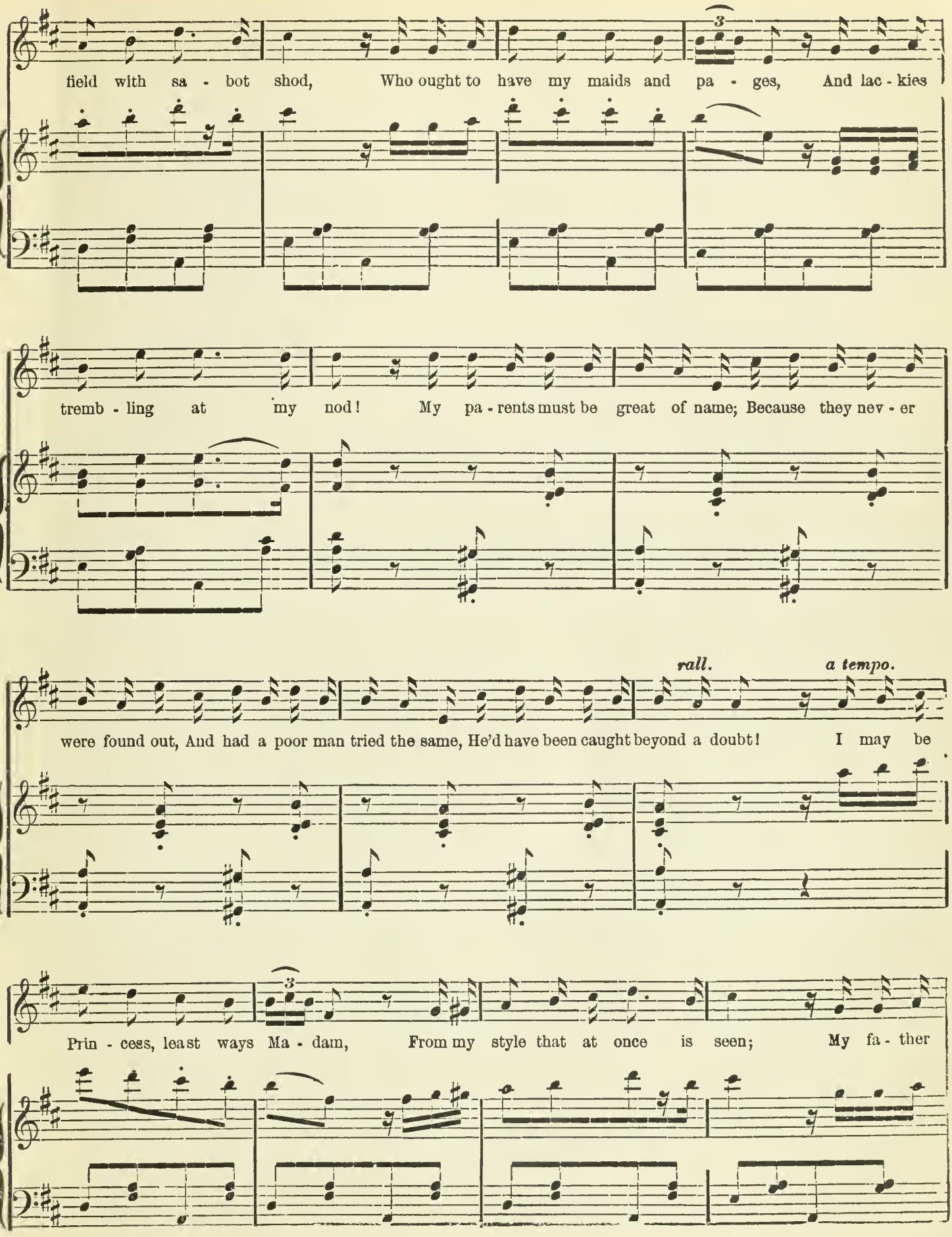
No. 2. RONDEAU.

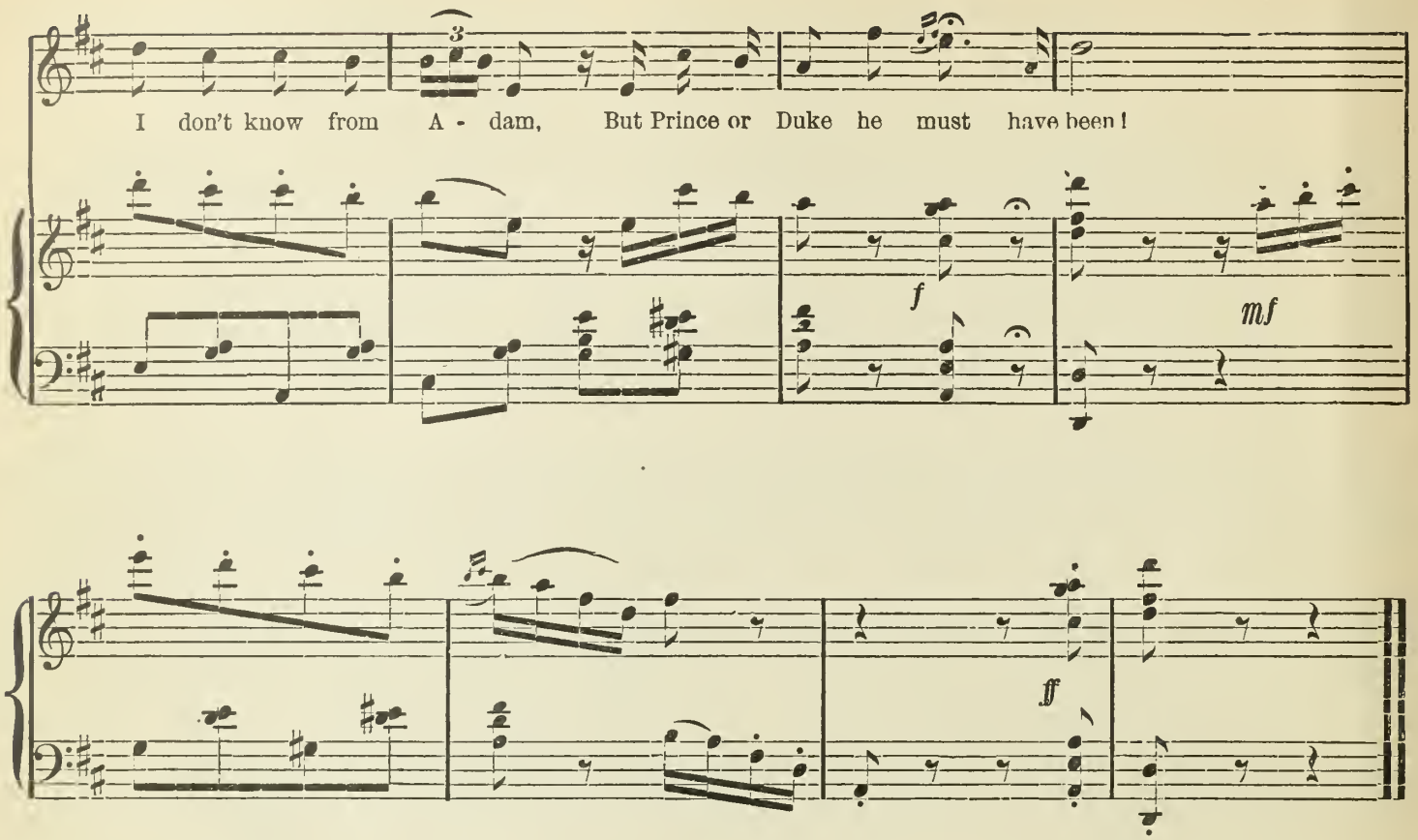
ALLEGRETTO.




- mong his wheat, A lit - tle ba - by all for - lorn Both wanting care,and want -ing meat; And first he'd take me.
then he'd not, That miser's struggle was right sore; But lit - tle viands in his cot, And I would fur - nish
rit.
a tempo.
one mouth more! And fain he was to learn my hist' - ry, But ba - by
rall.
a tempo.
lan - guage is not clear, And so I'm still in - volv'd in myst' - ry, And who I


am don't quite ap - pear! And thus I've got to 'tend the chick-ens, Bed the
a tempo.
cow and cure the ham, But oh! my heart will beat and quicken, When I think of whom I am! And when the
rall.
a tempo.
but - ter I am churning, Or the cow I milk at eve, I feel my cheek with an - ger burn-ing, And my
rit.
a tempo.
3
men - ial work I leave! For you can fan - cy what my rage.... is, To work a -
rall.
a tempo.


field with sa - bot shod, Who ought to have my maids and pa - ges, And lac - kies
tremb - ling at my nod! My pa - rents must be great of name; Because they nev - er
rall.
a tempo.
were found out, And had a poor man tried the same, He'd have been caught beyond a doubt! I may be
Prin - cess, least ways Ma - dam, From my style that at once is seen; My fa - ther



(*Enter* GASPARD *and the* BAILLI.)

SERP. What do you think of the grand wedding, that is to come off soon? Little Germaine, hardly out of her pinafores, and that precious old booby of a Bailli, who is as old as Methusaleh, and looks like a scarecrow.

BAILLI *to* GASPARD. Well, truly, such impertinence!

GASP. You wretched fonndling, and good for nothing girl! I'll make you feel the weight of my cane.

SERP. I know you would if you could catch me, but you shall not have the chance. Now for a race, go as you please. (*Exit, pursued by* GASPARD.)

BAILLI. Don't excite yourself, Gaspard. I care not what envious tongues may say, as long as the fair Germaine is to be my bride.

GERTRUDE. His bride? January and May. Listen, girls, to the venerable lover, with one foot in the grave.

GASP. (*reentering.*) Silence, you pack of scandal mongers; be off at once, or beware the consequences!

(*Exeunt Village girls laughing.*)

BAILLI. They are not to blame, after all, as long as your niece, Germaine, encourages them.

GASP. Why, you must be mistaken. My niece would not associate with such hussies.

BAILLI. Well, I know one thing, and that is, she never loses an opportunity to encourage the attentions of that wretched fisherman Grenicheux.

GASP. Pshaw! You should give her credit for more taste. Why, he serves as a butt of ridicule for the village.

BAILLI. You forget that he rescued her from drowning once, and gratitude, you know.

GASP. That counts for nothing. He was fishing, my niece fell off the rocks into the sea, and he could not help catching something. Any one might have done the same.

BAILLI. At all events, don't forget your promise, Gaspard. Germaine is to be mine, or a gentle hint to the authorities about certain goings on of yours.

GASP. (*aside.*) Heavens! can he guess? No, no, it cannot be (*aloud.*) Your language is quite an enigma to me, I assure you.

BAILLI. Indeed! For instance, your administration of the affairs of the former Marquis of Corneville, who has been an exile for so many years.

GASP. My administration defies investigation. I am ready to meet the Marquis, or his son, if ever they return, and render a strict account.

BAILLI. You are very confident and I am glad of it. Now, these phantoms that haunt the castle.

GASP. I am not the guardian of spirits. If they wish to roam around nightly, how can I help it?

BAILLI. Well, I shall see about it and shall search the chateau.

GASP. Don't, I beg of you. Leave the ghosts in their own quarters, and do not set them loose in the village. What is the use, now, in being over zealous. Germaine shall be yours, and I'll make preparations for a hasty wedding.

BAILLI. That just suits me (GRENICHEUX *heard within*). Ah! here comes that miserable fisherman.

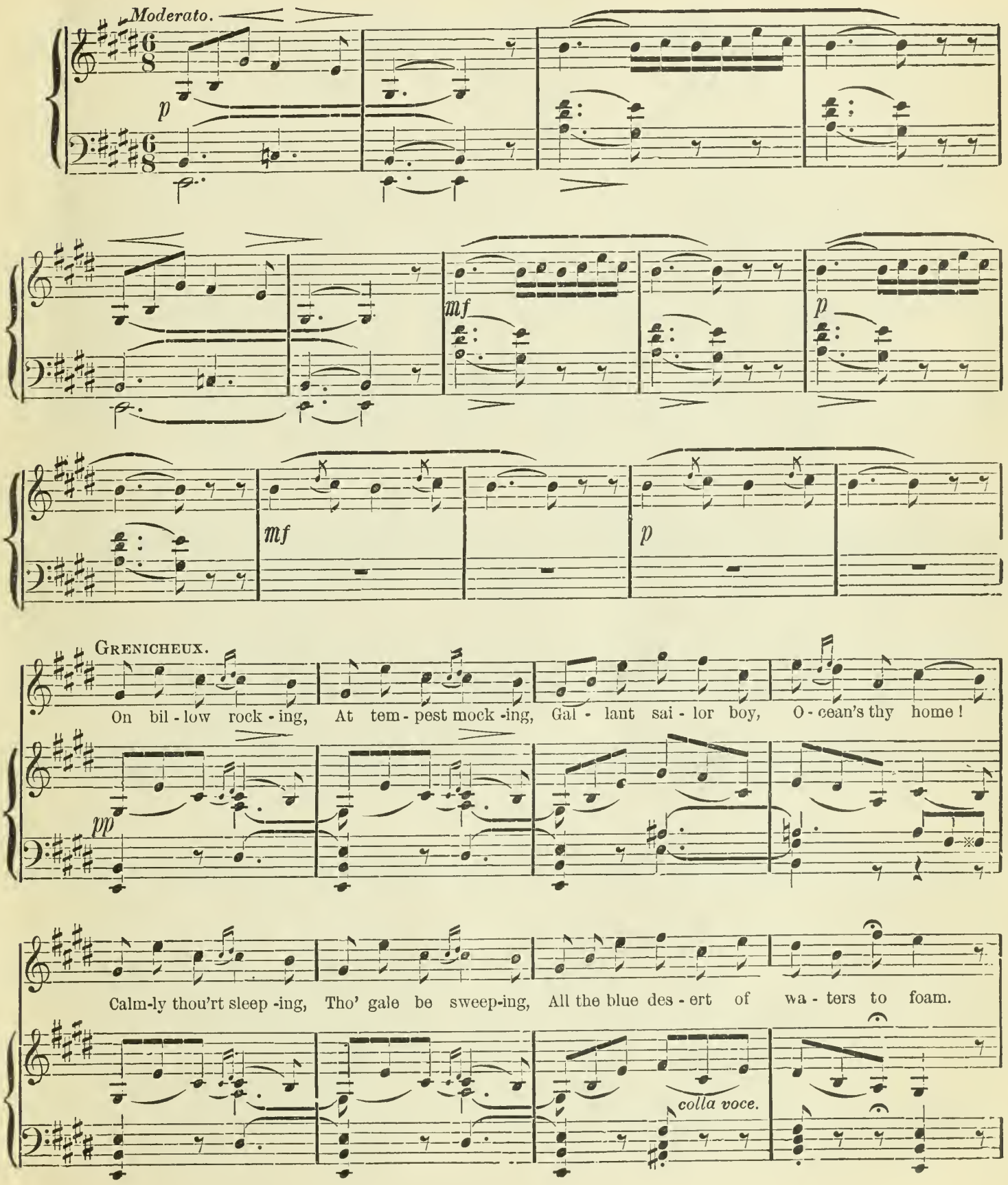
GASP. Leave me to settle his pretentions with this cane.

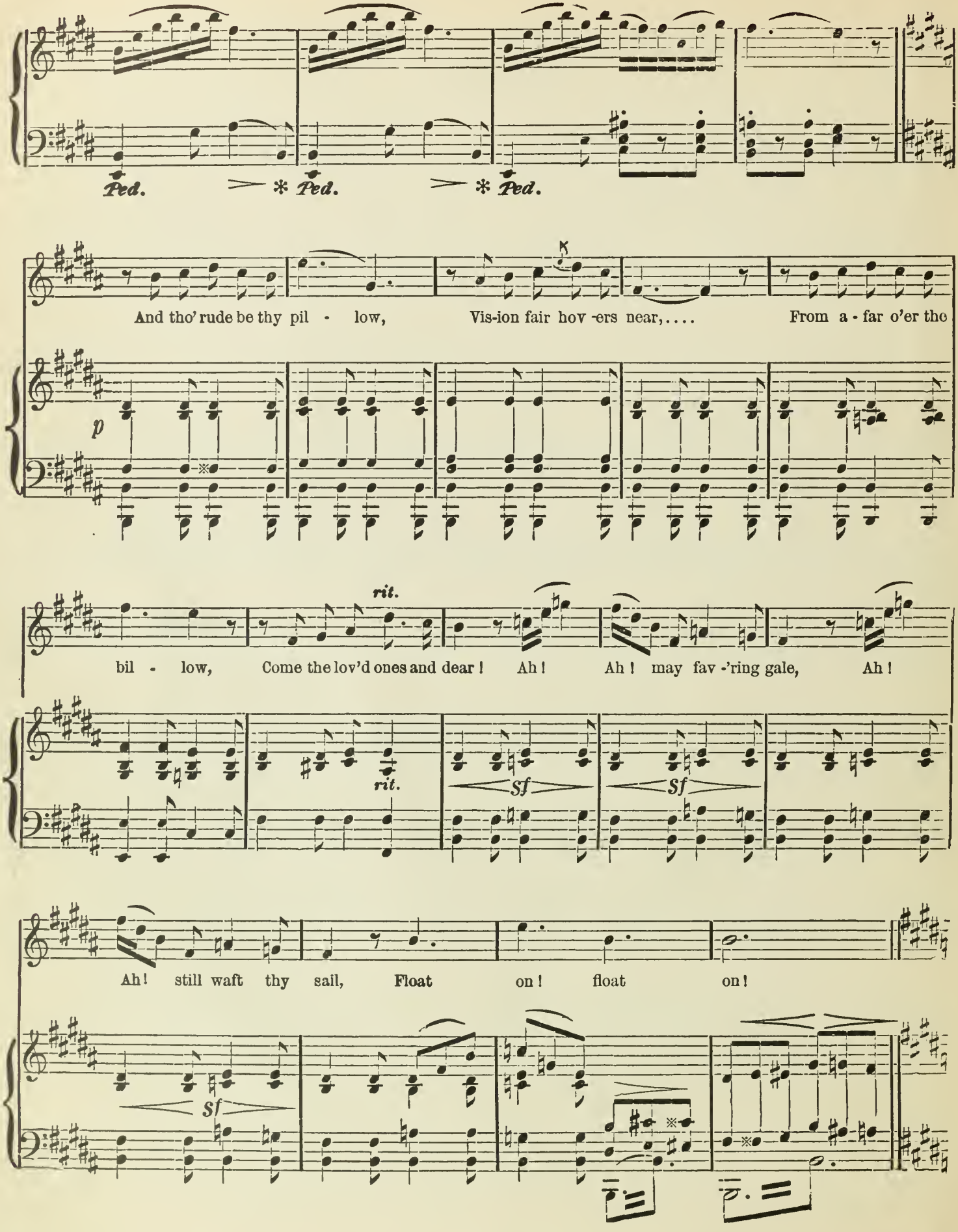
BAILLI. No, no, we must have no scandal here. Come. (*Exeunt.*)

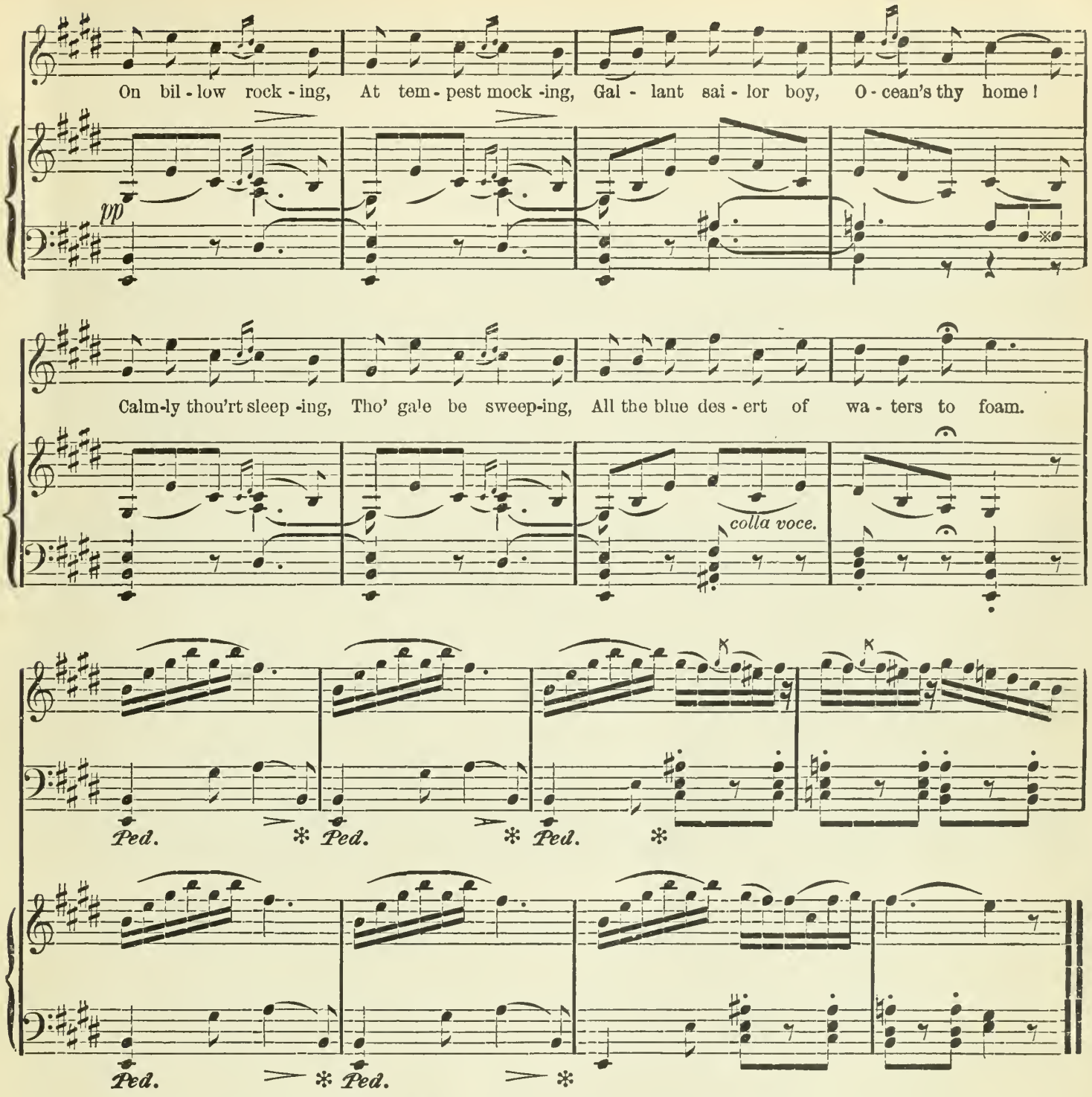
(*Enter* GRENICHEUX, *with fishing nets, &c.,*)

ON BILLOW ROCKING.

No 3. BARCAROLLE.




Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
And tho' rude be thy pil - low, Vis-ion fair hov -ers near,.... From a - far o'er the
p
bil - low, Come the lov'd ones and dear! Ah! Ah! may fav -'ring gale, Ah!
rit.
rit.
Sf
Sf
Ah! still waft thy sail, Float on! float on!
Sf



(*Enter* GERMAINE *listening*, GRENICHEUX *hides.*)

GERM. Surely the voice came from this direction. Oh!

GRENICHEUX. (*advancing.*) You heard me, Madamoiselle.

GERM. Perhaps so. But I was looking for my uncle, and not you.

GREN. Indeed! The first time I ever knew, the old skinflint could sing. I thought that the chink of gold was the only music he favored.

GERM No matter what he likes, he is my guardian.

GREN To be exchanged for another soon, I hear.

GERM Well, that is news for me.

GREN. They say you are going to marry that old Bailli.

GERM. I cannot help what they say, nor you, for believing all you hear.

GREN. Of course, in presence of such a wealthy suitor, poor Grenicheux will be soon forgotten.

GERM. And if so, I am at perfect liberty to make a choice.

GREN. Don't forget, that you owe your life to me.

GERM. You take good care not to let me forget.

GREN. I have the best right to you.

GERM. I cannot admit your reasoning. I wish to be my own mistress

GREN. Until old Gaspard brings you up to the altar, to marry a Bailli, old enough to be your grandfather.

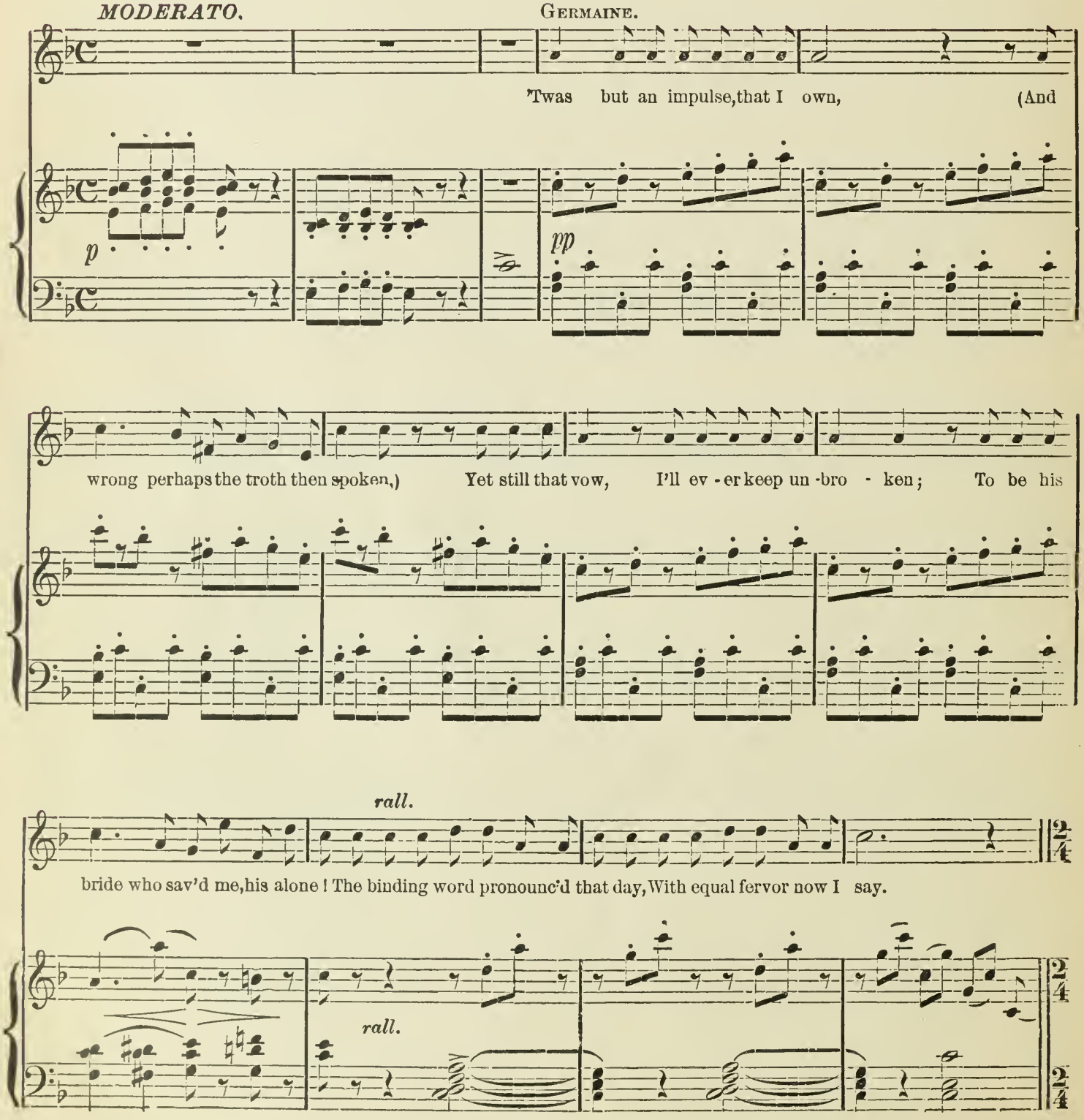
GERM. You are talking nonsense! Do not fear, I shall not forget my vow.

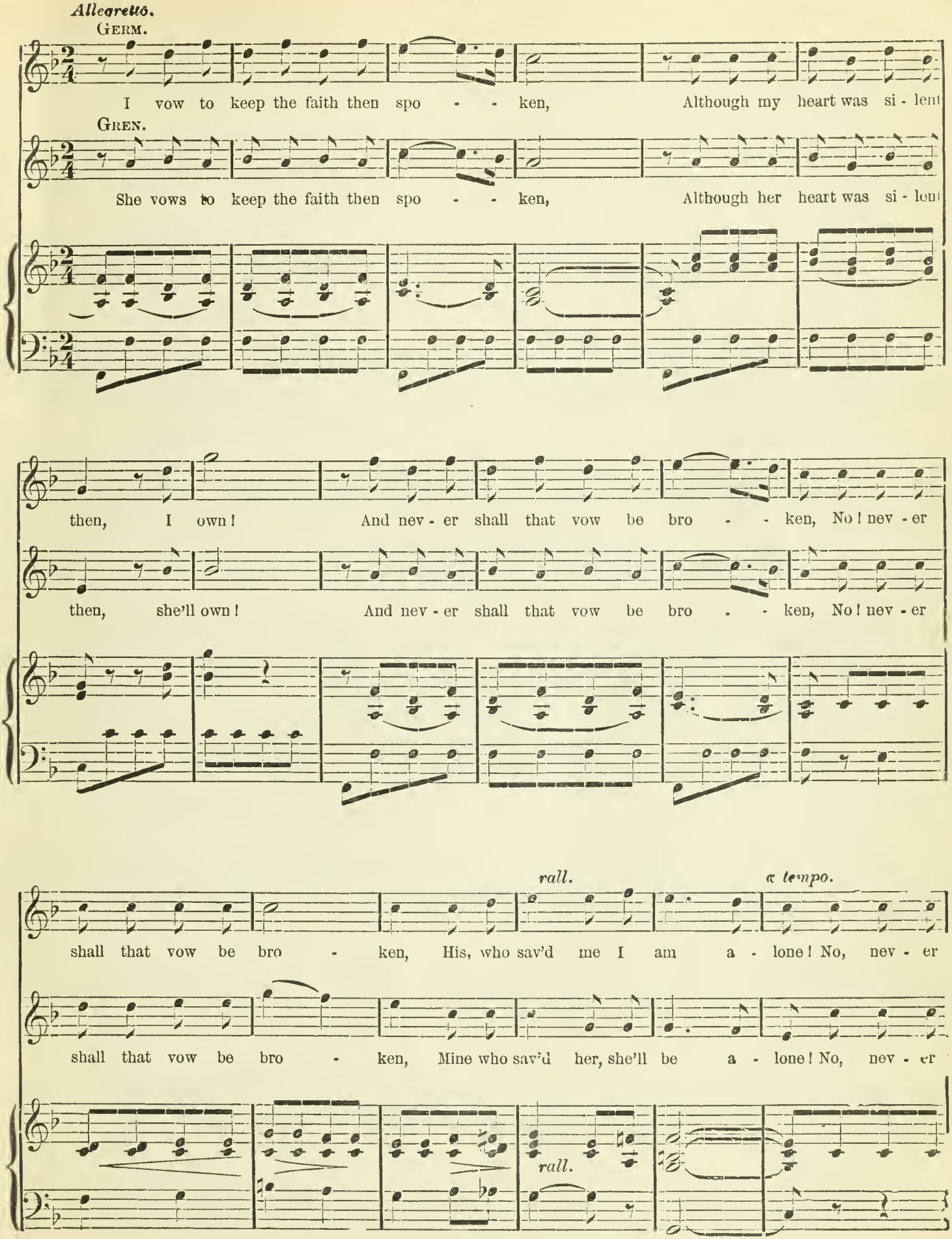
'TWAS BUT AN IMPULSE.

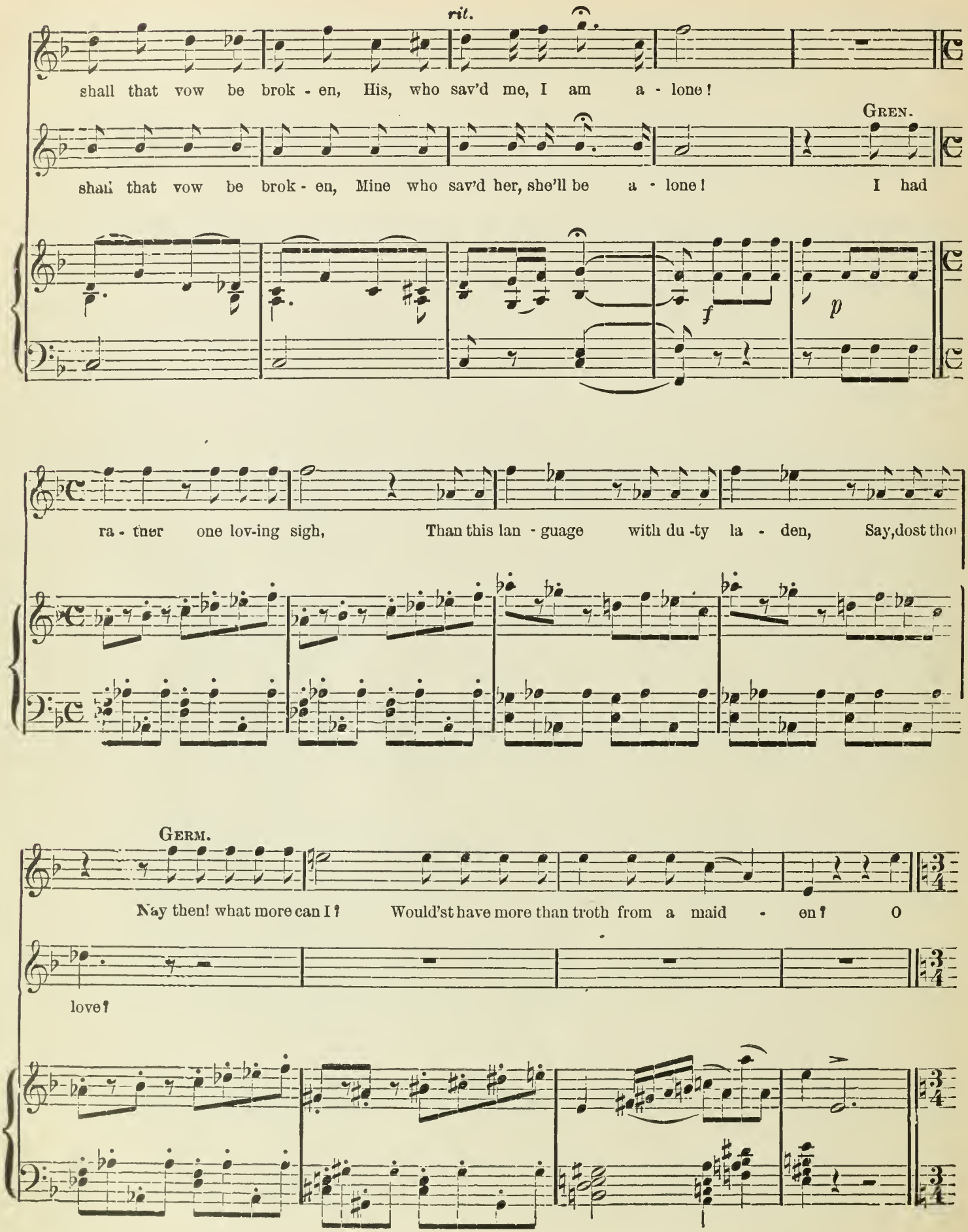
No. 4. DUO.

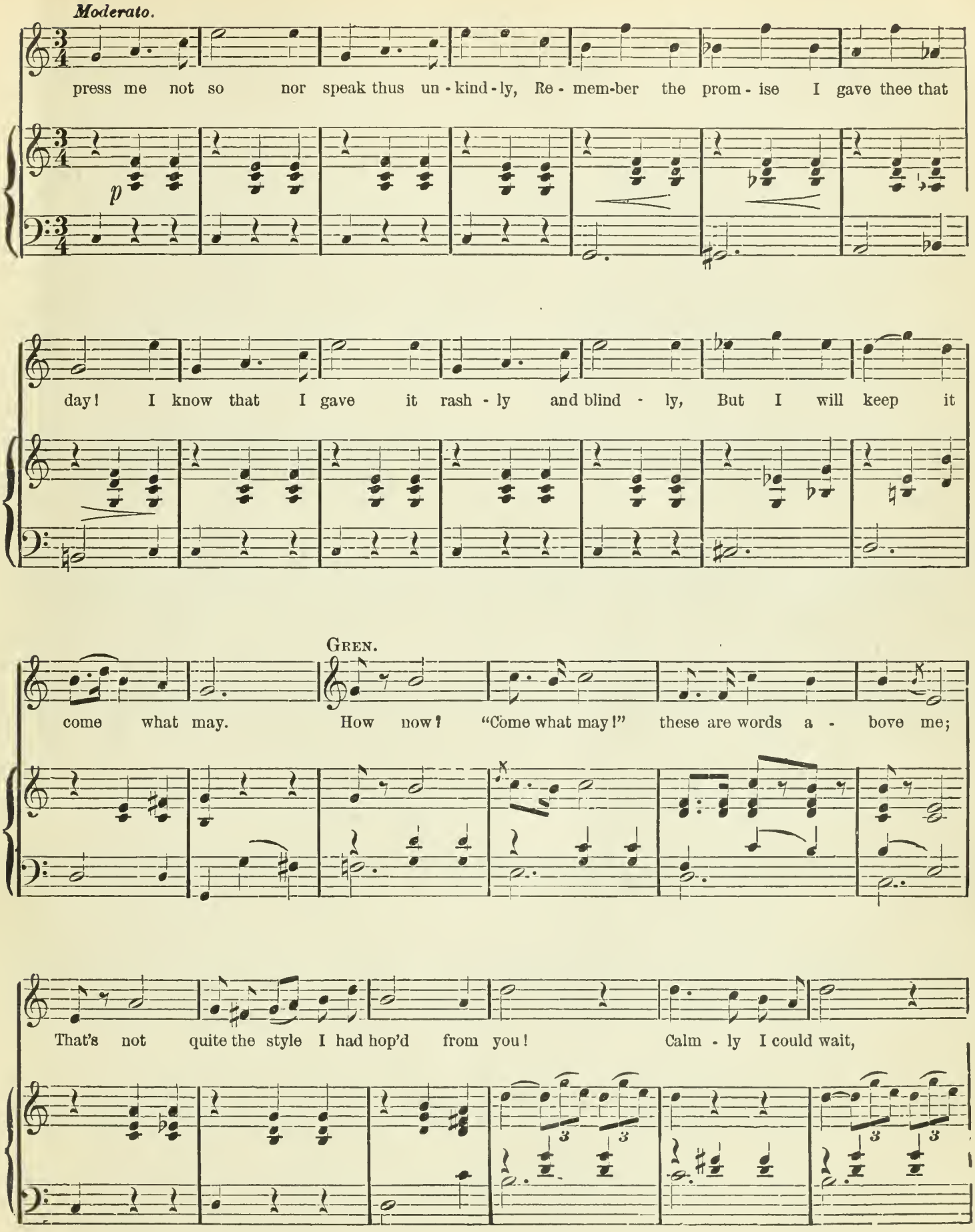
GERMAINE & GRENICHEUX.

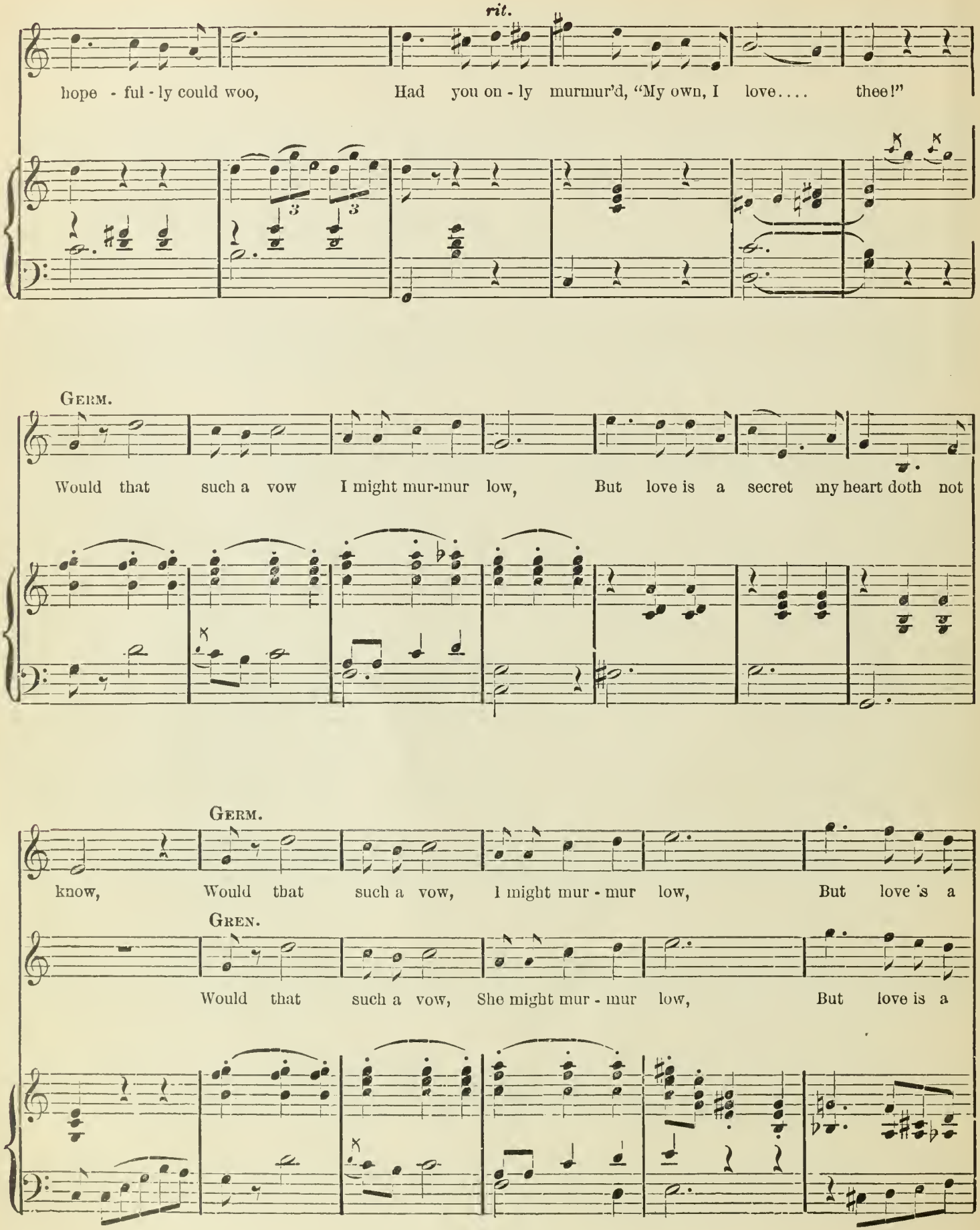
MODERATO. GERMAINE.

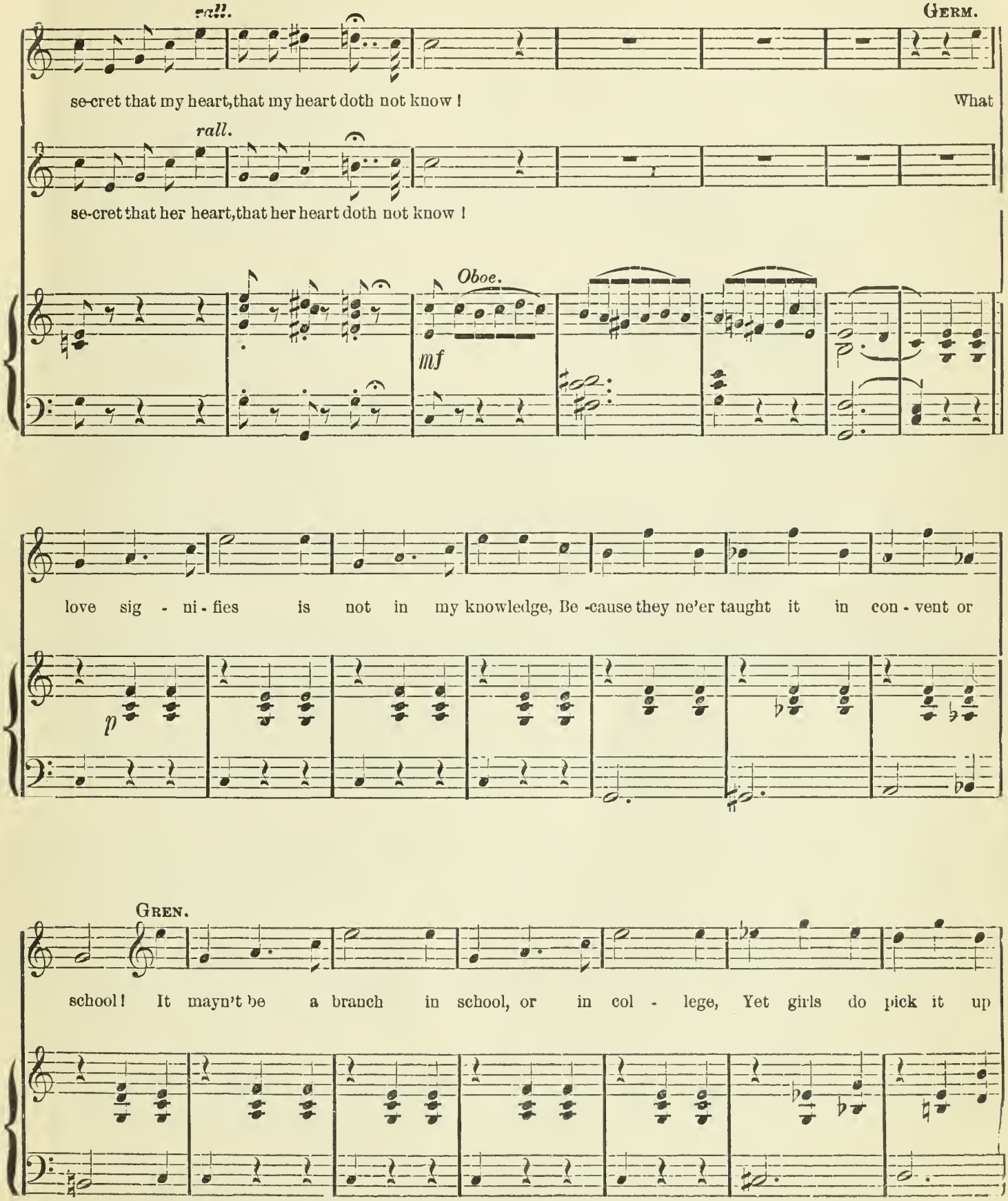


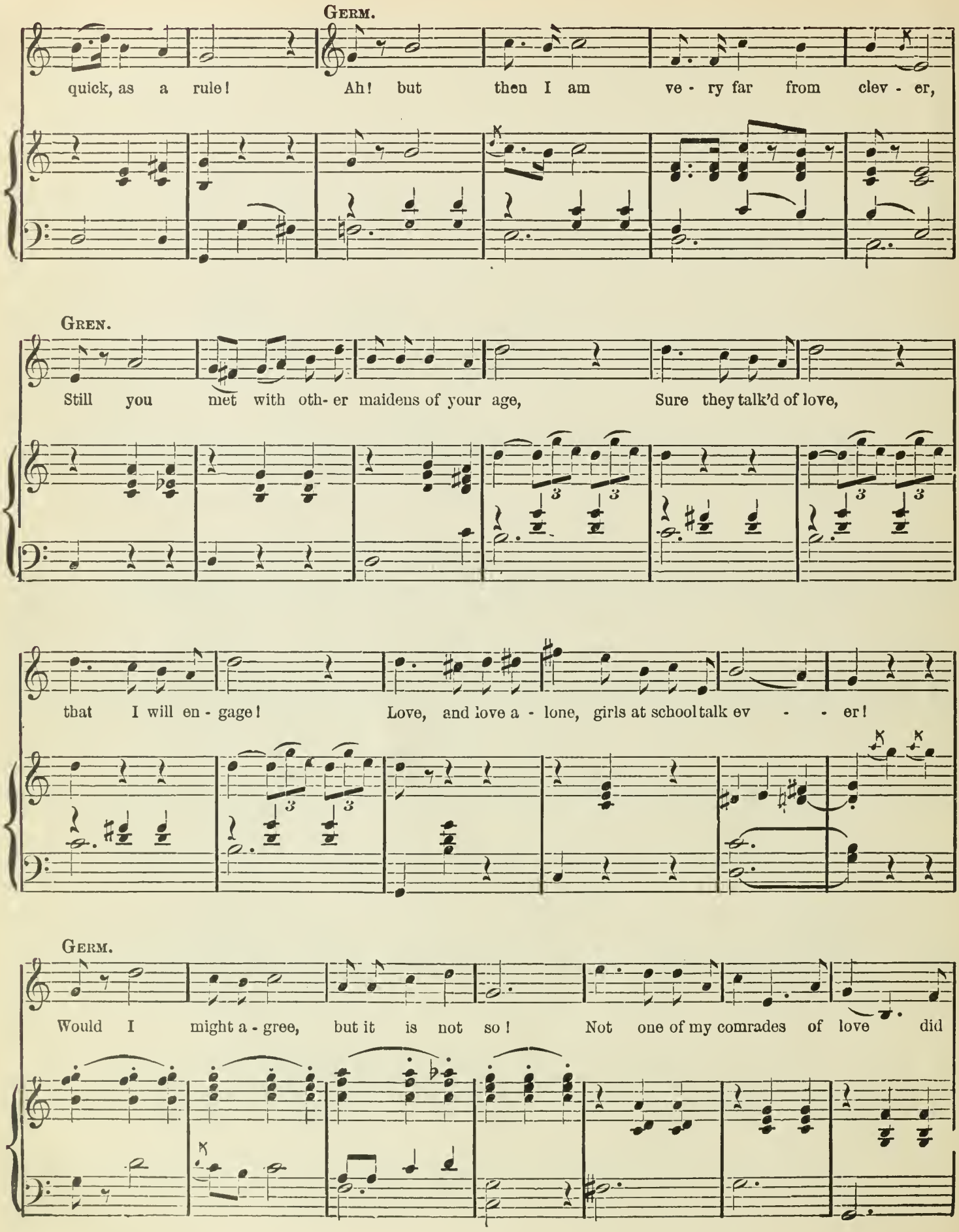

Allegretto.
GERM.
I vow to keep the faith then spo - - ken, Although my heart was si - lent
GREN.
She vows to keep the faith then spo - - ken, Although her heart was si - lent
then, I own! And nev - er shall that vow be bro - - ken, No! nev - er
then, she'll own! And nev - er shall that vow be bro - - ken, No! nev - er
rall.
a tempo.
shall that vow be bro - ken, His, who sav'd me I am a - lone! No, nev - er
shall that vow be bro - ken, Mine who sav'd her, she'll be a - lone! No, nev - er
rall.

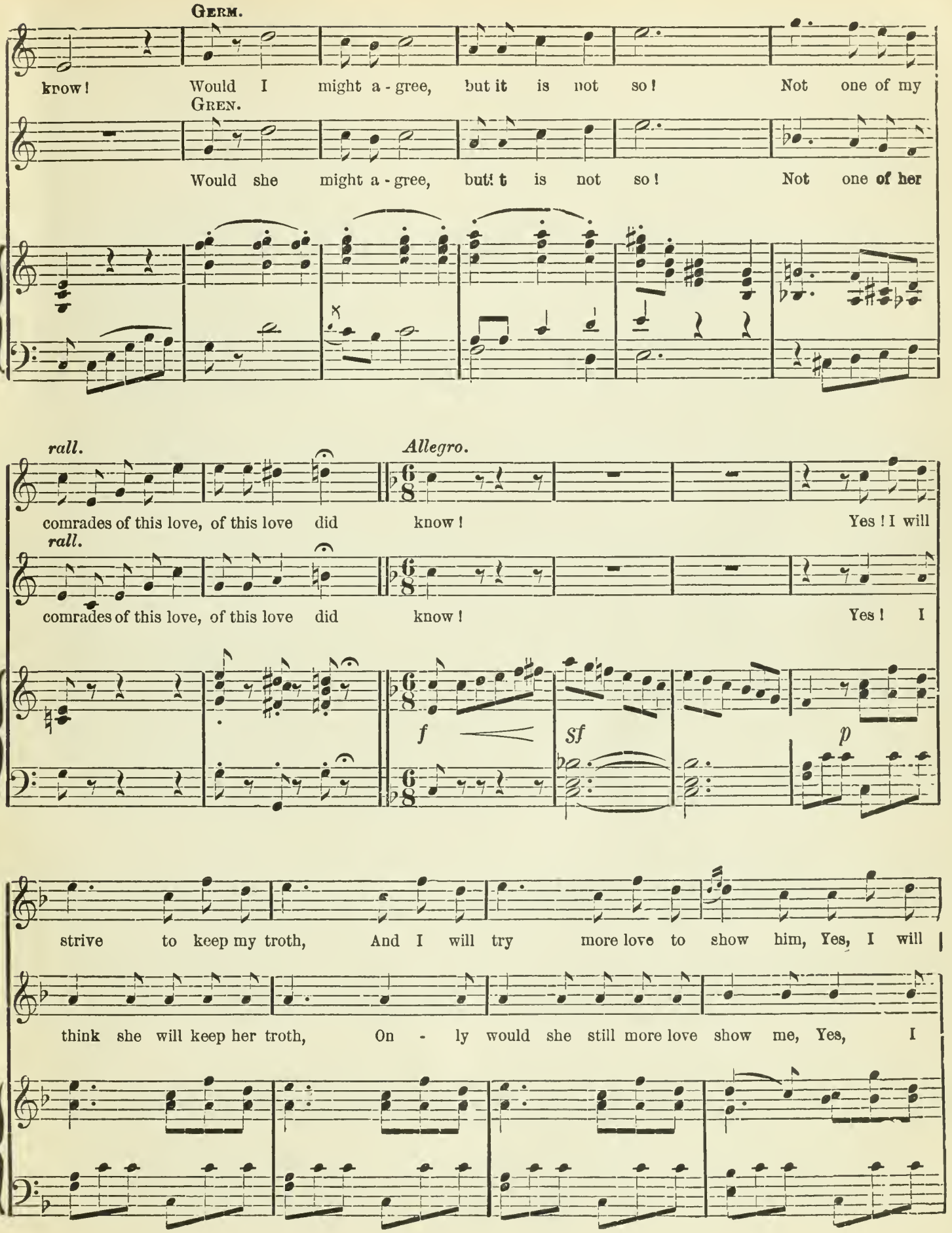

rit.
shall that vow be brok - en, His, who sav'd me, I am a - lone!
GREN.
shall that vow be brok - en, Mine who sav'd her, she'll be a - lone! I had
f
p
ra - ther one lov-ing sigh, Than this lan - guage with du -ty la - den, Say, dost thou
GERM.
Nay then! what more can I? Would'st have more than troth from a maid - en? O
love?

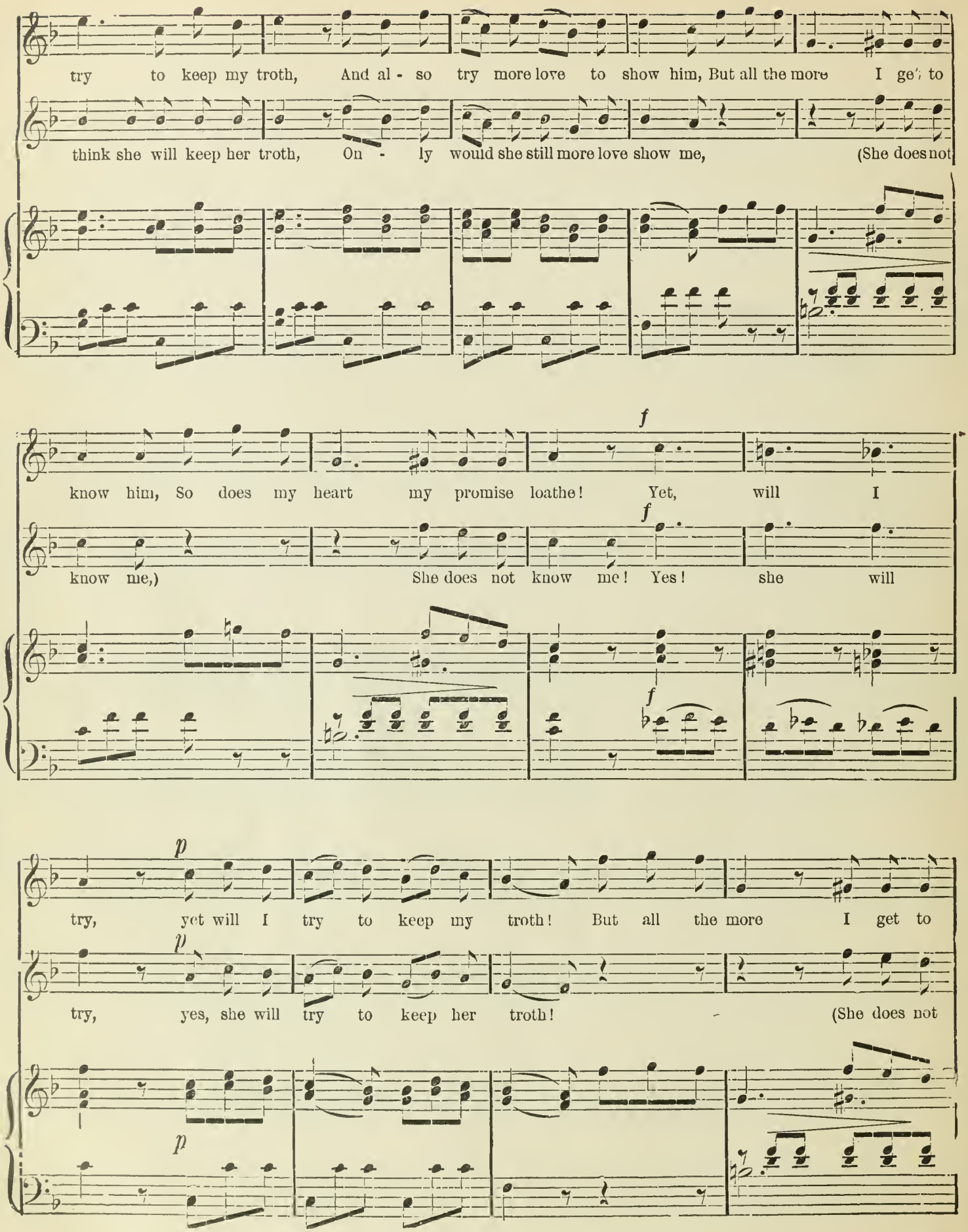

Moderato.
press me not so nor speak thus un - kind - ly, Re - mem-ber the prom - ise I gave thee that
p
day! I know that I gave it rash - ly and blind - ly, But I will keep it
Gren.
come what may. How now? "Come what may!" these are words a - bove me;
That's not quite the style I had hop'd from you! Calm - ly I could wait,

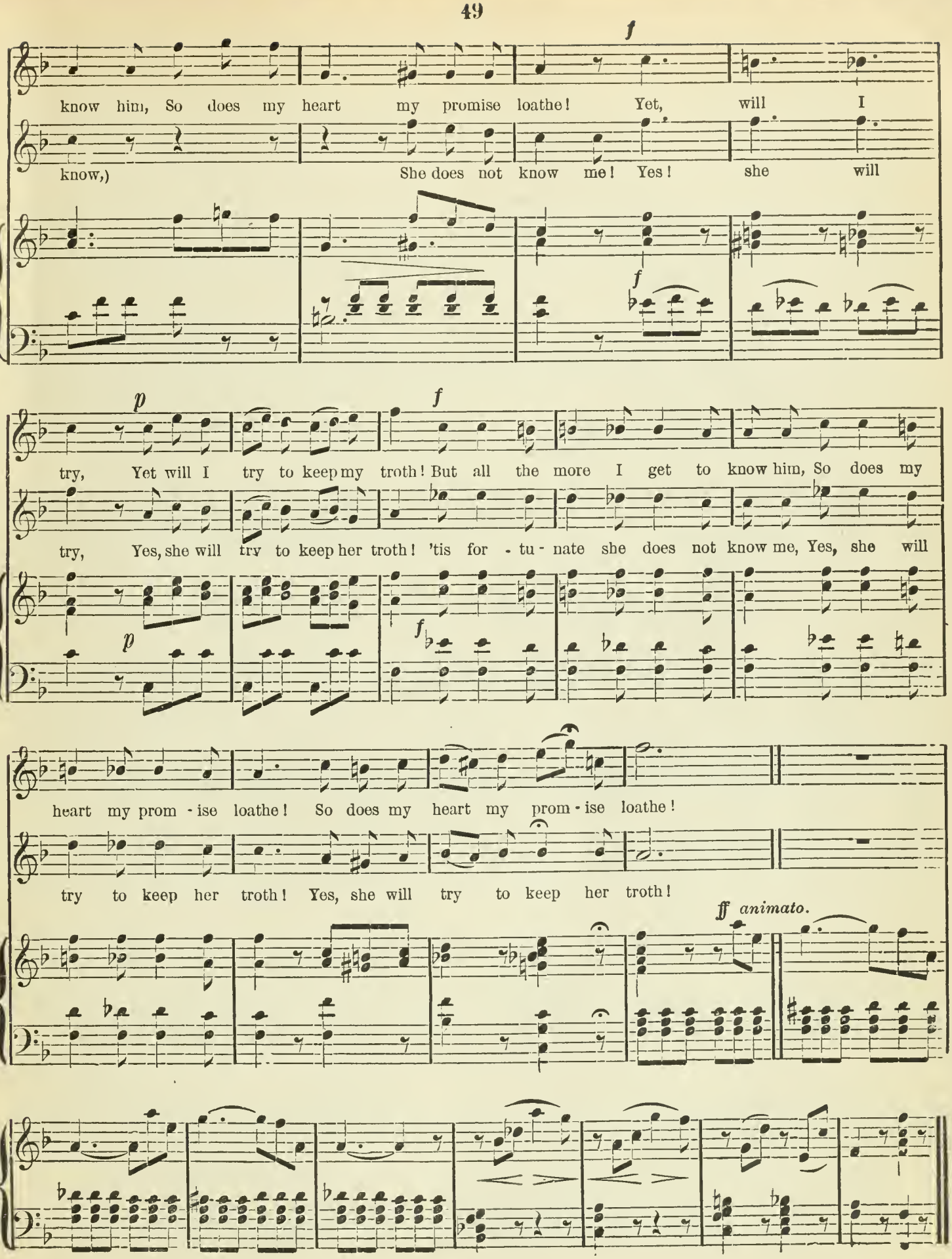

rit.
hope - ful - ly could woo, Had you on - ly murmur'd, "My own, I love.... thee!"
Germ.
Would that such a vow I might mur-mur low, But love is a secret my heart doth not
Germ.
know, Would that such a vow, I might mur - mur low, But love is a
Gren.
Would that such a vow, She might mur - mur low, But love is a


rall.
GERM.
se-cret that my heart, that my heart doth not know ! What
rall.
se-cret that her heart, that her heart doth not know !
Oboe.
mf
love sig - ni - fies is not in my knowledge, Be - cause they ne'er taught it in con - vent or
p
GREN.
school ! It mayn't be a branch in school, or in col - lege, Yet girls do pick it up


GERM.
quick, as a rule! Ah! but then I am ve - ry far from clev - er,
GREN.
Still you met with oth- er maidens of your age, Sure they talk'd of love,
that I will en - gage! Love, and love a - lone, girls at school talk ev - - er!
GERM.
Would I might a - gree, but it is not so! Not one of my comrades of love did


GERM.
know! Would I might a - gree, but it is not so! Not one of my
GREN.
Would she might a - gree, but it is not so! Not one of her
rall.
Allegro.
comrades of this love, of this love did know! Yes! I will
rall.
comrades of this love, of this love did know! Yes! I
f
Sf
p
strive to keep my troth, And I will try more love to show him, Yes, I will
think she will keep her troth, On - ly would she still more love show me, Yes, I


try to keep my troth, And al - so try more love to show him, But all the more I get to
think she will keep her troth, On - ly would she still more love show me, (She does not
know him, So does my heart my promise loathe! Yet, will I
know me,) She does not know me! Yes! she will
try, yet will I try to keep my troth! But all the more I get to
try, yes, she will try to keep her troth! (She does not
f
p


f
know him, So does my heart my promise loathe! Yet, will I
know,) She does not know me! Yes! she will
f
p
f
try, Yet will I try to keep my troth! But all the more I get to know him, So does my
try, Yes, she will try to keep her troth! 'tis for - tu - nate she does not know me, Yes, she will
p
f
heart my prom - ise loathe! So does my heart my prom - ise loathe!
try to keep her troth! Yes, she will try to keep her troth!
ff animato.

(*Cries of people within.*)

GREN. (*going to back.*) What is all this commotion about?

GERM. (*going to back.*) Why, what a strange looking man, and a queer looking dress. No wonder he has a crowd after him.

(*Enter* HENRI, *in Mexican costume, followed by villagers.*)

HENRI. Well, such inqnisitive people, I declare. Please moderate your curiosity. It may be a rather strange costume in your eyes but you must admit, a highly picturesque one. Just the thing for a figure like this. Well, to satisfy your curiosity, pretty maidens, permit me to introduce myself as one from the other world.

VILLAGE GIRLS. (*screaming.*) A ghost! a ghost!

HENRI. Well no, rather too substantial for that. The other world is America, where I lived among the savages.

GERM. Do all the savages dress like you?

HENRI. Bless your pretty face, no. The savages paint as the great ladies do in France, and have the same affection for other people's hair.

GERTRUDE. Please, tell us all about them.

HENRI. My little beauty, you must really excuse me now.

ALL. We must hear the story now. (*All crowd around.*)

HENRI. Really, young people, you will spoil this costume. Please, permit me to suffer Messieurs the savages to rest for the present, as I wish to do.

GERM. You are a stranger here, Monsieur.

HENRI. Yes, a wandering seaman. I left my bark at Honfleur and intend to return immediately to my gallant crew. I trust your curiosity being now satisfied, you will answer my question. What do you call that chateau, whose towers I saw rising above the tree-tops as I came along.

GERM. The chateau of Corneville, which has been closed against the world for twenty years. It is haunted by ghosts.

HENRI. How romantic! a haunted chateau! I have heard of such things, but this is the first opportunity I have had to form the acquaintance of a genuine ghost. I shall start at once for the chateau.

GERM. (*detaining him.*) Oh, sir, you know not what a terrible danger you would encounter. Do not, I beg of you, brave the anger of demons.

HENRI. Sweet lady, have I not braved danger before? Have I not seen—

ALL. (*crowding.*) Oh! tell us. You have seen—

HENRI. Nothing. Why, some living beings are worse than spirits. Bah! your ghosts are masquerading knaves.

GERM. Oh, sir, if you had seen the windows of the chateau lighted up by unearthly hands, and phantoms flitting across the illuminated halls. No one has ever unlocked the doors of the chateau.

HENRI. Hence this ghostly legend.

GERM. There is another legend about the chateau.

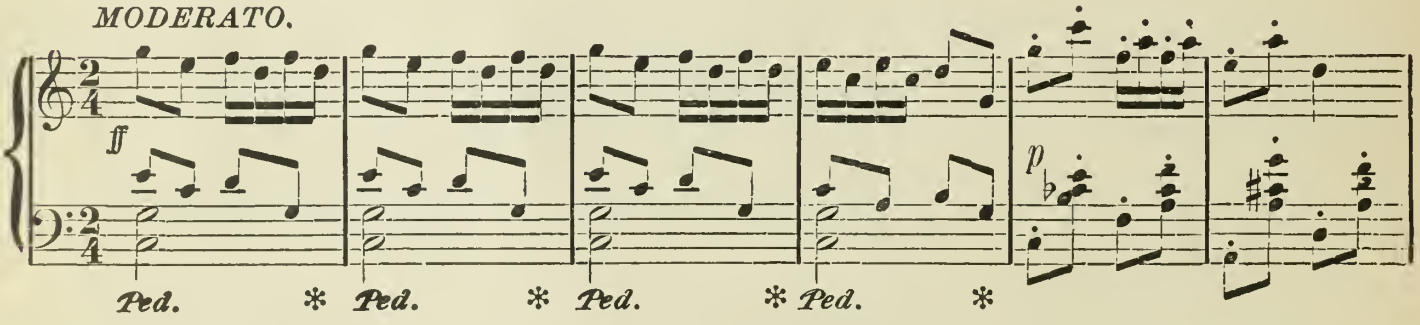
HENRI. Tell me of it, I pray. I am very fond of legends.

GERM. It says that when one of the old family of nobles, that formerly dwelt in Corneville returns to claim his ancestral home, the chimes of the chateau, which have been so long silent shall sound once more. Listen to the legend.

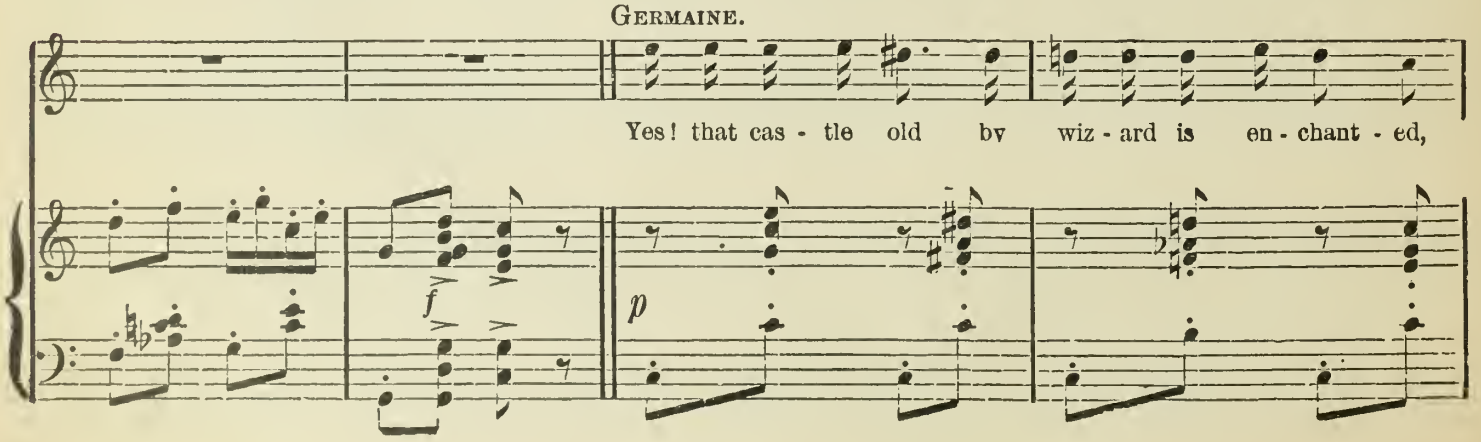
LEGEND OF THE BELLS.

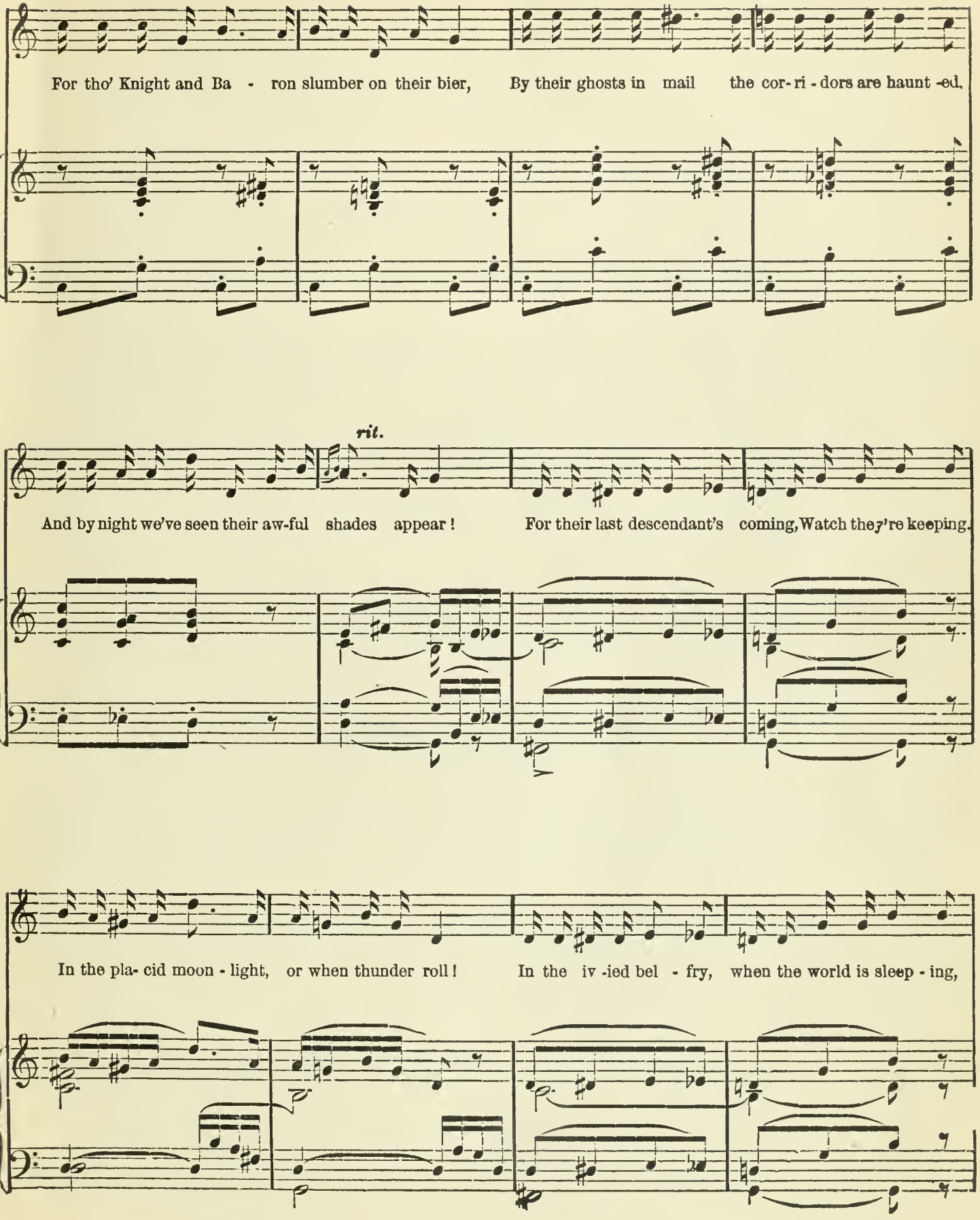
No. 5. SOLO & CHORUS.

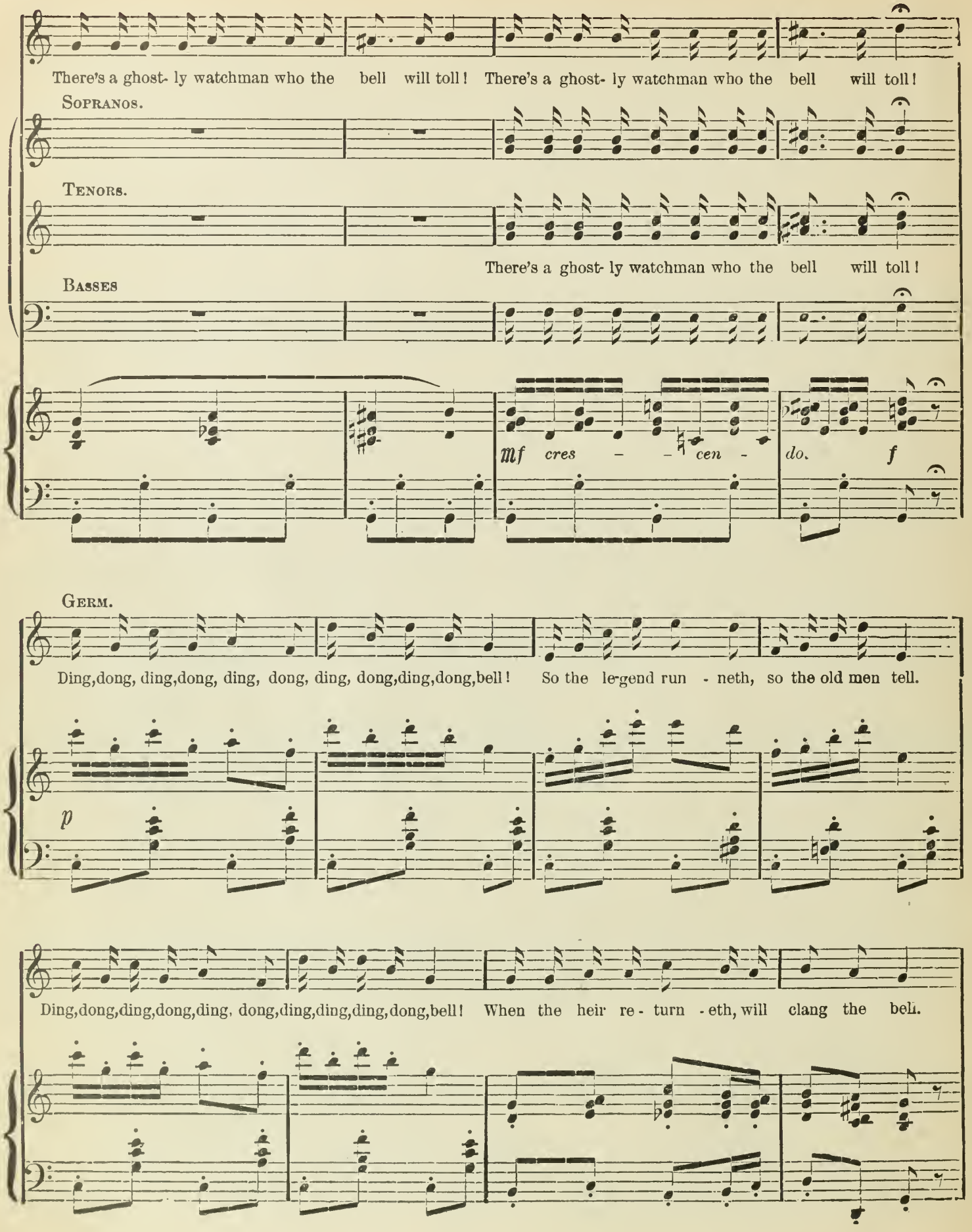
MODERATO.

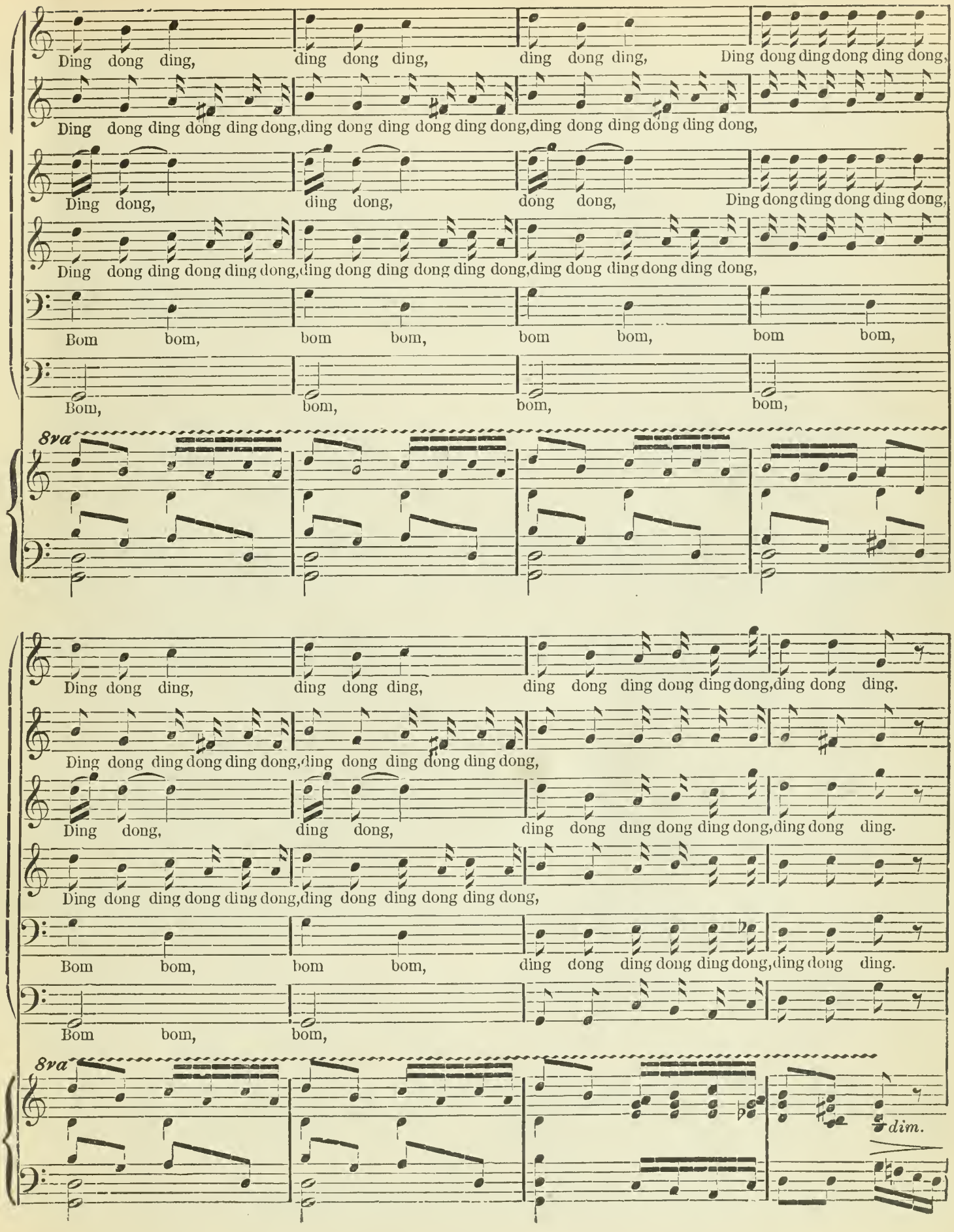


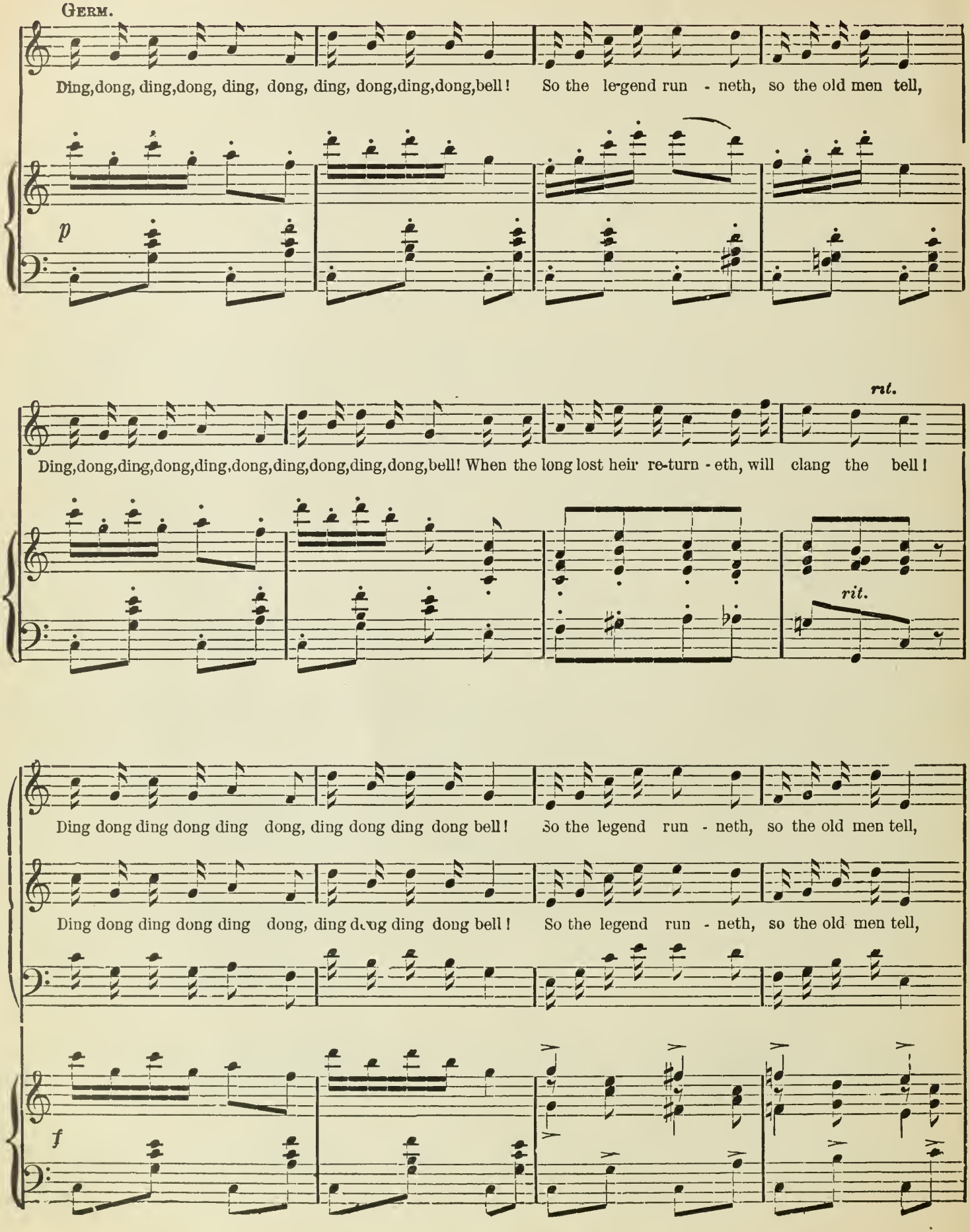
GERMAINE.

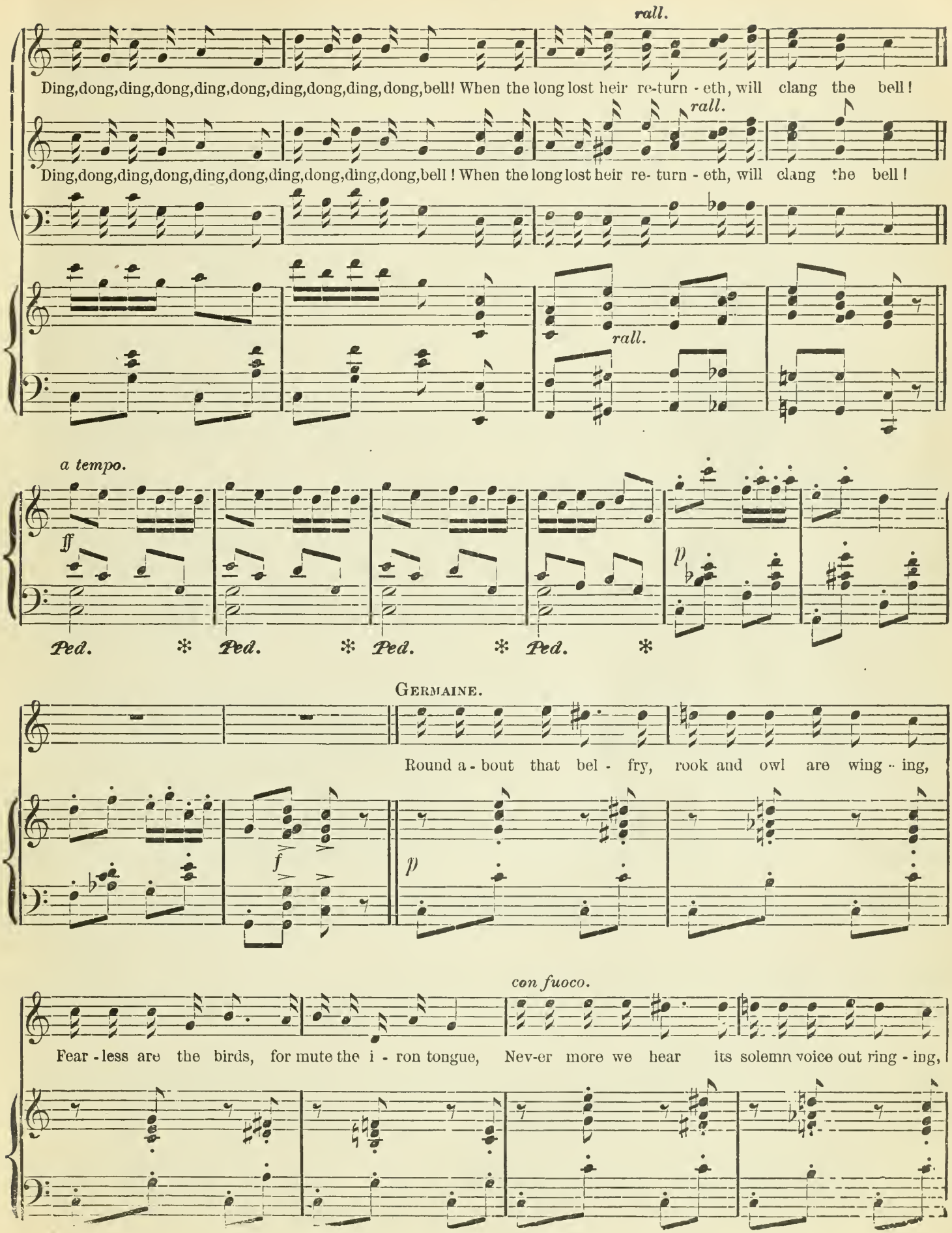


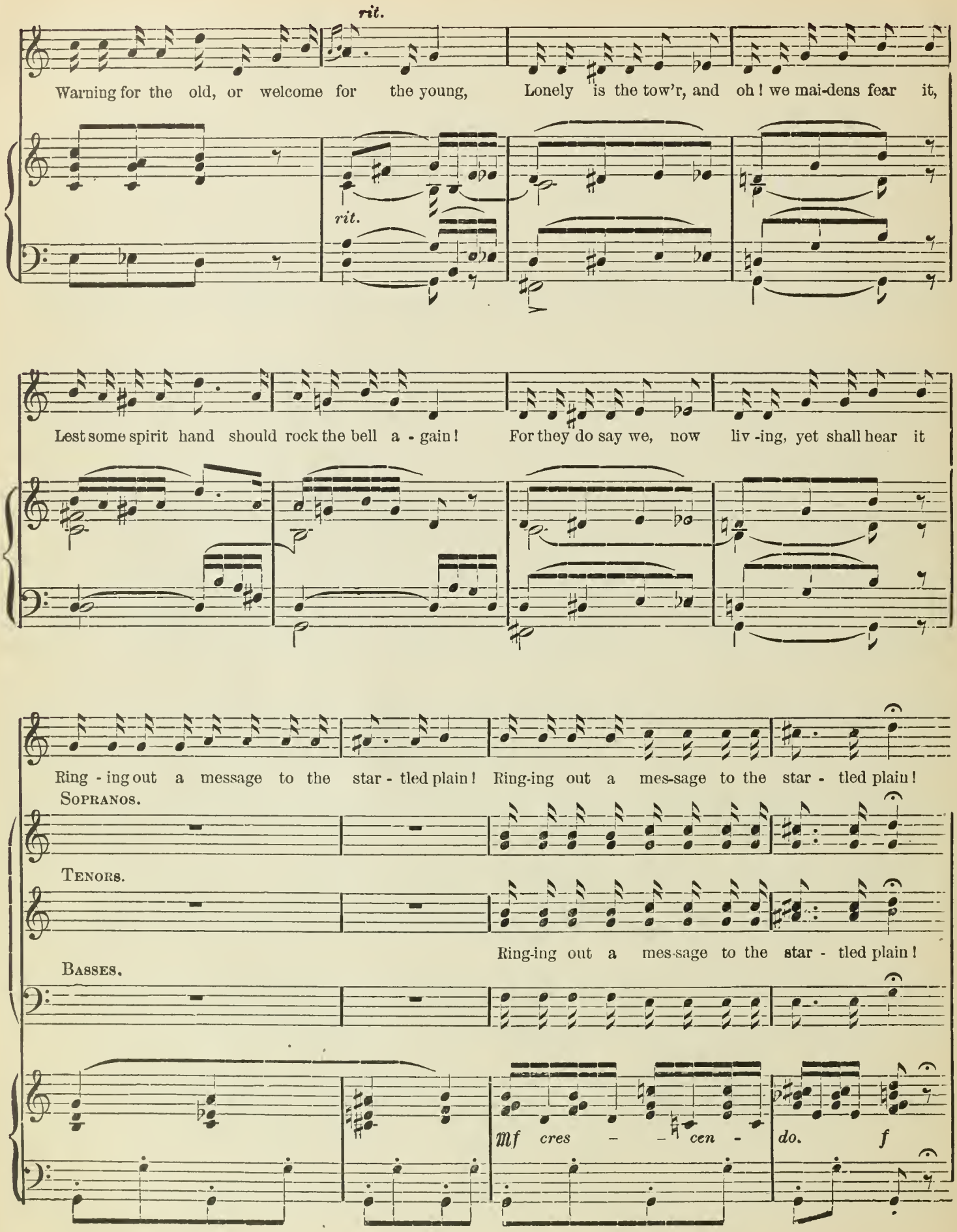

For tho' Knight and Ba - ron slumber on their bier, By their ghosts in mail the cor- ri - dors are haunt -ed.
rit.
And by night we've seen their aw-ful shades appear! For their last descendant's coming, Watch they're keeping.
In the pla- cid moon - light, or when thunder roll! In the iv -ied bel - fry, when the world is sleep - ing,


There's a ghost- ly watchman who the bell will toll! There's a ghost- ly watchman who the bell will toll!
Sopranos.
Tenors.
There's a ghost- ly watchman who the bell will toll!
Basses
mf cres - - cen - do. f
Germ.
Ding,dong, ding,dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,ding,dong,bell! So the le-gend run - neth, so the old men tell.
p
Ding,dong,ding,dong,ding, dong,ding,ding,ding,dong,bell! When the heir re- turn - eth, will clang the bell.


Ding dong ding, ding dong ding, ding dong ding, Ding dong ding dong ding dong,
Ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong, dong dong, Ding dong ding dong ding dong,
Ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong ding dong,
Bom bom, bom bom, bom bom, bom bom,
Bom, bom, bom, bom,
8va
Ding dong ding, ding dong ding, ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding.
Ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding.
Ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong ding dong,
Bom bom, bom bom, ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding.
Bom bom, bom,
8va
dim.


Germ.
Ding,dong, ding,dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,ding,dong,bell! So the le-gend run - neth, so the old men tell,
p
Ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,bell! When the long lost heir re-turn - eth, will clang the bell!
rit.
rit.
Ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong bell! So the legend run - neth, so the old men tell,
Ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong bell! So the legend run - neth, so the old men tell,
f


rall.
Ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,bell! When the long lost heir re-turn - eth, will clang the bell!
rall.
Ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,bell ! When the long lost heir re- turn - eth, will clang the bell !
rall.
a tempo.
ff
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
GERMAINE.
Round a - bout that bel - fry, rook and owl are wing - ing,
f
p
con fuoco.
Fear - less are the birds, for mute the i - ron tongue, Nev-er more we hear its solemn voice out ring - ing,


rit.
Warning for the old, or welcome for the young, Lonely is the tow'r, and oh! we mai-dens fear it,
rit.
Lest some spirit hand should rock the bell a - gain! For they do say we, now liv -ing, yet shall hear it
Ring - ing out a message to the star - tled plain! Ring-ing out a mes-sage to the star - tled plain!
Sopranos.
Tenors.
Ring-ing out a mes-sage to the star - tled plain!
Basses.
mf cres - - cen - do. f

GERM.

Ding,dong, ding,dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,ding,dong,bell! So the le-gend run - neth, so the old men tell,

p

Ding,dong,ding,dong,ding, dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,bell! When the heir re- turn - eth, will clang the bell.

Ding dong ding, ding dong ding, ding dong ding, Ding dong ding dong ding dong,

Ding dong ding dong ding dong,ding dong ding dong ding dong,ding dong ding dong ding dong,

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, Ding dong ding dong ding dong,

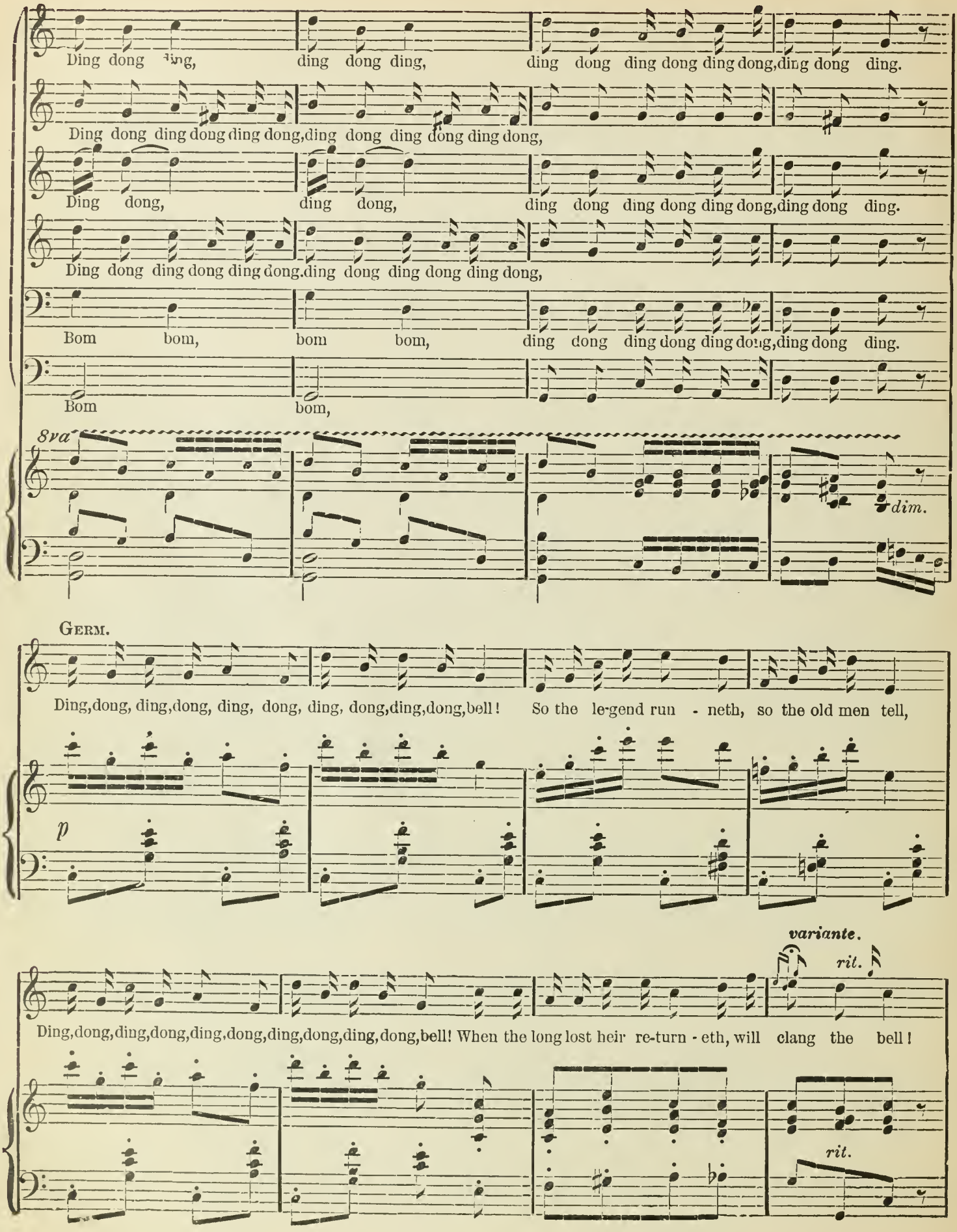
Ding dong ding dong ding dong,ding dong ding dong ding dong,ding dong ding dong ding dong,

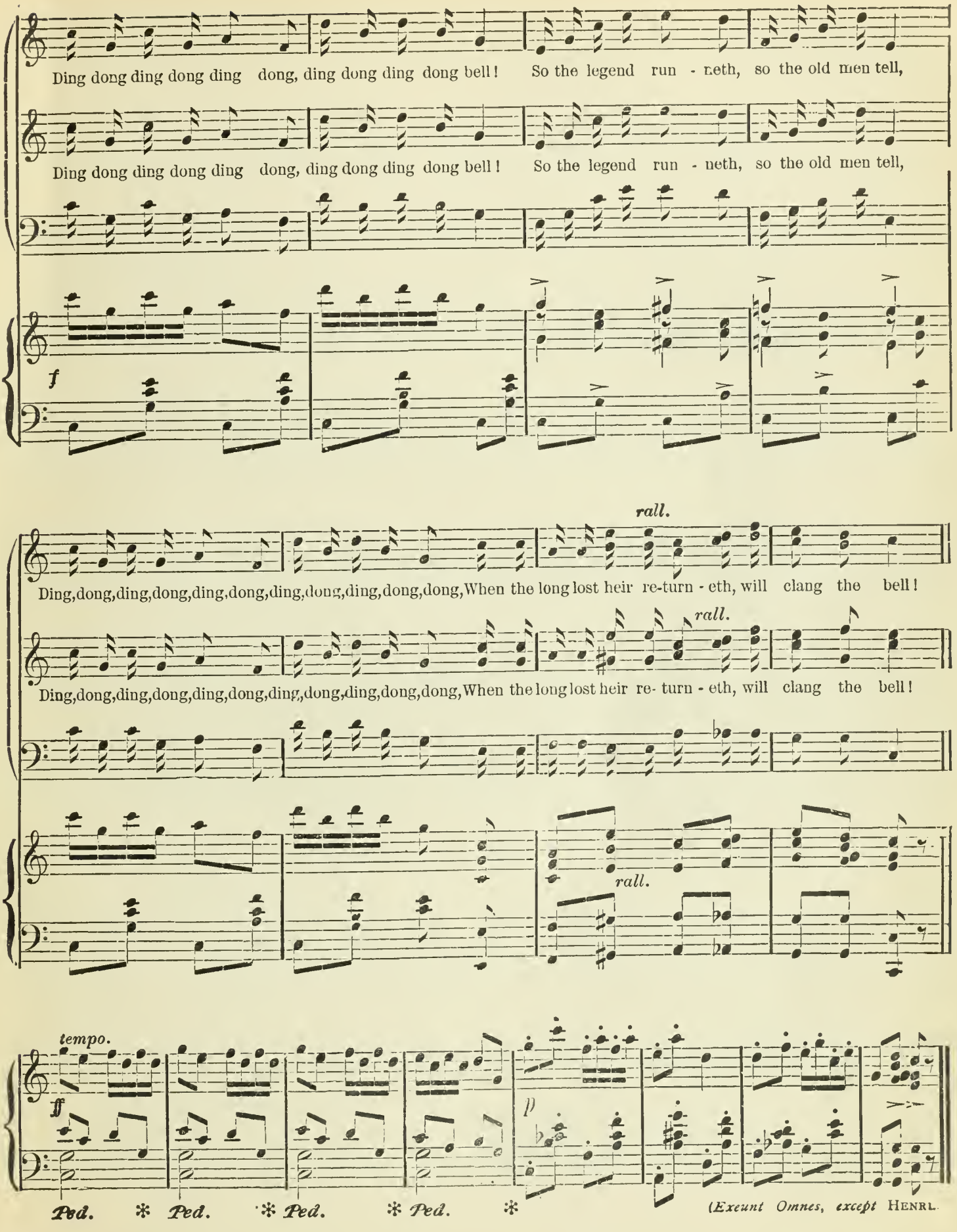
Bom bom, bom bom, bom bom, bom bom,

Bom, bom, bom, bom,

8va

ff

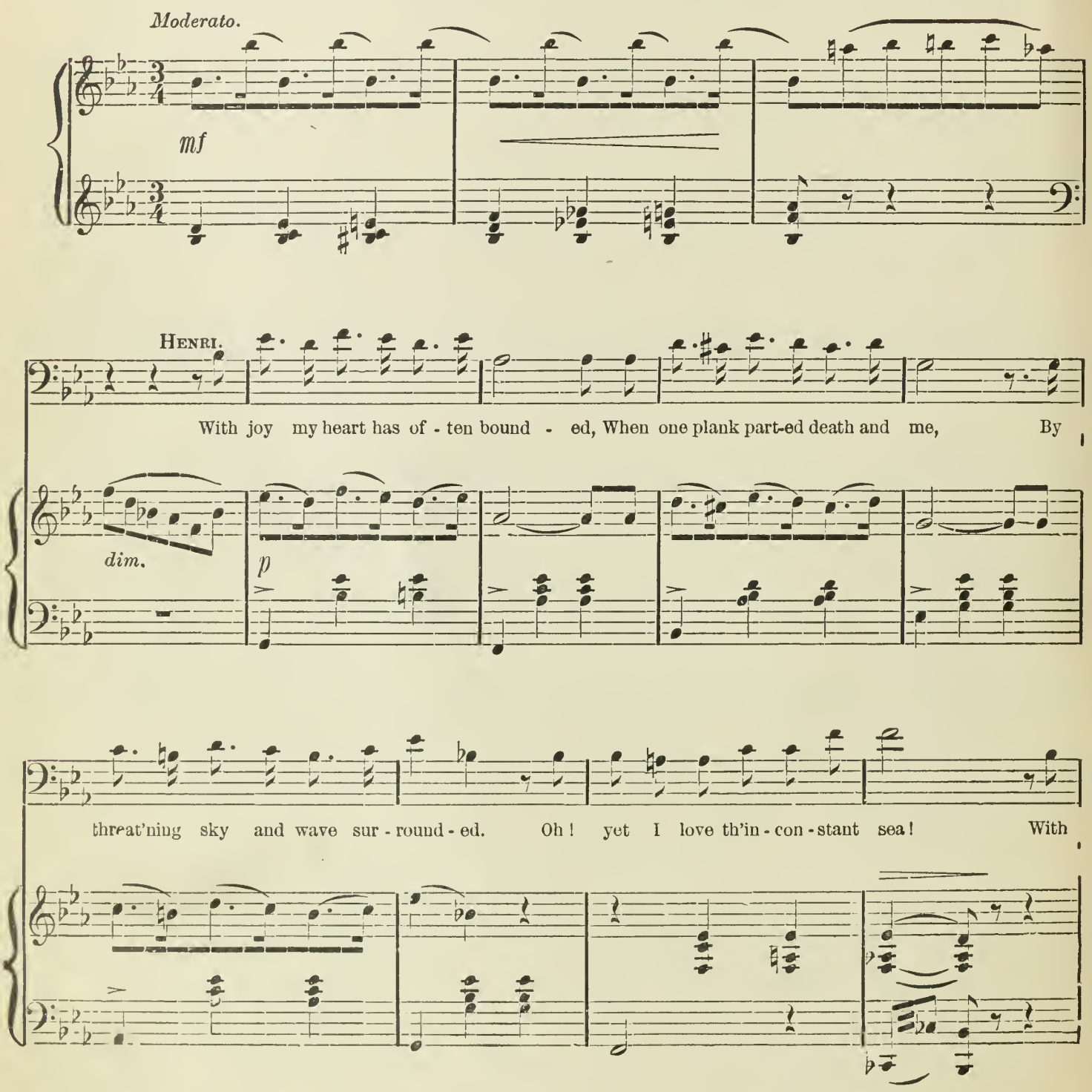

Ding dong ding, ding dong ding, ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding.
Ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding.
Ding dong ding dong ding dong. ding dong ding dong ding dong,
Bom bom, bom bom, ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding.
Bom bom,
8va
dim.
Germ.
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell! So the le-gend run - neth, so the old men tell,
p
variante.
rit.
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell! When the long lost heir re-turn - eth, will clang the bell!
rit.

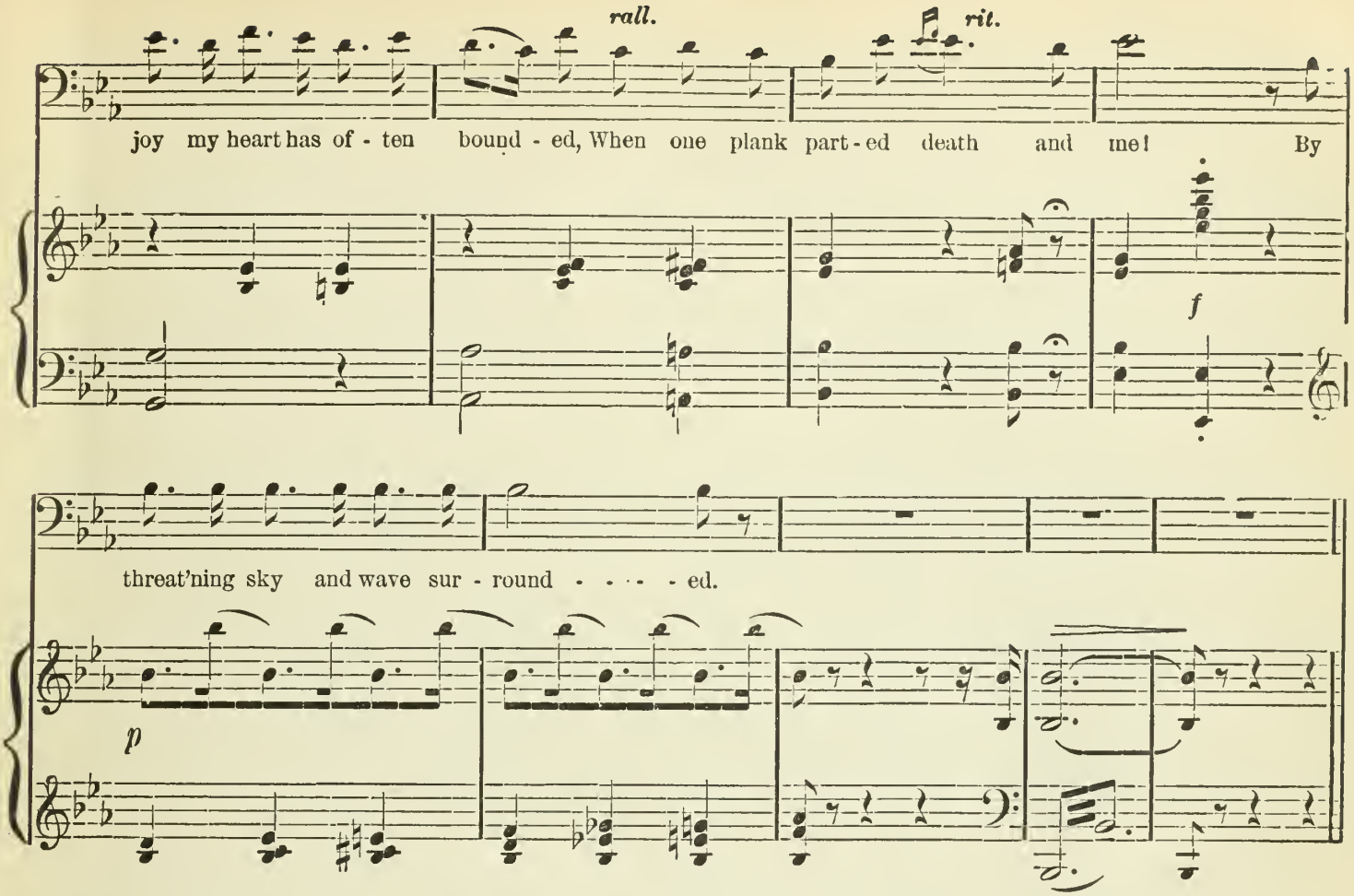

Ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong bell! So the legend run - neth, so the old men tell,
Ding dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong bell! So the legend run - neth, so the old men tell,
f
rall.
Ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,dong,When the long lost heir re-turn - eth, will clang the bell!
rall.
Ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,dong,When the long lost heir re- turn - eth, will clang the bell!
rall.
tempo.
ff
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
(Exeunt Omnes, except HENRL

HENRI. Quite a romantic legend and a lovely girl beside. So, Monsieur Henri de Corneville, here we are home again, or rather within sight of it. I wonder why the chimes do not welcome the long lost Marquis. or rather his son, home. What a life of adventure has been mine, and yet I love the sea.

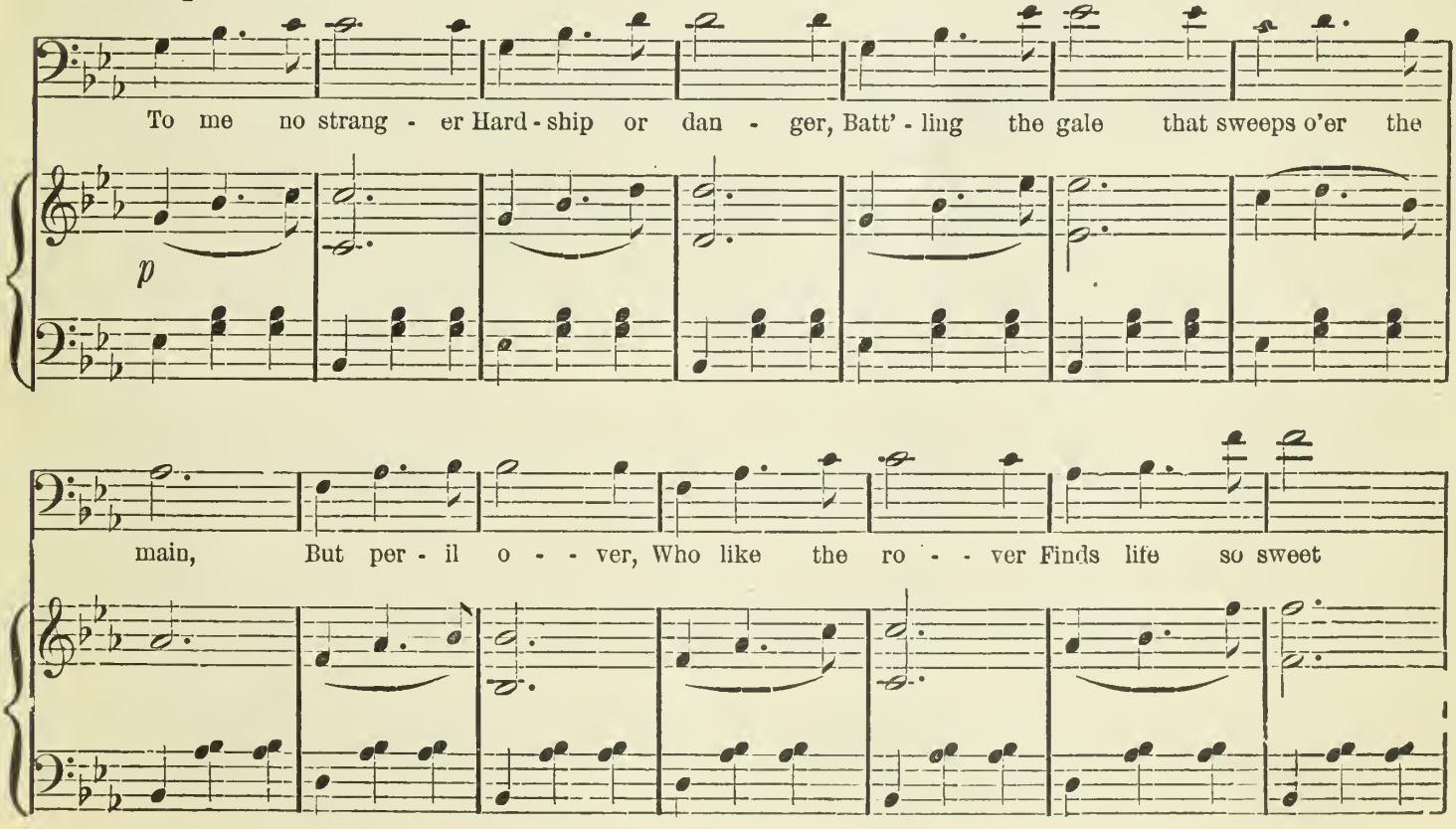
WITH JOY MY HEART.

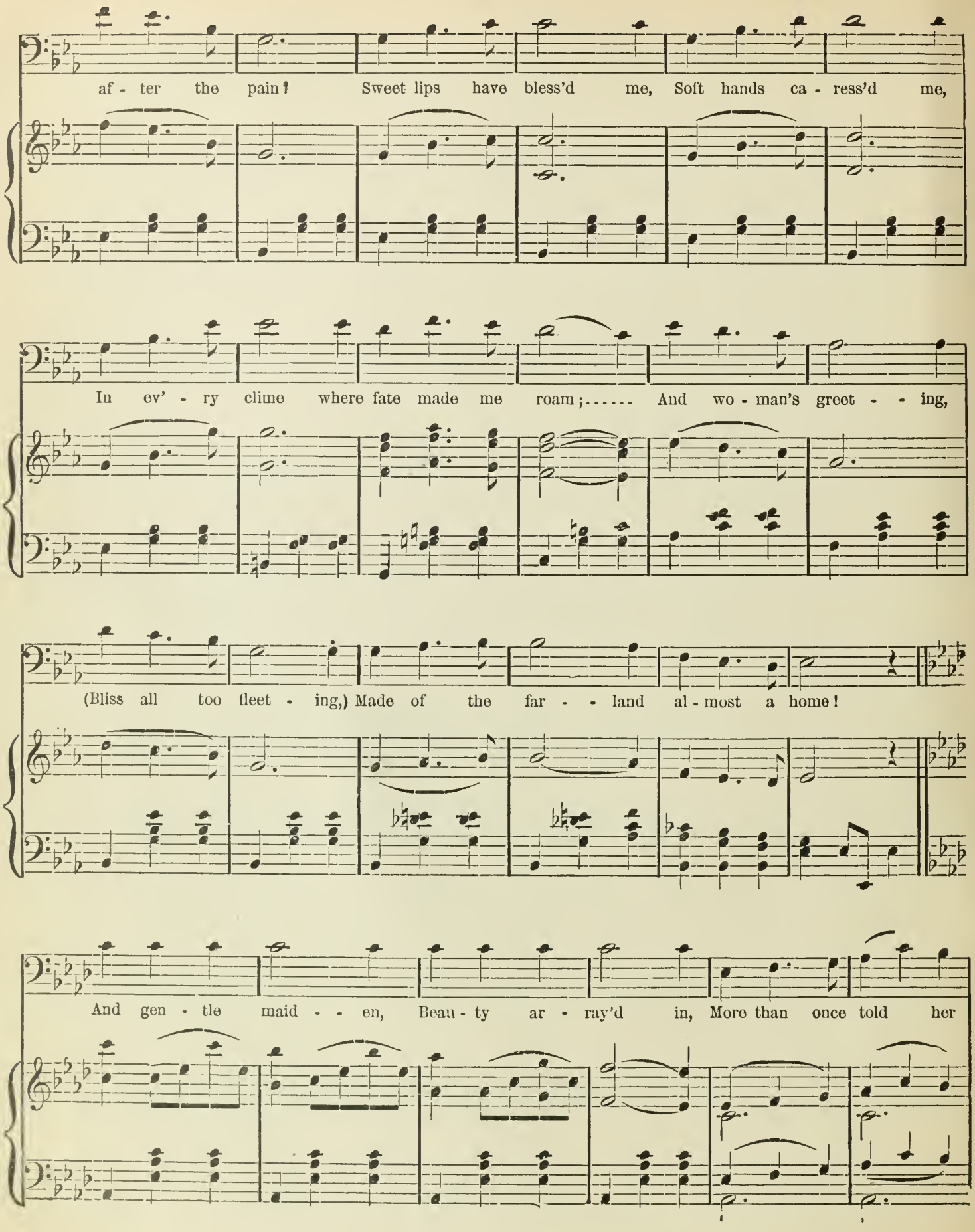
No. 6 VALSE-RONDO.

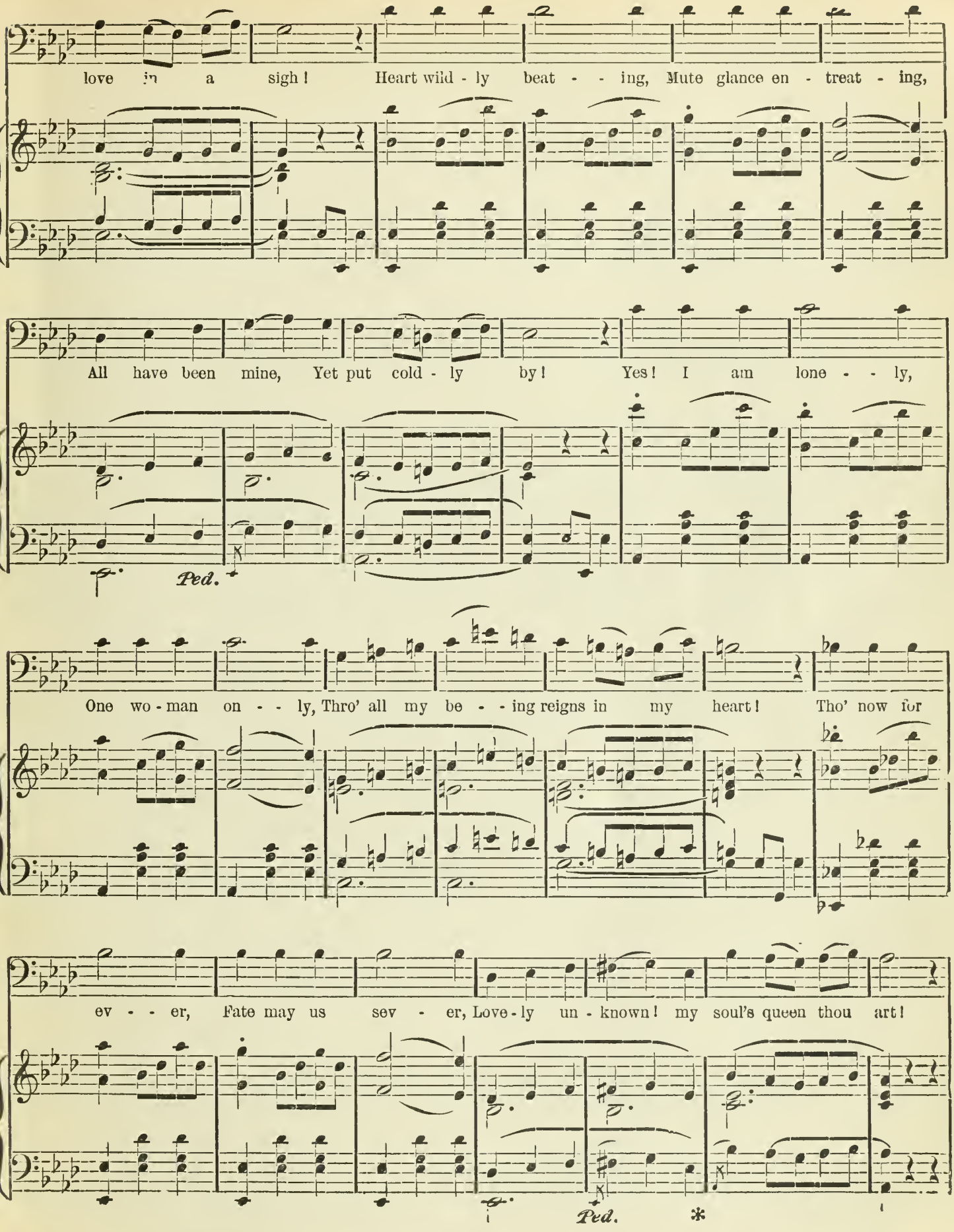


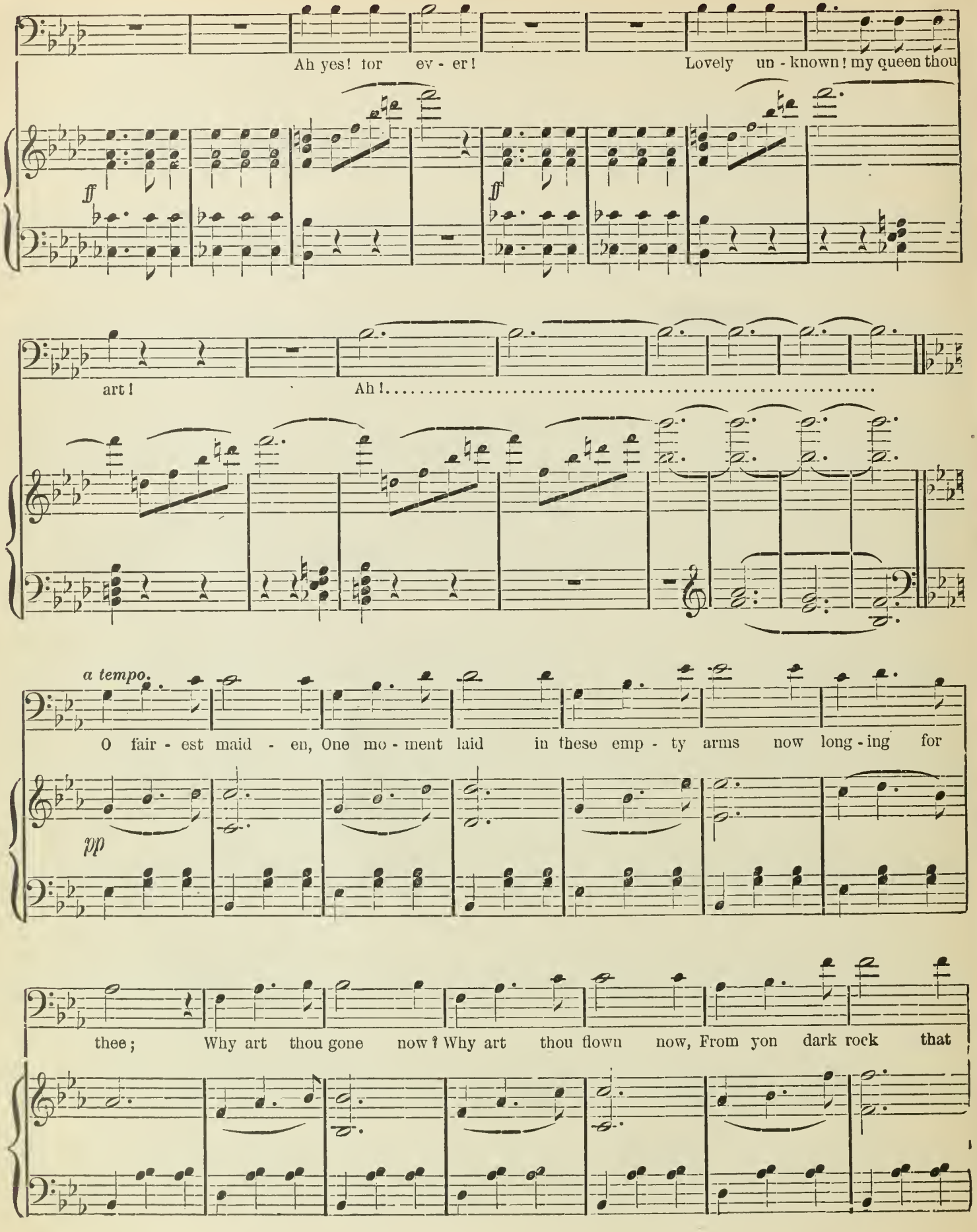


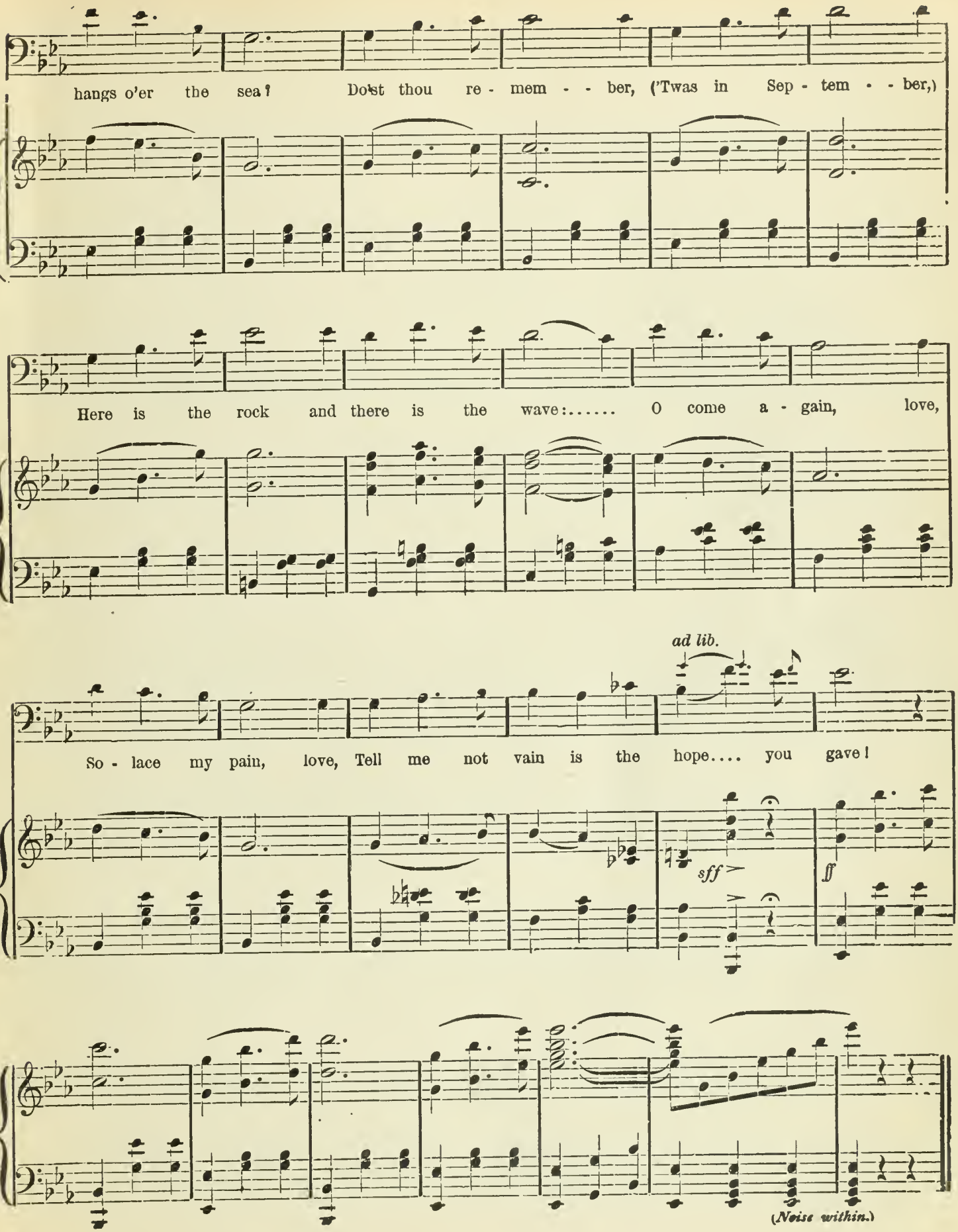
Tempo di Valse.




af - ter the pain? Sweet lips have bless'd me, Soft hands ca - ress'd me,
In ev' - ry clime where fate made me roam;..... And wo - man's greet - - ing,
(Bliss all too fleet - ing,) Made of the far - - land al - most a home!
And gen - tle maid - - en, Beau - ty ar - ray'd in, More than once told her


love in a sigh! Heart wild - ly beat - - ing, Mute glance en - treat - ing,
All have been mine, Yet put cold - ly by! Yes! I am lone - - ly,
Ped.
One wo - man on - - ly, Thro' all my be - - ing reigns in my heart! Tho' now for
ev - - er, Fate may us sev - er, Love - ly un - known! my soul's queen thou art!
Ped.
*


Ah yes! for ev - er!
Lovely un - known! my queen thou
ff
ff
art!
Ah!.....
a tempo.
O fair - est maid - en, One mo - ment laid in these emp - ty arms now long - ing for
pp
thee;
Why art thou gone now? Why art thou flown now, From yon dark rock that


hangs o'er the sea? Dost thou re - mem - - ber, ('Twas in Sep - tem - - ber,)
Here is the rock and there is the wave:..... O come a - gain, love,
ad lib.
So - lace my pain, love, Tell me not vain is the hope.... you gave!
sff
ff
(Noise within.)

HENRI. Well, I declare, quite a riot in Corneville. even on the day of the great fair. I shall retire for the present. *(Exit Henri.)*

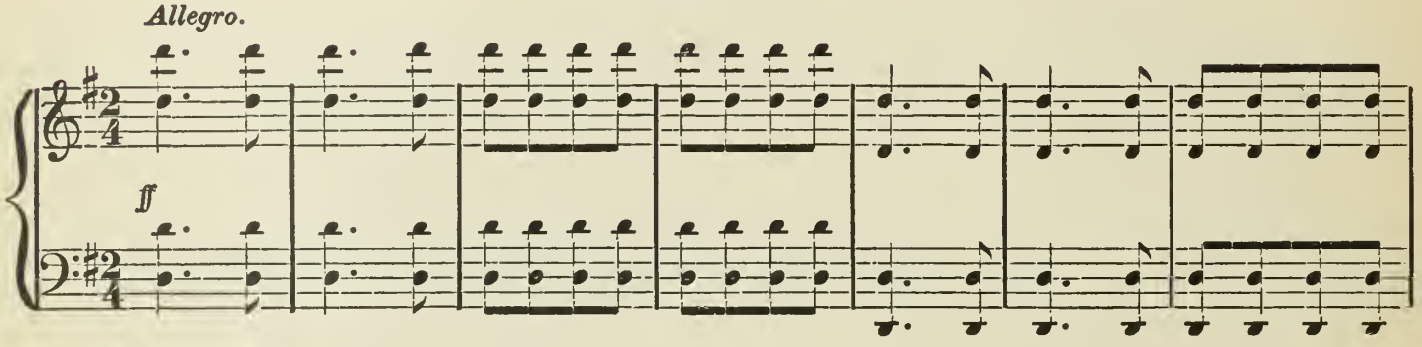
(Enter SERPOLETTE, GASPARD *dragging* GRENICHEUX *by the collar.* GERMAINE *in an imploring attitude.* BAILLI *and Peasants.)* *(General commotion.)*

SUCH CONDUCT IS QUITE SAD.

No. 7. FINALE TO FIRST TABLEAU.

ENSEMBLE.

Allegro.



CHORUS.

SOPRANOS.

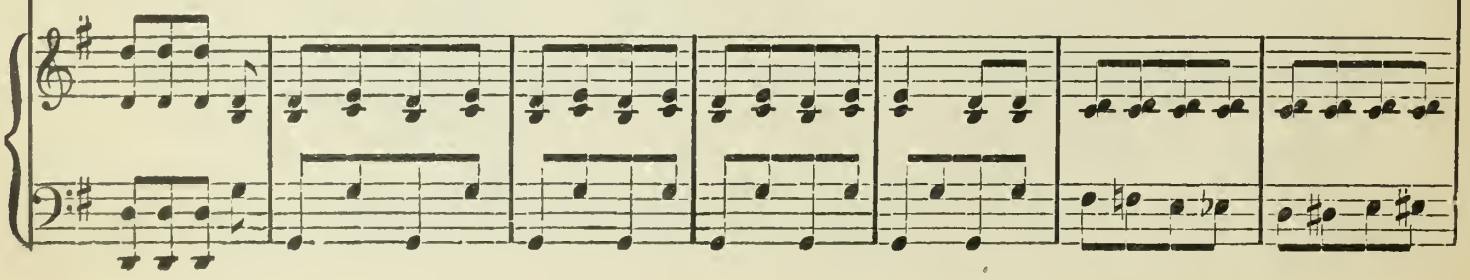
Such con-duct is quite sad, And in one a-bout to mar-ry, Such conduct is quite sad, yes in-

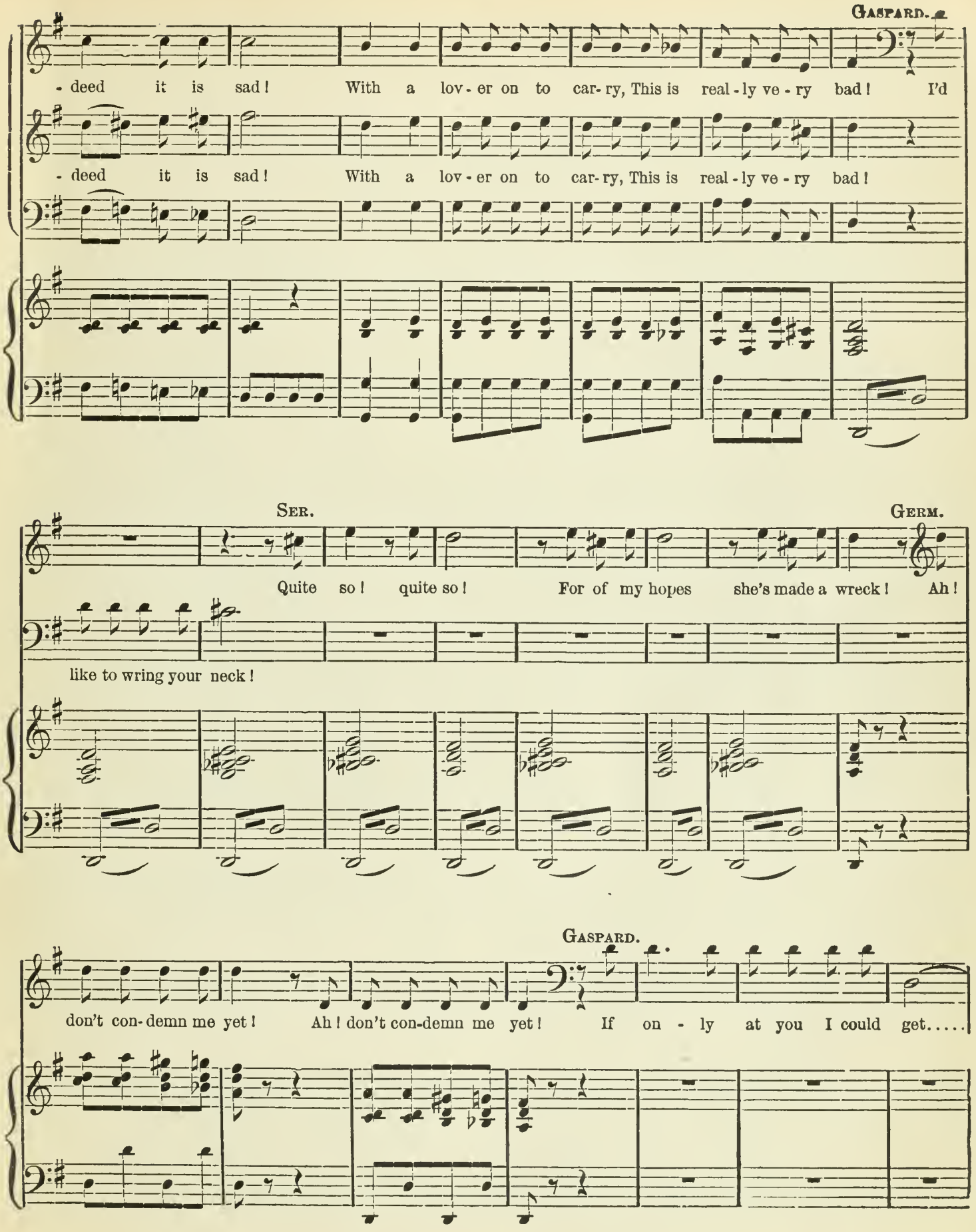
TENORS.

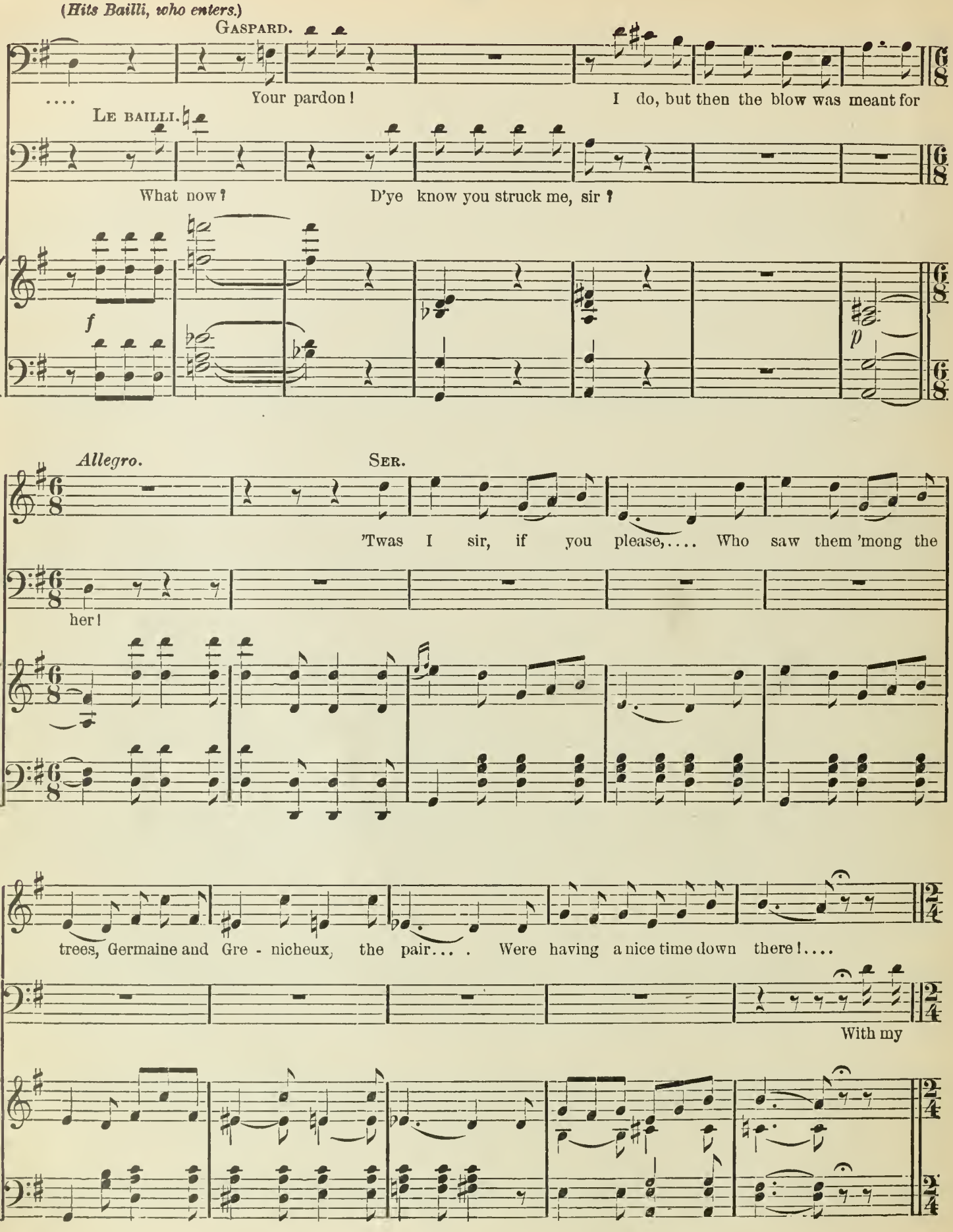
Such con-duct is quite sad, And in one a-bout to mar-ry, Such conduct is quite sad, yes in-

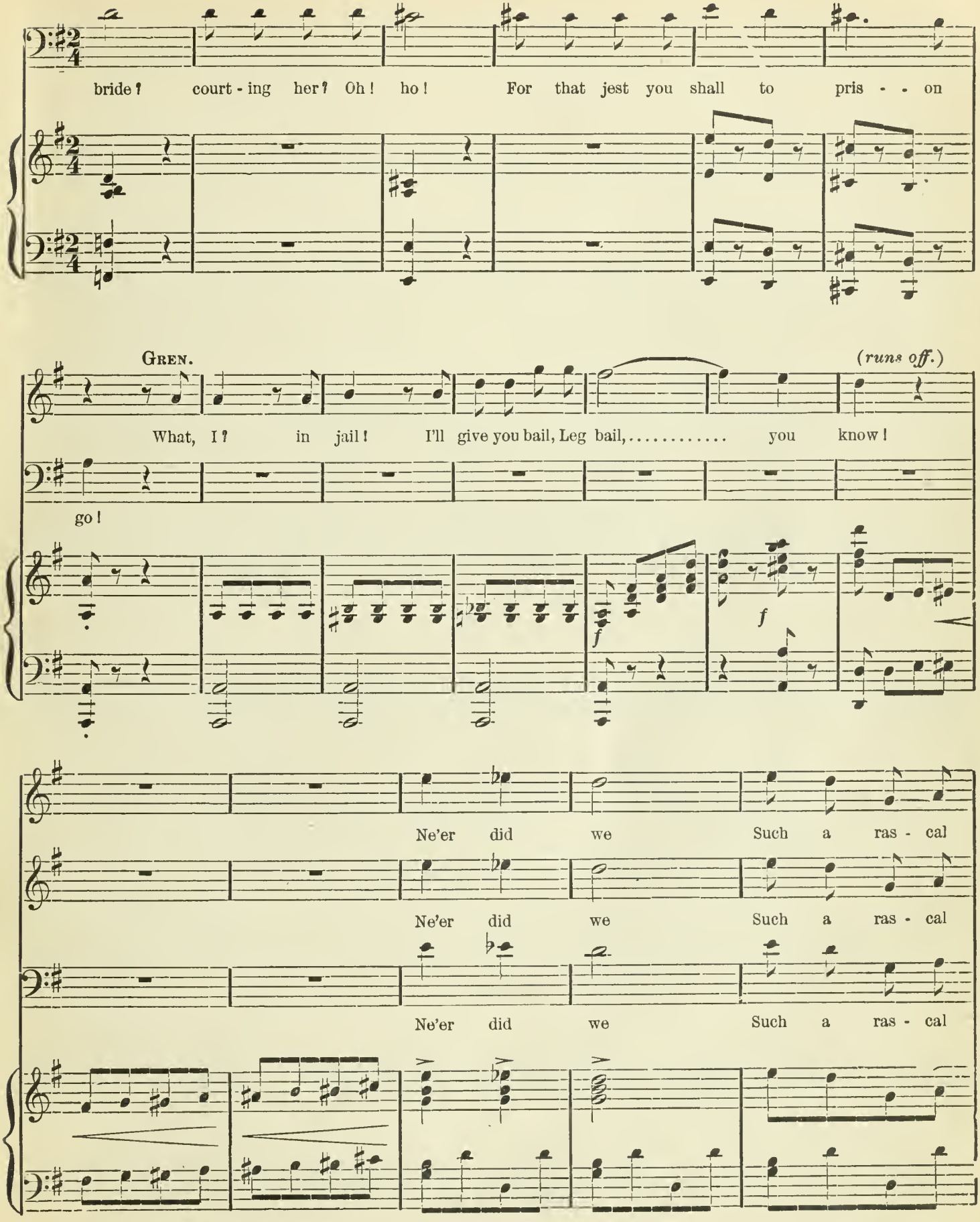
BASSES.

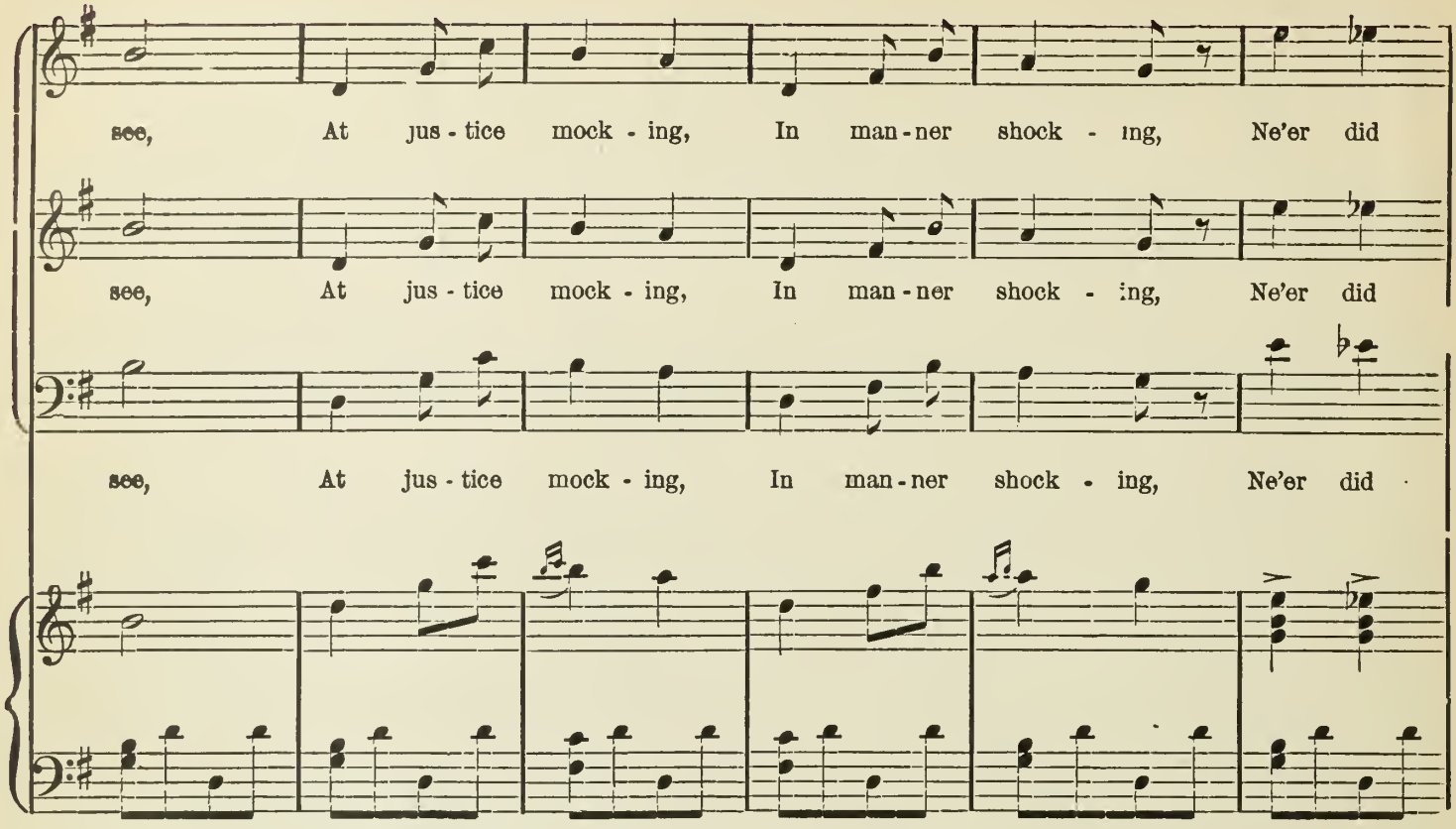
Such con-duct is quite sad, And in one a-bout to mar-ry, Such conduct it quite sad, yes in-

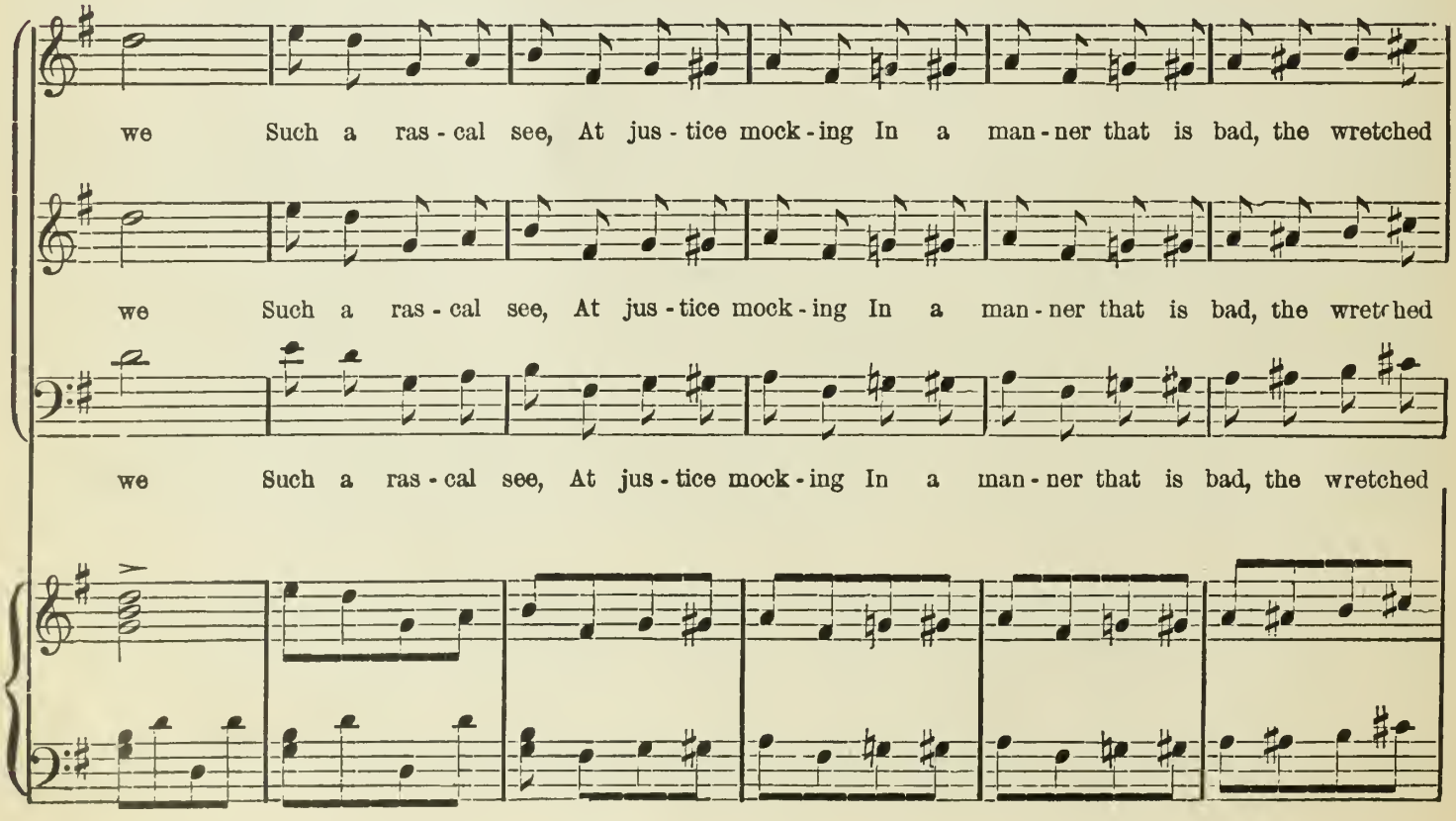


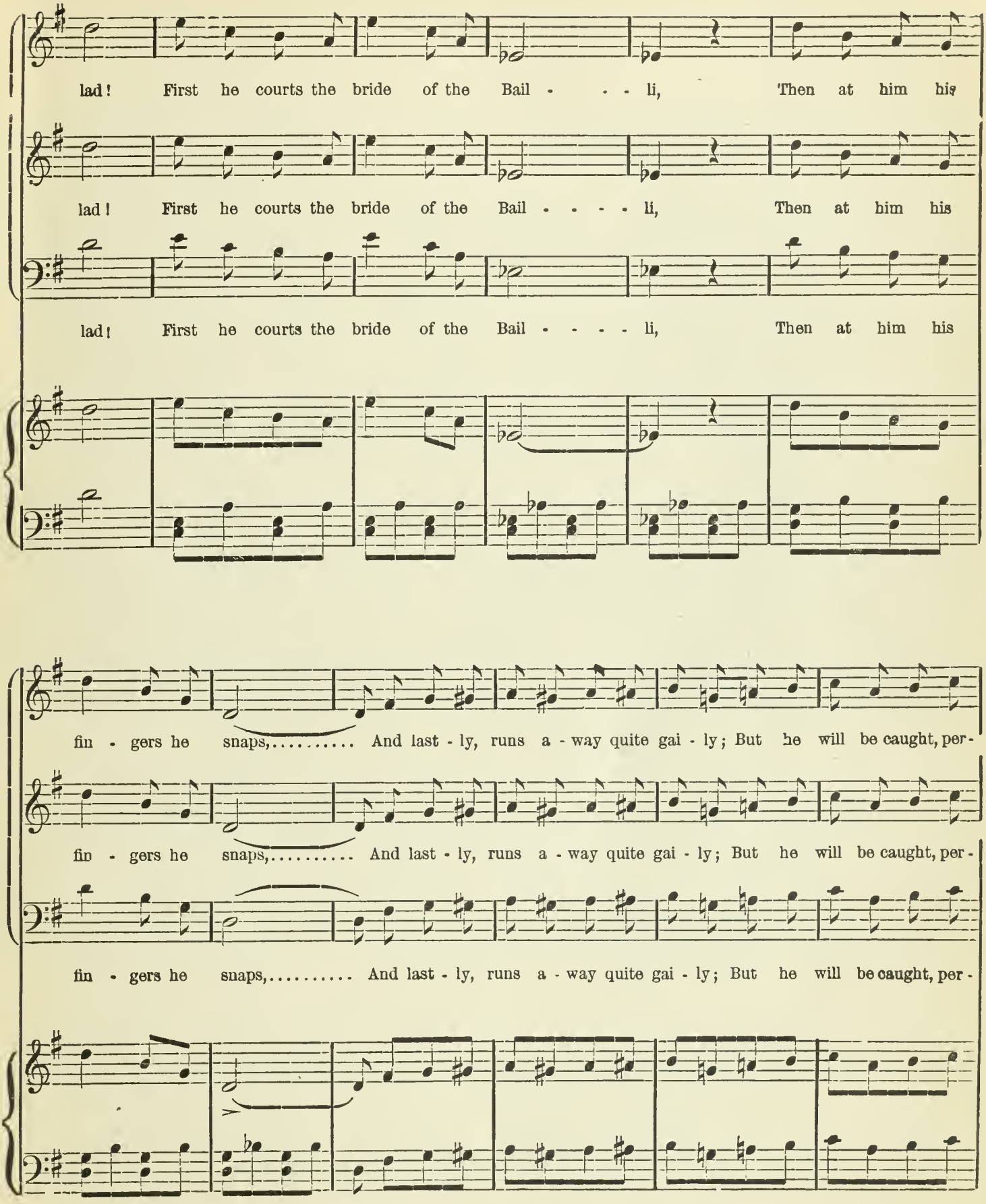

GASPARD.
- deed it is sad! With a lov - er on to car- ry, This is real - ly ve - ry bad! I'd
- deed it is sad! With a lov - er on to car- ry, This is real - ly ve - ry bad!
SER.
GERM.
Quite so! quite so! For of my hopes she's made a wreck! Ah!
like to wring your neck!
GASPARD.
don't con- demn me yet! Ah! don't con-demn me yet! If on - ly at you I could get.....

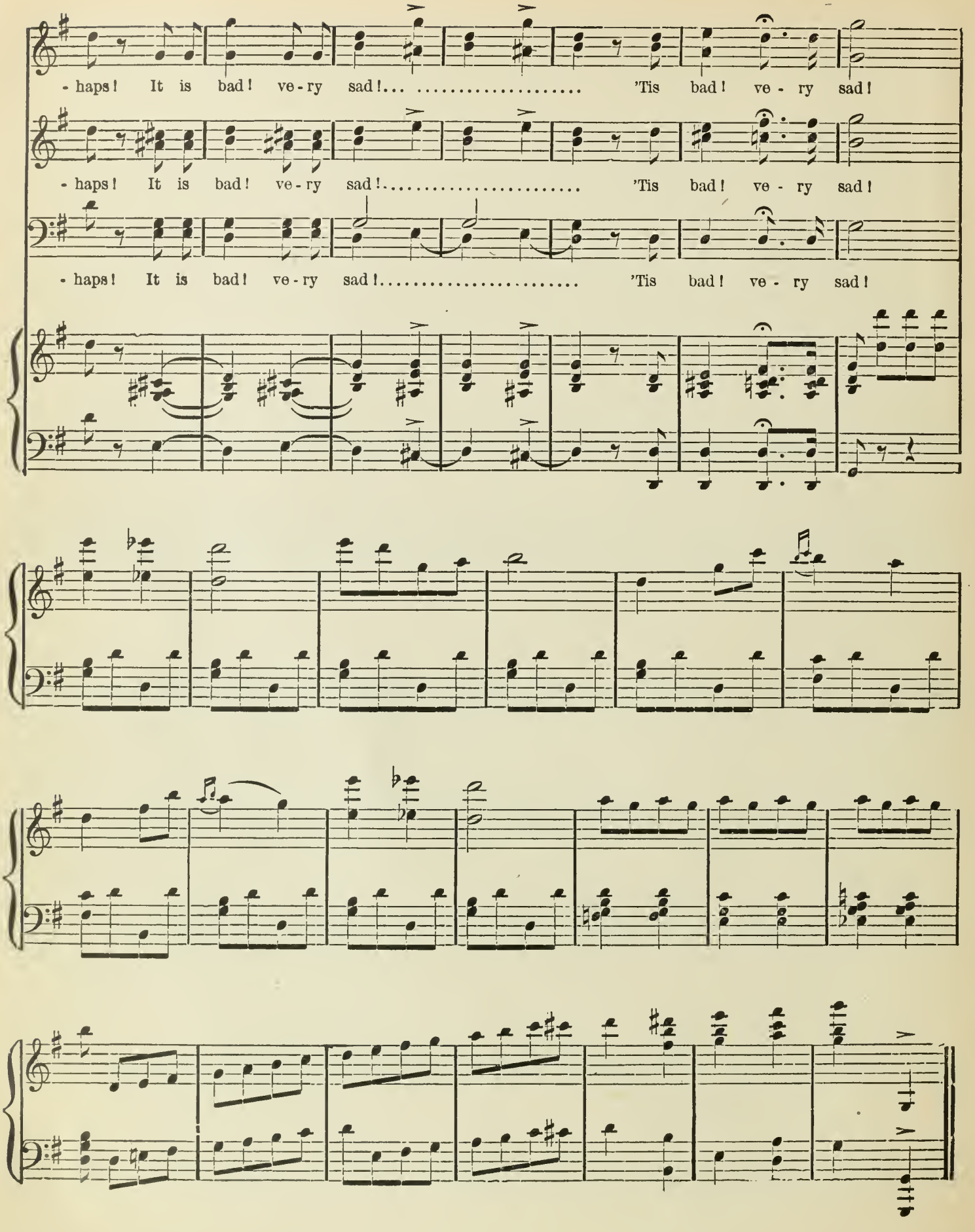

(Hits Bailli, who enters.)
GASPARD.
.... Your pardon! I do, but then the blow was meant for
LE BAILLI.
What now? D'ye know you struck me, sir?
f
p
Allegro.
SER.
'Twas I sir, if you please,.... Who saw them 'mong the
her!
trees, Germaine and Gre - nicheux, the pair.... Were having a nice time down there!....
With my


bride? court - ing her? Oh! ho! For that jest you shall to pris - - on
GREN.
(runs off.)
What, I? in jail! I'll give you bail, Leg bail,..... you know!
go!
f
f
Ne'er did we Such a ras - cal
Ne'er did we Such a ras - cal
Ne'er did we Such a ras - cal


see, At jus - tice mock - ing, In man - ner shock - ing, Ne'er did
see, At jus - tice mock - ing, In man - ner shock - ing, Ne'er did
see, At jus - tice mock - ing, In man - ner shock - ing, Ne'er did


we Such a ras - cal see, At jus - tice mock - ing In a man - ner that is bad, the wretched
we Such a ras - cal see, At jus - tice mock - ing In a man - ner that is bad, the wretched
we Such a ras - cal see, At jus - tice mock - ing In a man - ner that is bad, the wretched


lad! First he courts the bride of the Bail - - - li, Then at him his
lad! First he courts the bride of the Bail - - - - li, Then at him his
lad! First he courts the bride of the Bail - - - - li, Then at him his
fin - gers he snaps,..... And last - ly, runs a - way quite gai - ly; But he will be caught, per-
fin - gers he snaps,..... And last - ly, runs a - way quite gai - ly; But he will be caught, per -
fin - gers he snaps,..... And last - ly, runs a - way quite gai - ly; But he will be caught, per -

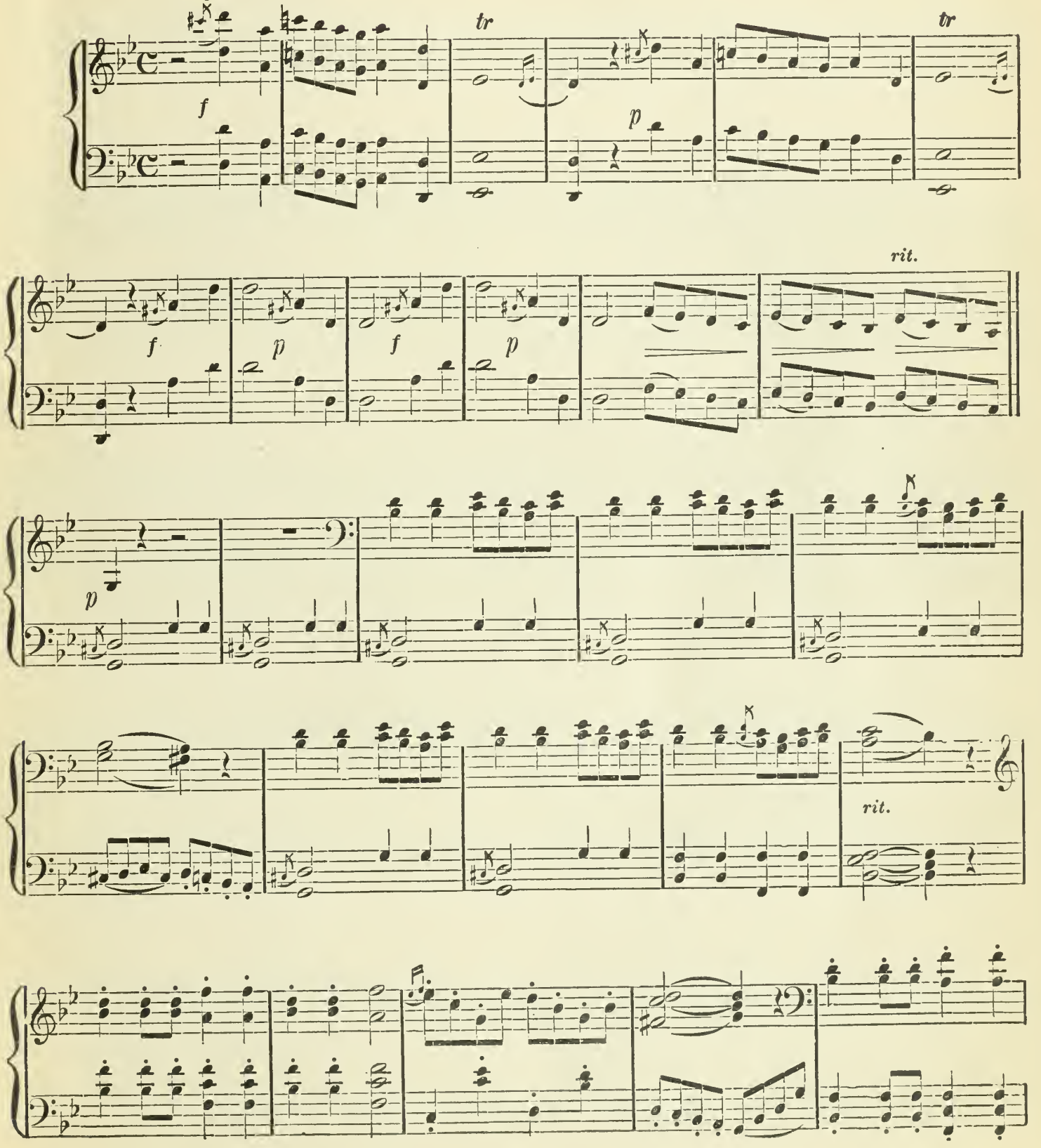

- haps! It is bad! ve - ry sad!... 'Tis bad! ve - ry sad!
- haps! It is bad! ve - ry sad!... 'Tis bad! ve - ry sad!
- haps! It is bad! ve - ry sad!... 'Tis bad! ve - ry sad!

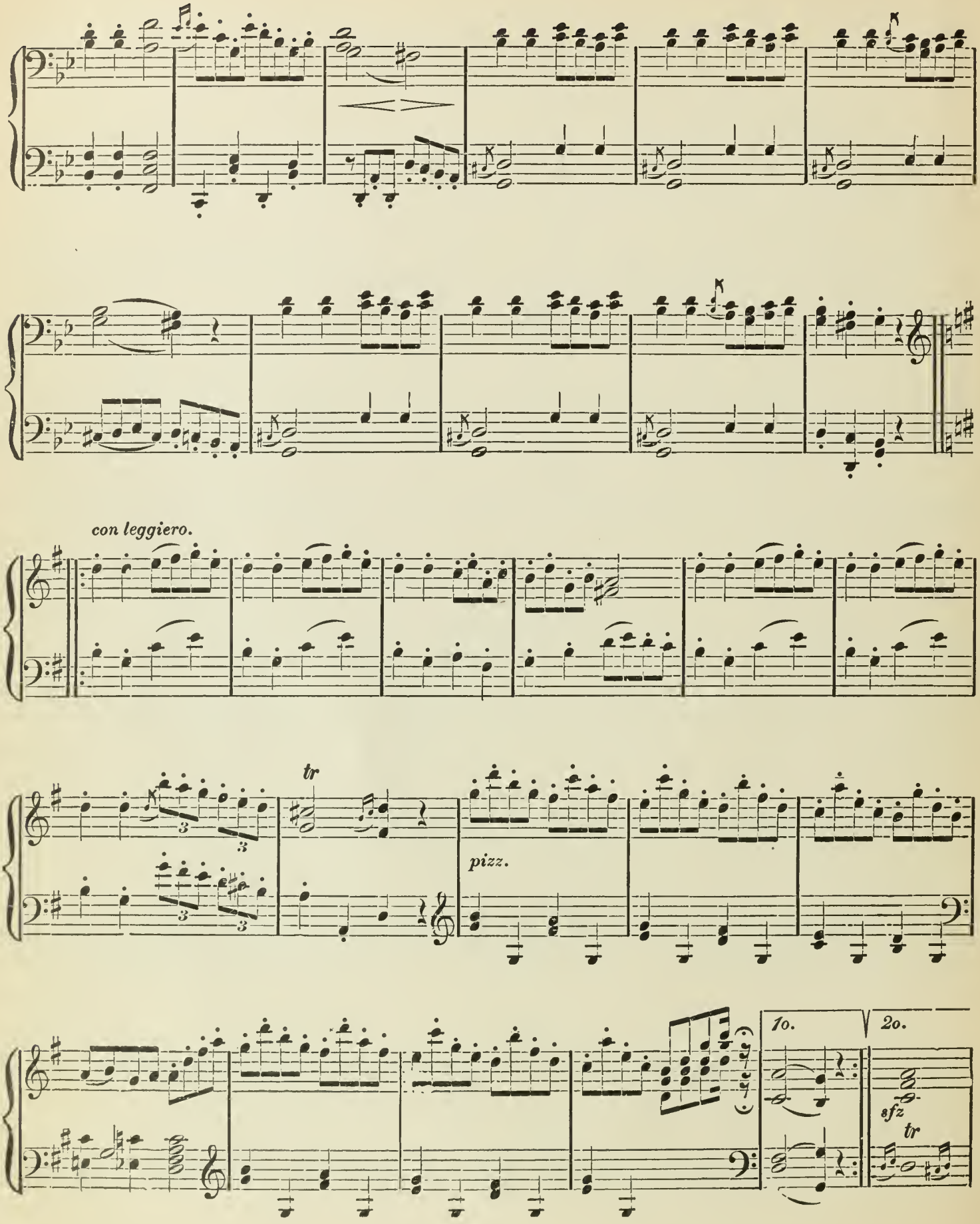
(The curtain may rise on a path in the woods. Villagers pass two by two to the fair, while the Entr'acte is being played.)

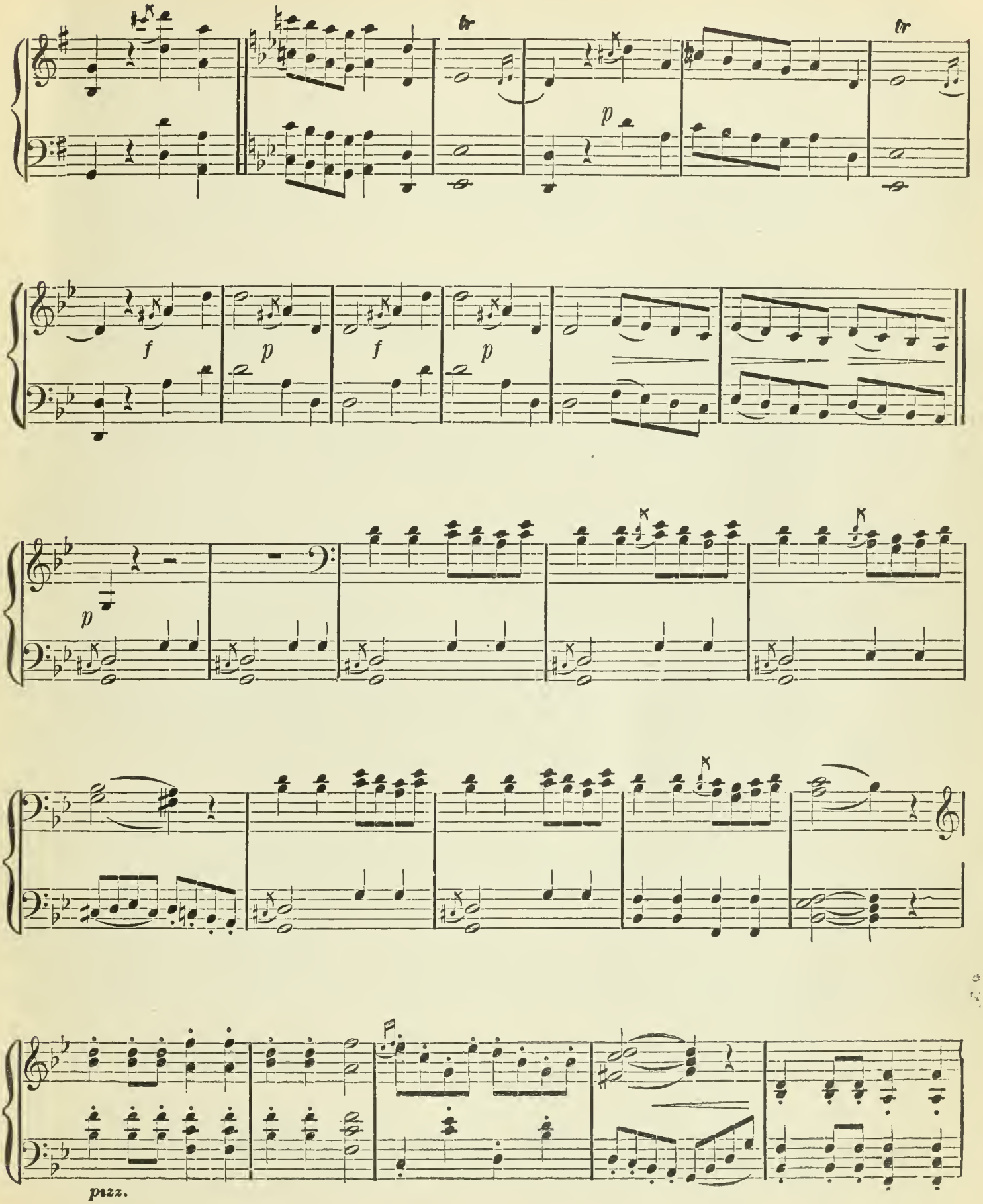
ENTR'ACTE.

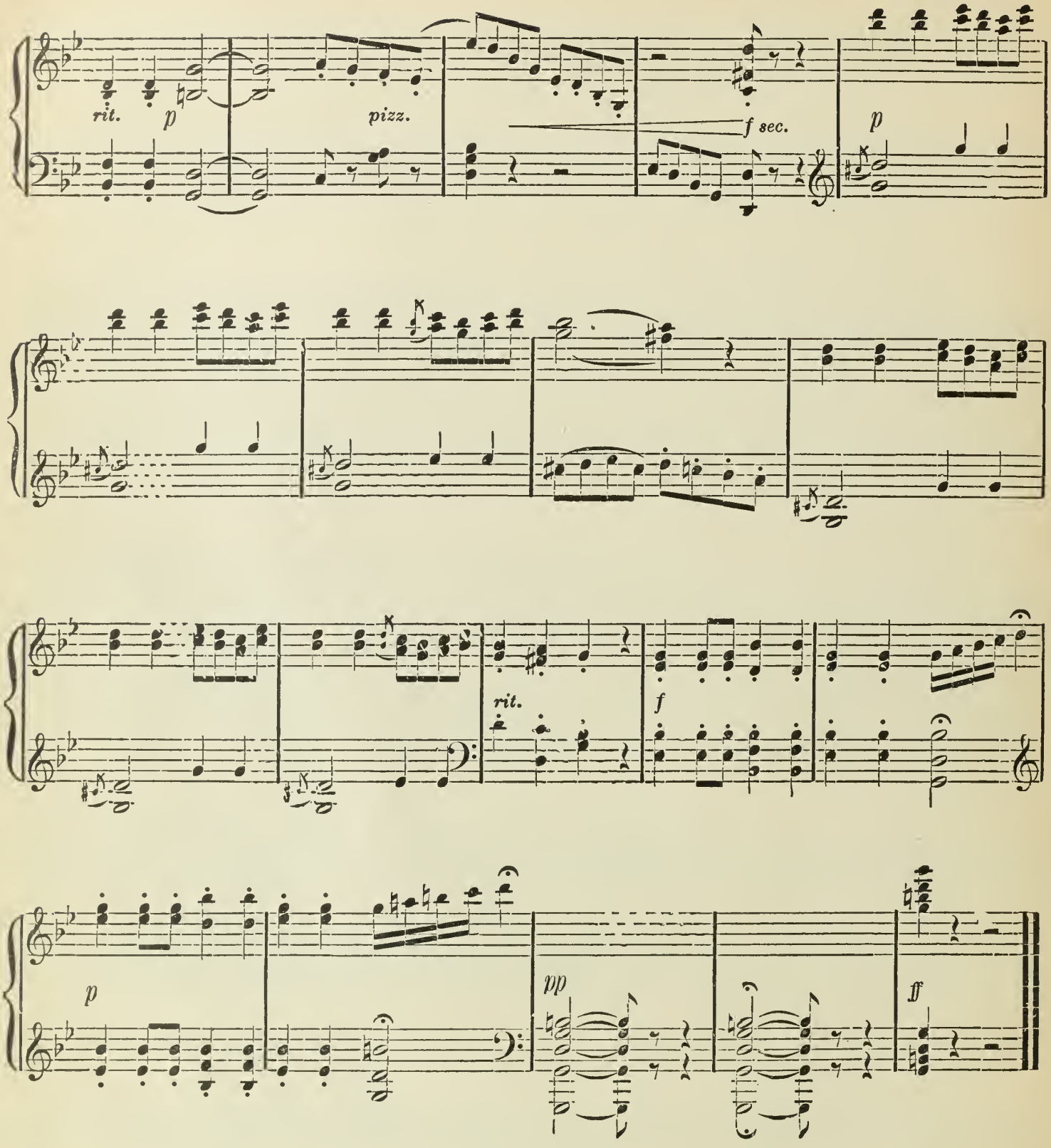
OLD SONG.

Tempo Moderato.




con leggiero.
tr
pizz.
1o.
2o.
sfz
tr


tr
tr
p
f
p
f
p
p
pizz.



SCENE II.

THE FAIR OF CORNEVILLE.

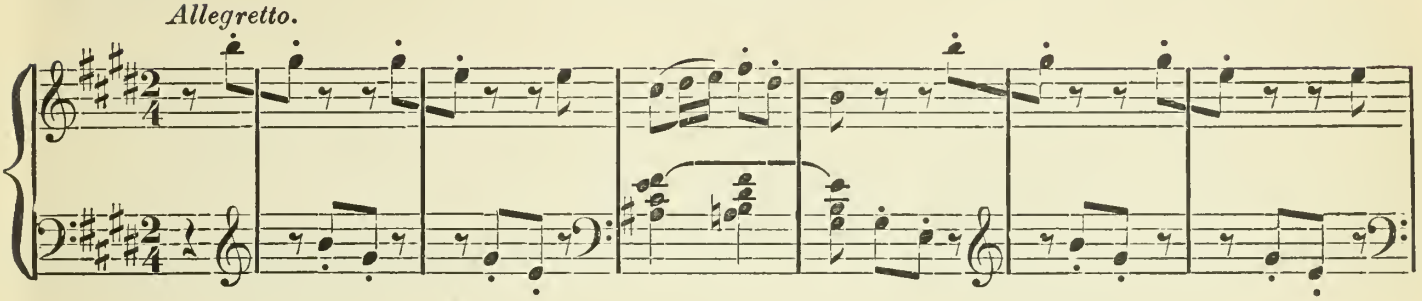
(*Enter* GRENICHEUX *frightened and out of breath.*)

GREN. Was there ever a more unfortunate wretch than poor Grenicheux? A fugitive from justice. What shall I do? I have made the Bailli and Gaspard my enemies for life. I must now give up all thoughts of Germaine, and seek service of some master at the fair to-day. That is the only chance left for me to escape the clutches of the Bailli and the law.

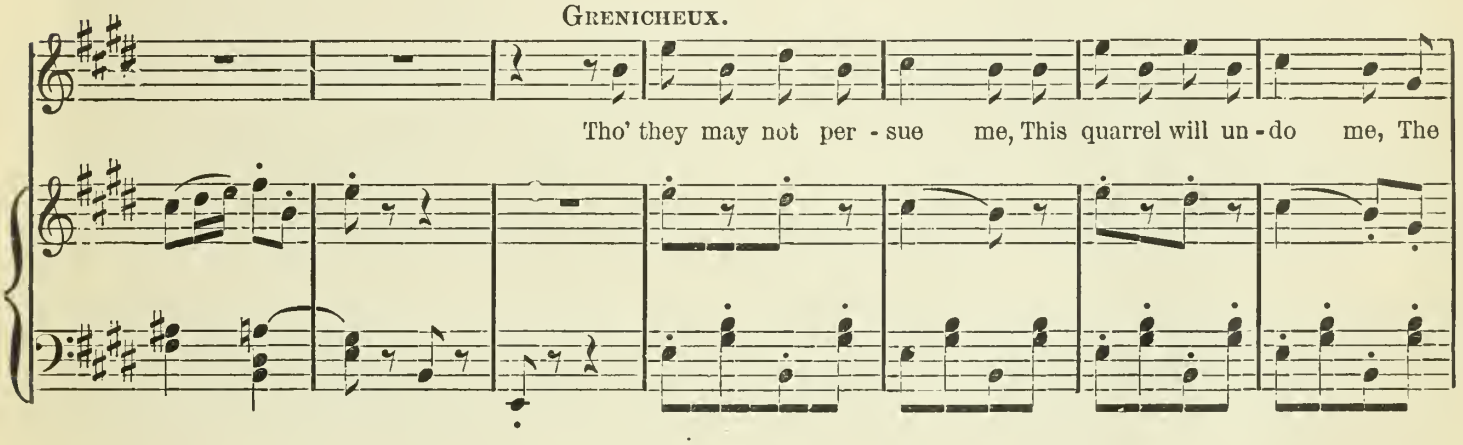
THO' THEY MAY NOT PURSUE ME.

No. 8. COUPLETS.

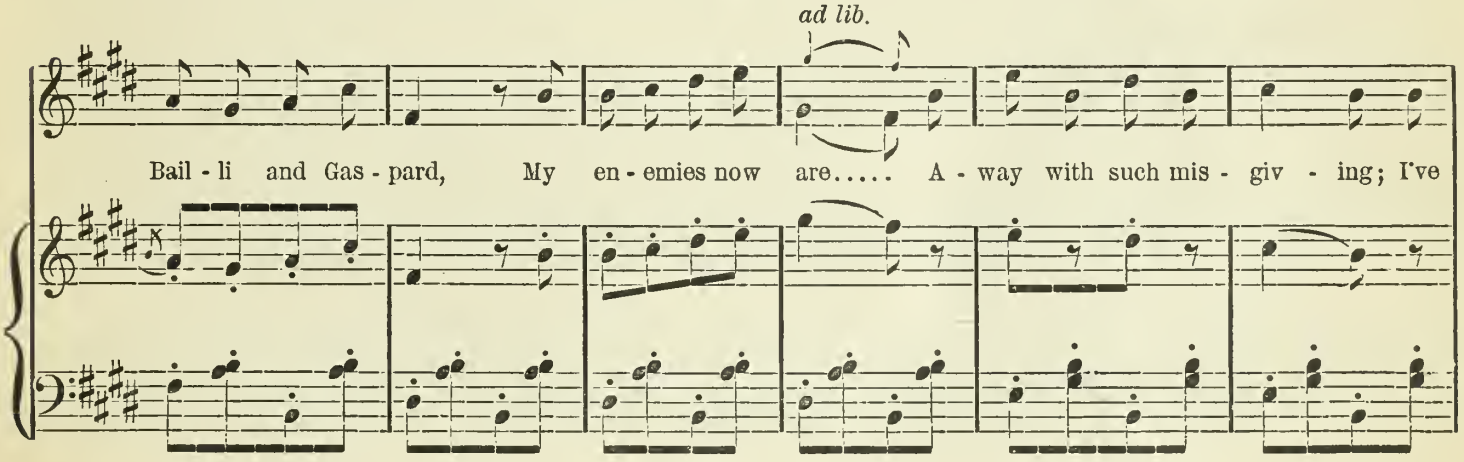
Allegretto.

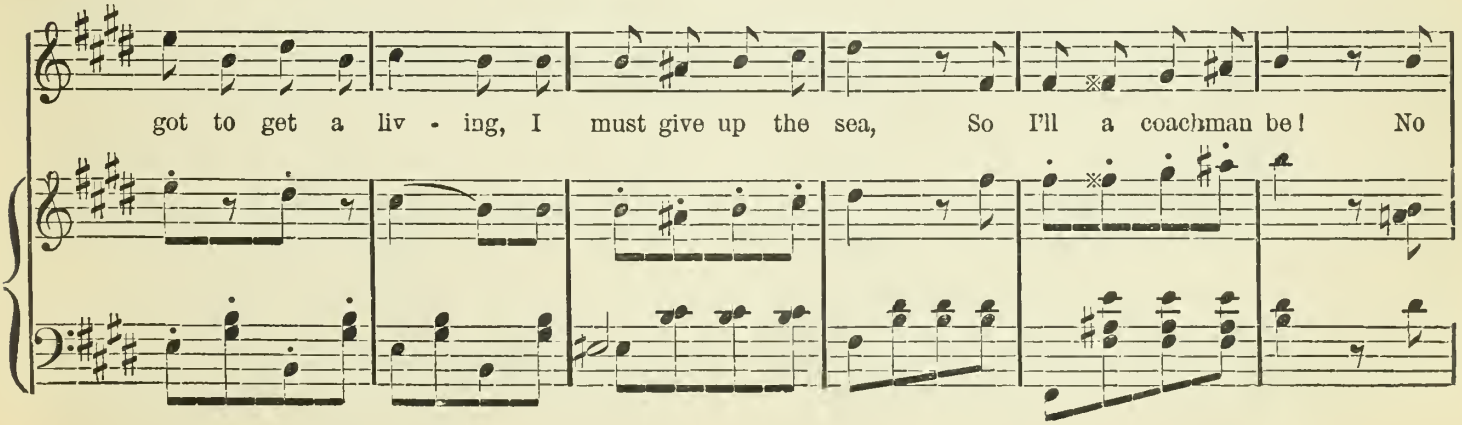


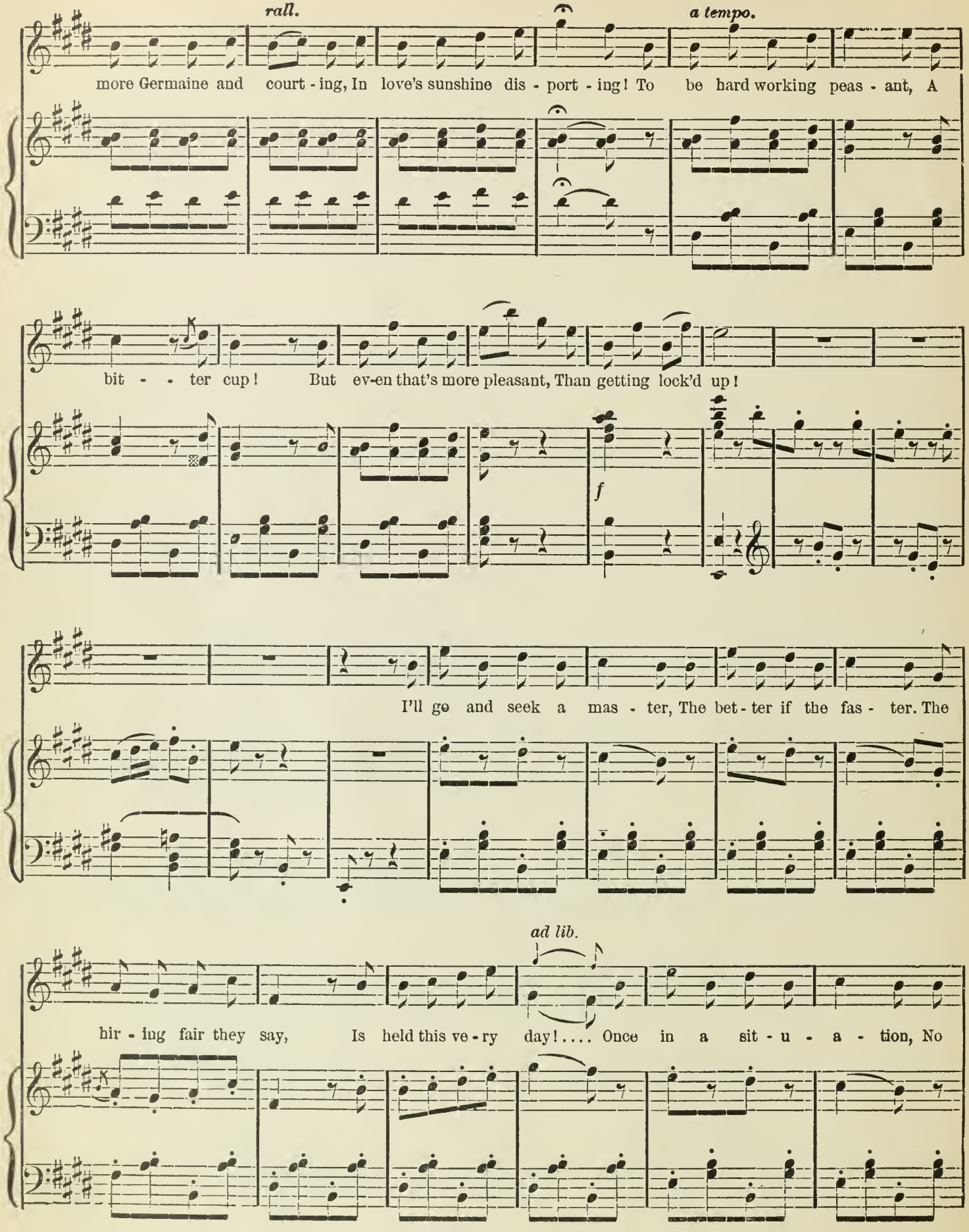
GRENICHEUX.

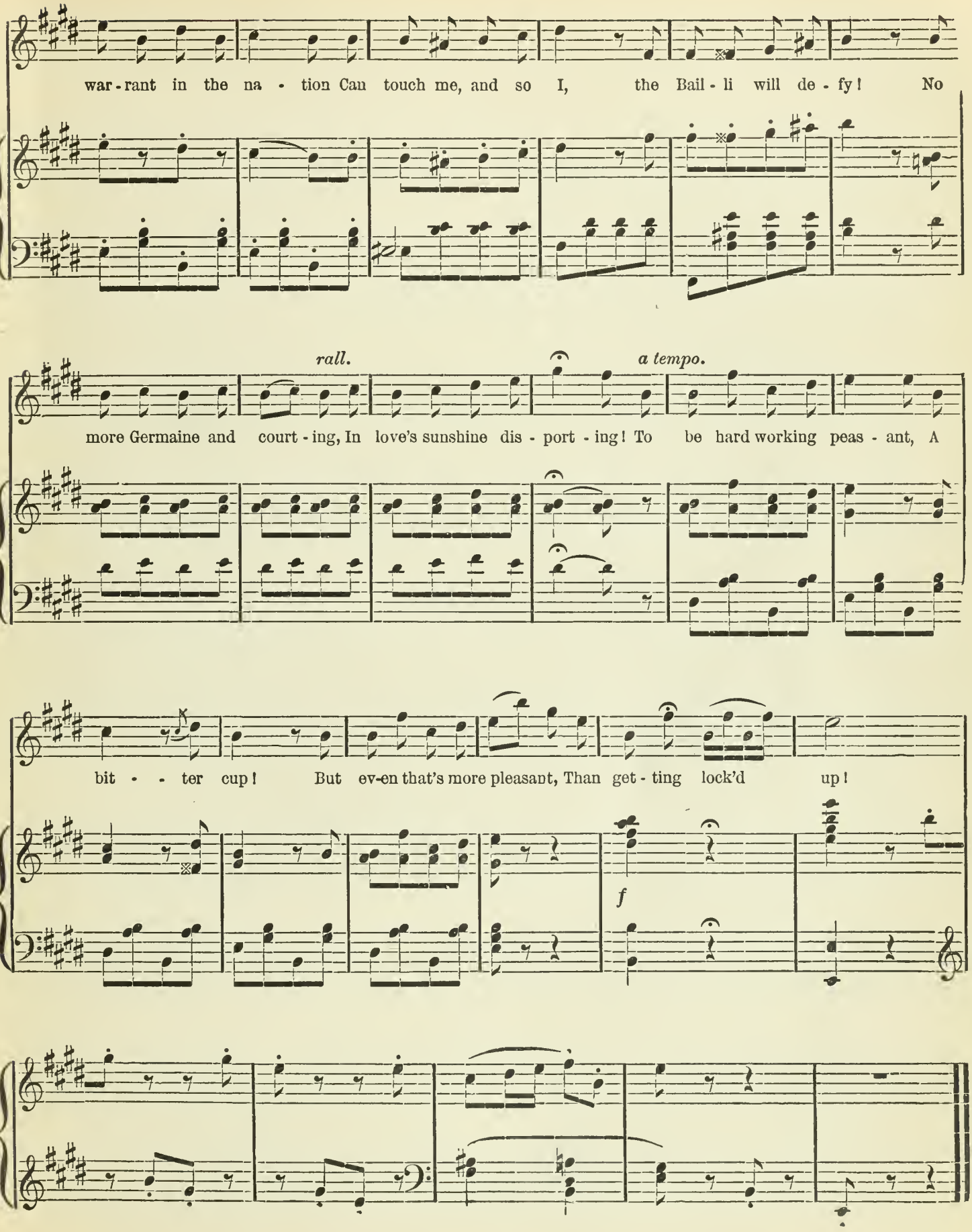


ad lib.






rall.
a tempo.
more Germaine and court - ing, In love's sunshine dis - port - ing! To be hard working peas - ant, A
bit - - ter cup! But ev-en that's more pleasant, Than getting lock'd up!
f
I'll go and seek a mas - ter, The bet - ter if the fas - ter. The
ad lib.
hir - ing fair they say, Is held this ve - ry day!.... Once in a sit - u - a - tion, No


war - rant in the na - tion Can touch me, and so I, the Bail - li will de - fy! No
rall.
a tempo.
more Germaine and court - ing, In love's sunshine dis - port - ing! To be hard working peas - ant, A
bit - - ter cup! But ev-en that's more pleasant, Than get - ting lock'd up!
f

(*Enter Peasant Girls.* GRENICHEUX *hides.*)

GER. That old Gaspard ought to be ashamed of himself, to treat poor Germaine in such a brutal manner!

ALL. Shame! Shame!

GREN. (*Coming forward.*) Is there anything the matter, my dear?

GER. Yes; you'll find it out, if the Bailli or Gaspard lay hands on you!

GREN. Oh, save me! Save me! What shall I do?

GER. You have got Germaine into a nice pickle. Old Gaspard swears he'll lock her up!

GREN. Oh, I promise never to meet her again. (*Cries within.*) Here they are after me! Help! Help! (*Exit* GRENICHEUX.)

(*Enter* NOTARY, REGISTRAR, ASSESSOR *and Attendants.*)

NOT. Come, girls, do not loiter here; but go and join the other villagers in the grand procession. Hasten, or you will be too late.

(*Exeunt Village Girls.*)

NOT. The timid little dears! Be still, my fluttering heart! Now, gentleman, I wish you to bear in mind that in consequence of the unaccountable disappearance of the Bailli, on me rests the responsibility of opening the fair of Corneville. I wish, therefore, that all due respect be paid to the dignity of my office.

ALL. (*Bowing.*) Yes, noble sir.

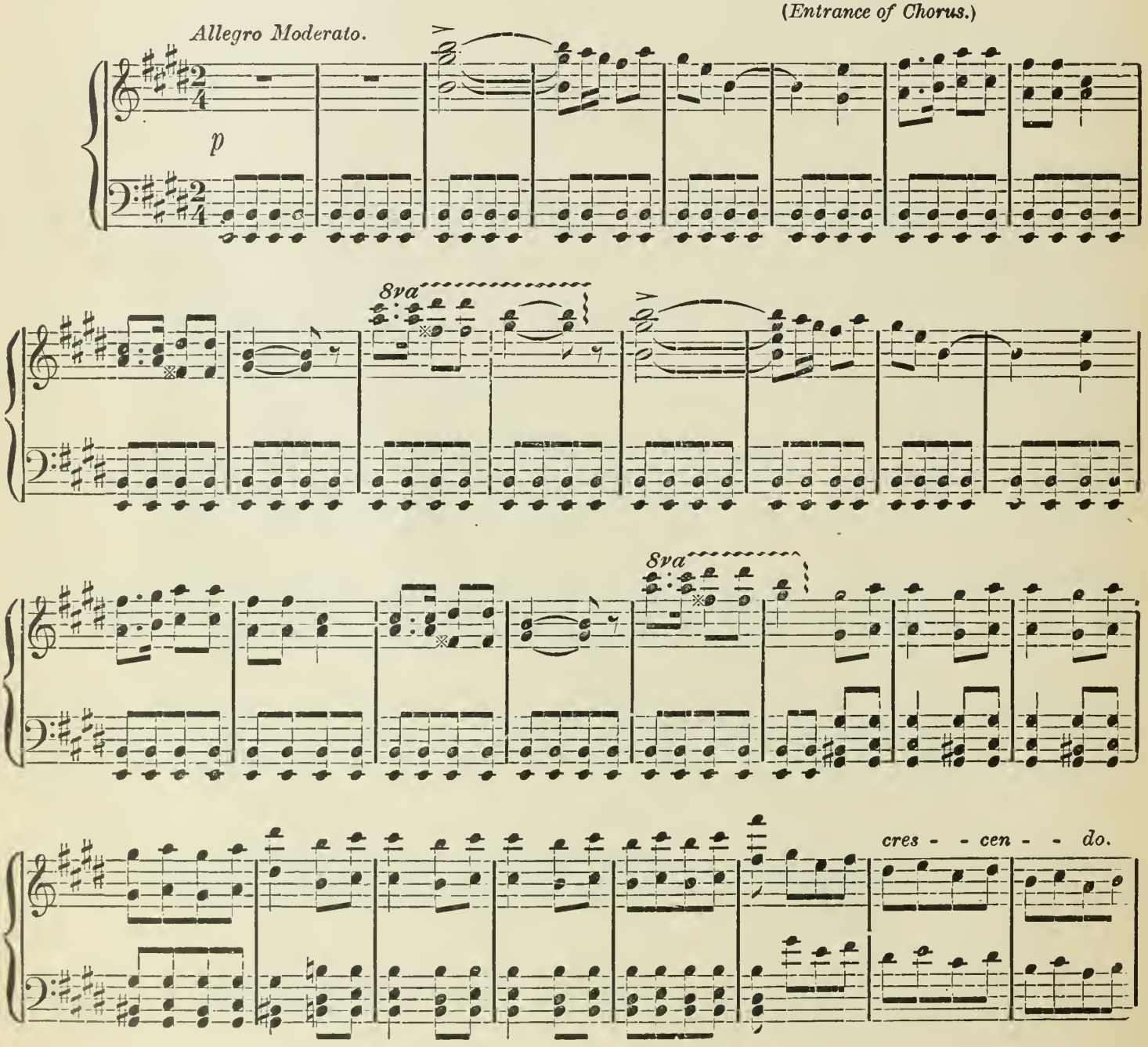
NOT. A little lower, gentlemen: bend your backs a little more There; my dignity is duly honored. Now to your places. Do not run in that manner, like untrained school-boys; but in this manner, with becoming gravity and respect. Now, hand me my wand of office. Compose your looks with proper solemnity Admit the servants, and let us hear what they have to say.

(*Enter Procession of Villagers.*)

FINALE.

No. 9. CHORUS AND ENSEMBLE.

(*Entrance of Chorus.*)



CHORUS.

SOPRANOS.

Come! far - mer small..... or with big ren - tal, If first class

TENORS.

Come! far - mer small.. ... or with big ren - tal, If first class

BASSES.

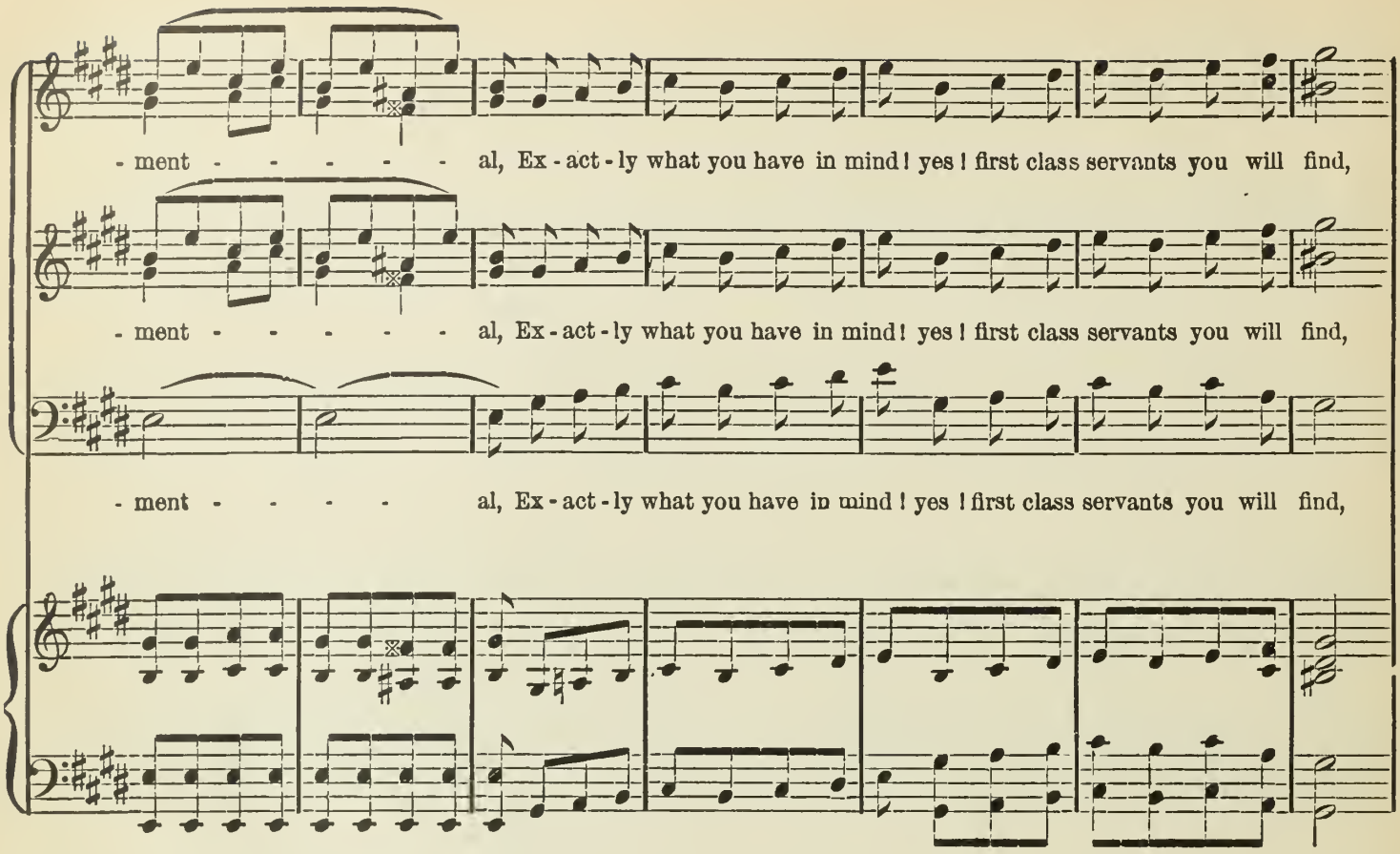
Come! far - mer small..... or with big ren - - tal,

f

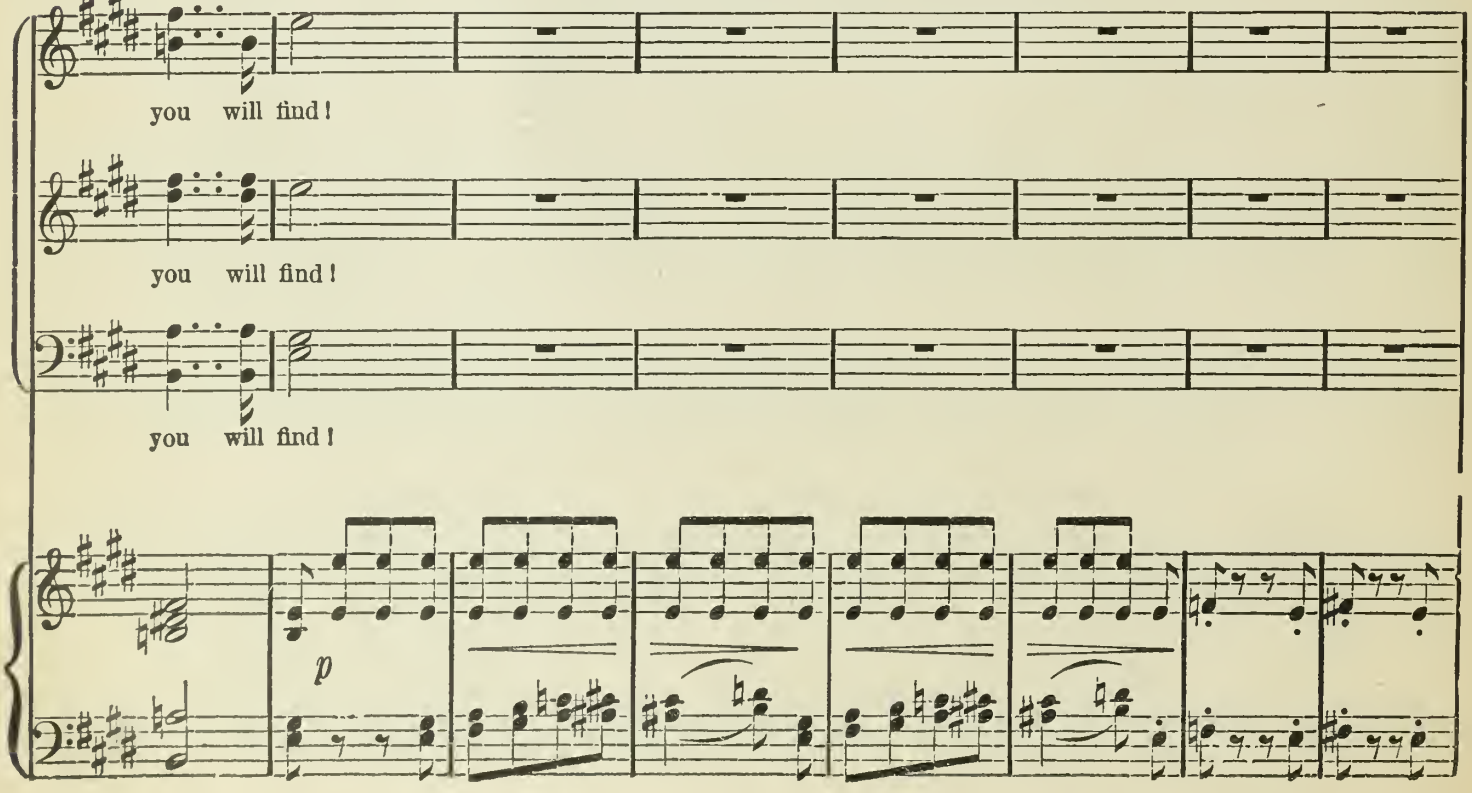
ser - vants you would find! If first class servants you would find!..... We're useful, ay! and or - na -

ser - vants you would find! If first class servants you would find!..... We're useful, ay! and or - na

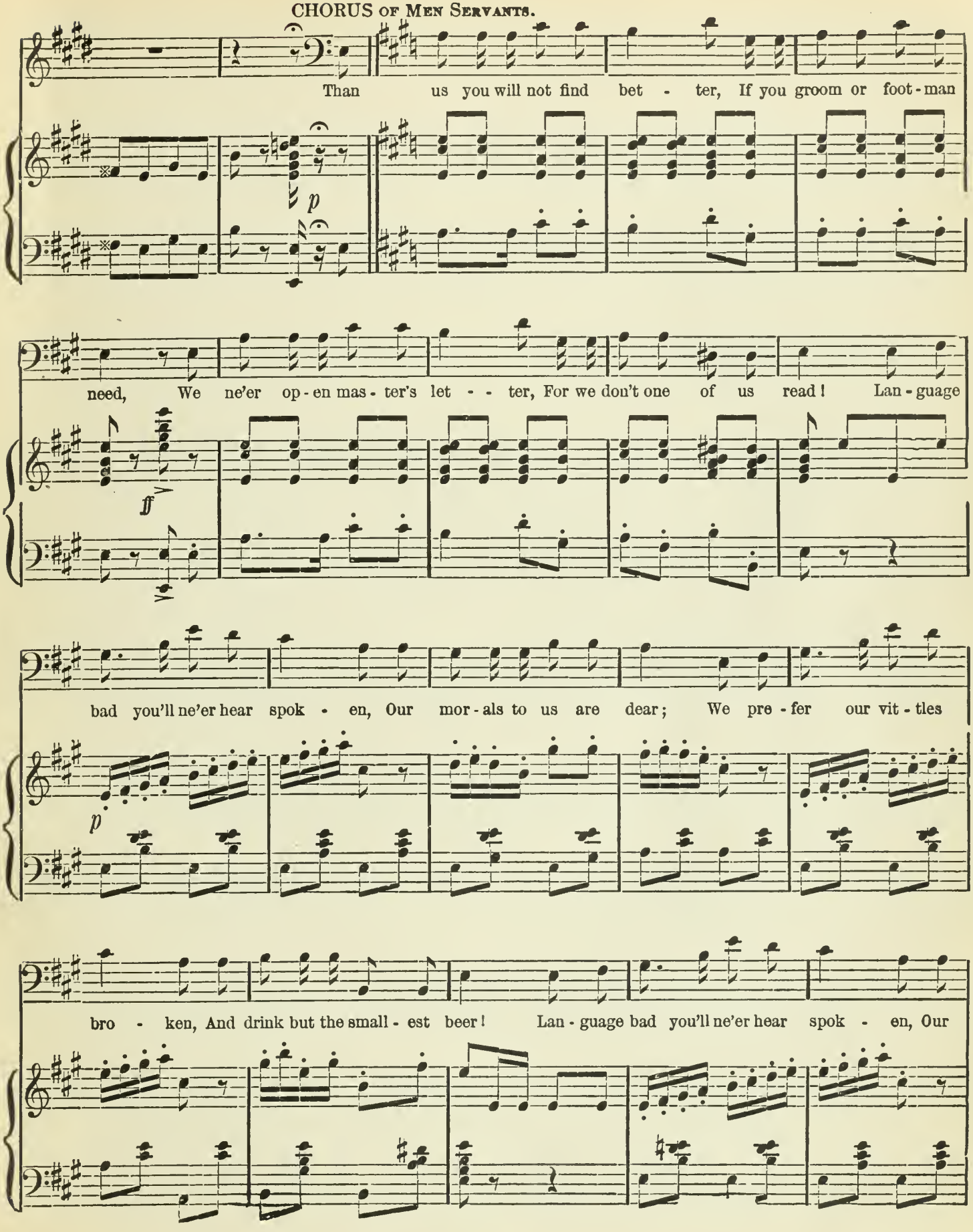
If good ser - - vants you now would find, you now would find, We're useful, ay! and or - na -

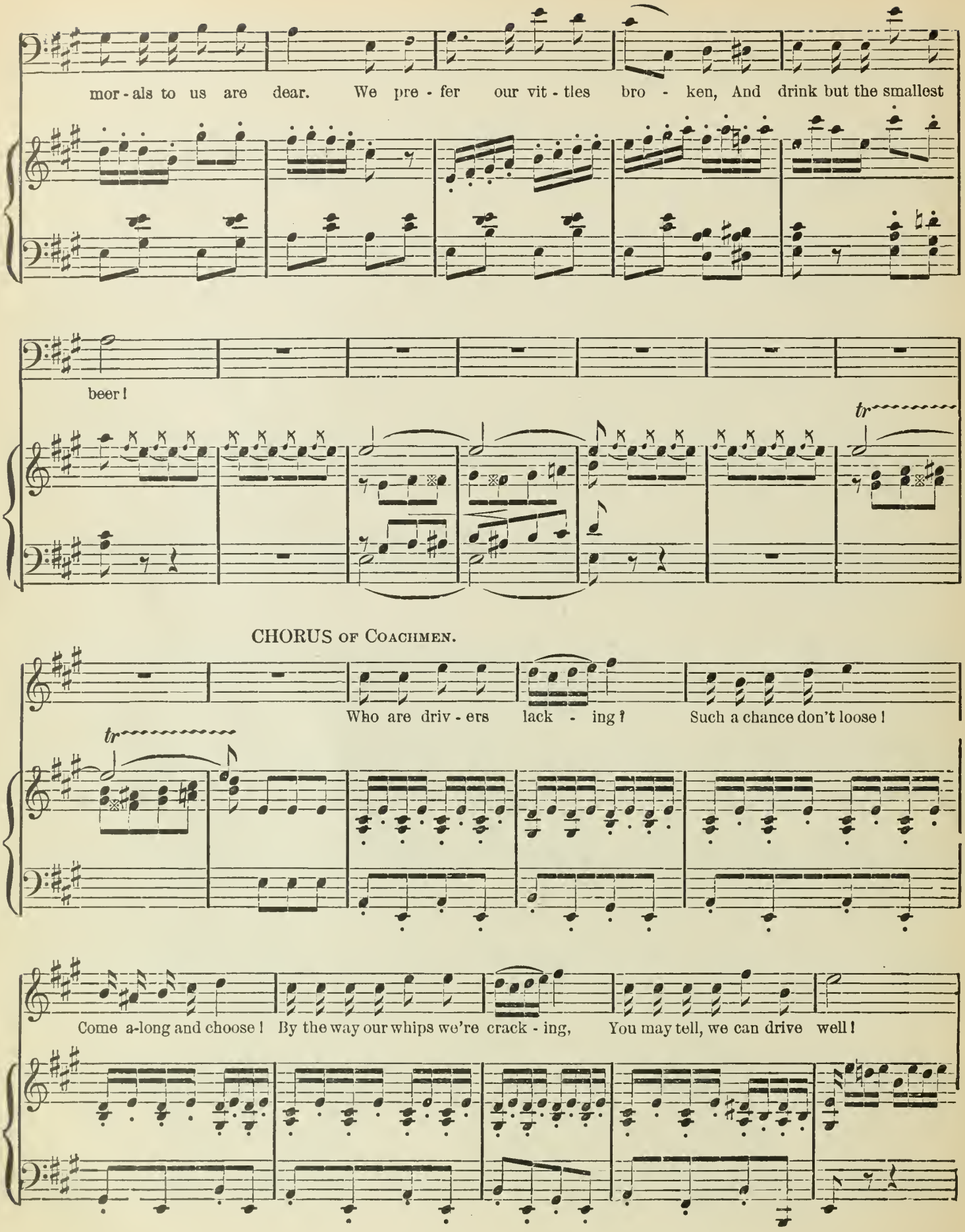


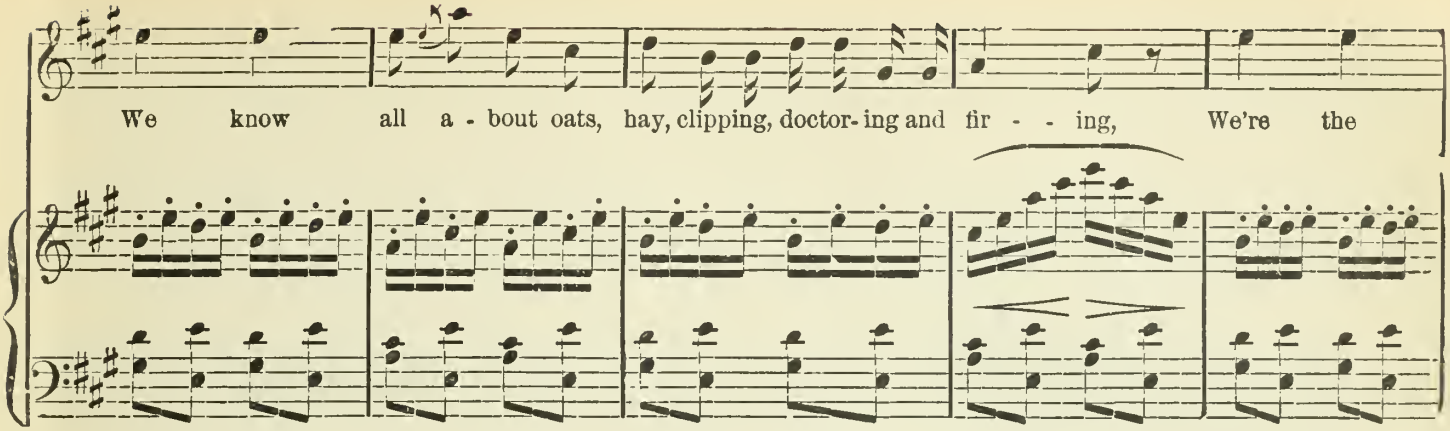
NOTARY. Throw open the gates! (*Enter Men Servants.*)

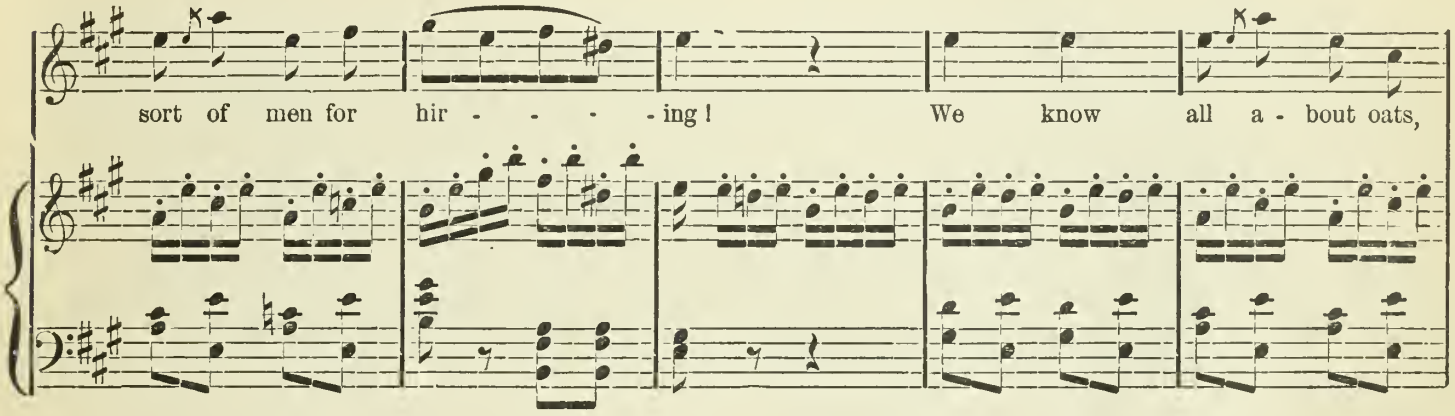


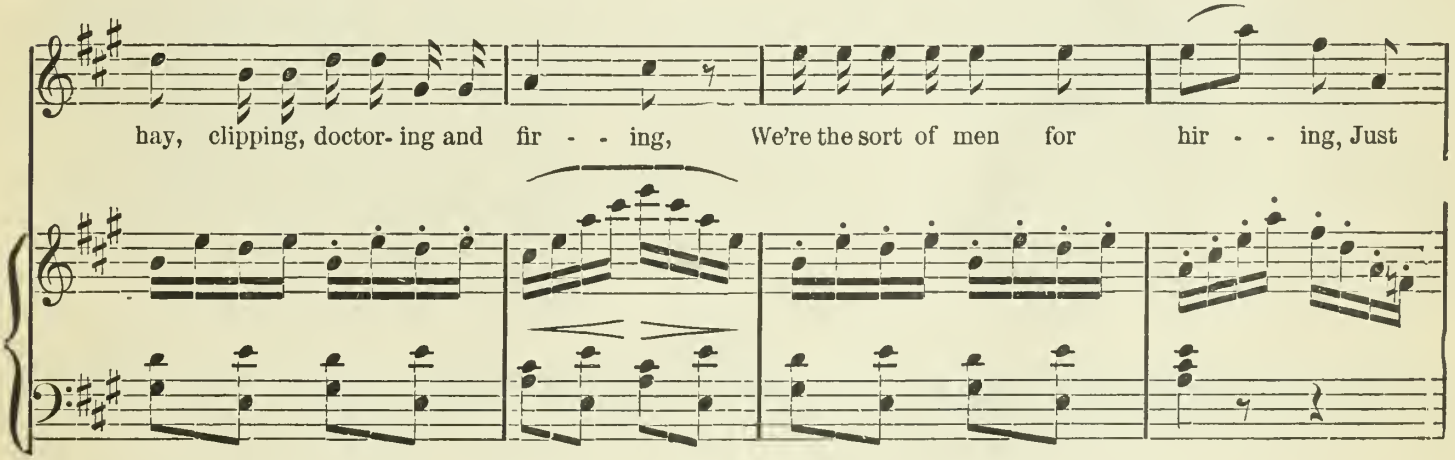
CHORUS OF MEN SERVANTS.



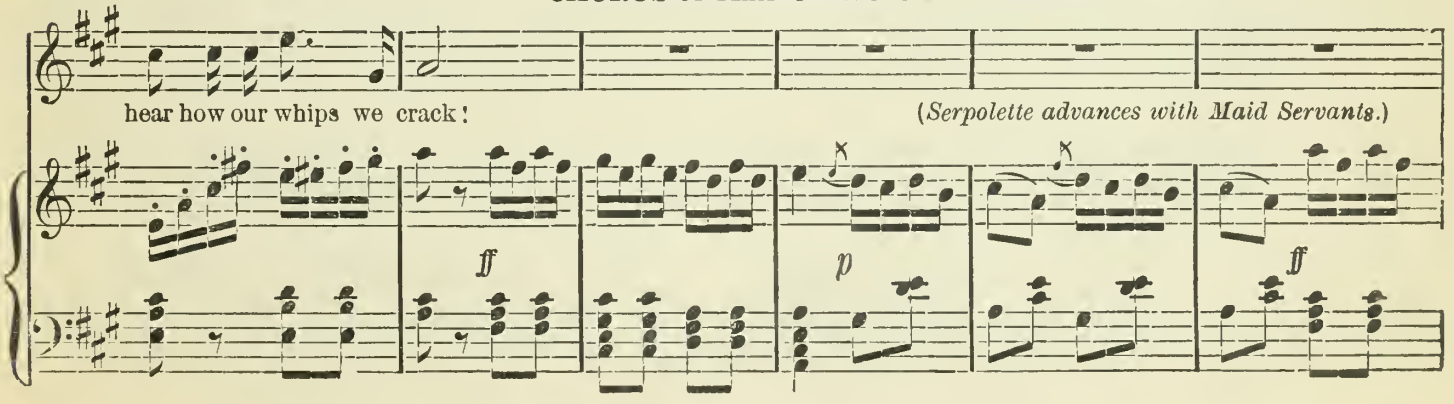

mor - als to us are dear. We pre - fer our vit - tles bro - ken, And drink but the smallest
beer!
tr
CHORUS OF COACHMEN.
Who are driv - ers lack - ing? Such a chance don't loose!
tr
Come a-long and choose! By the way our whips we're crack - ing, You may tell, we can drive well!

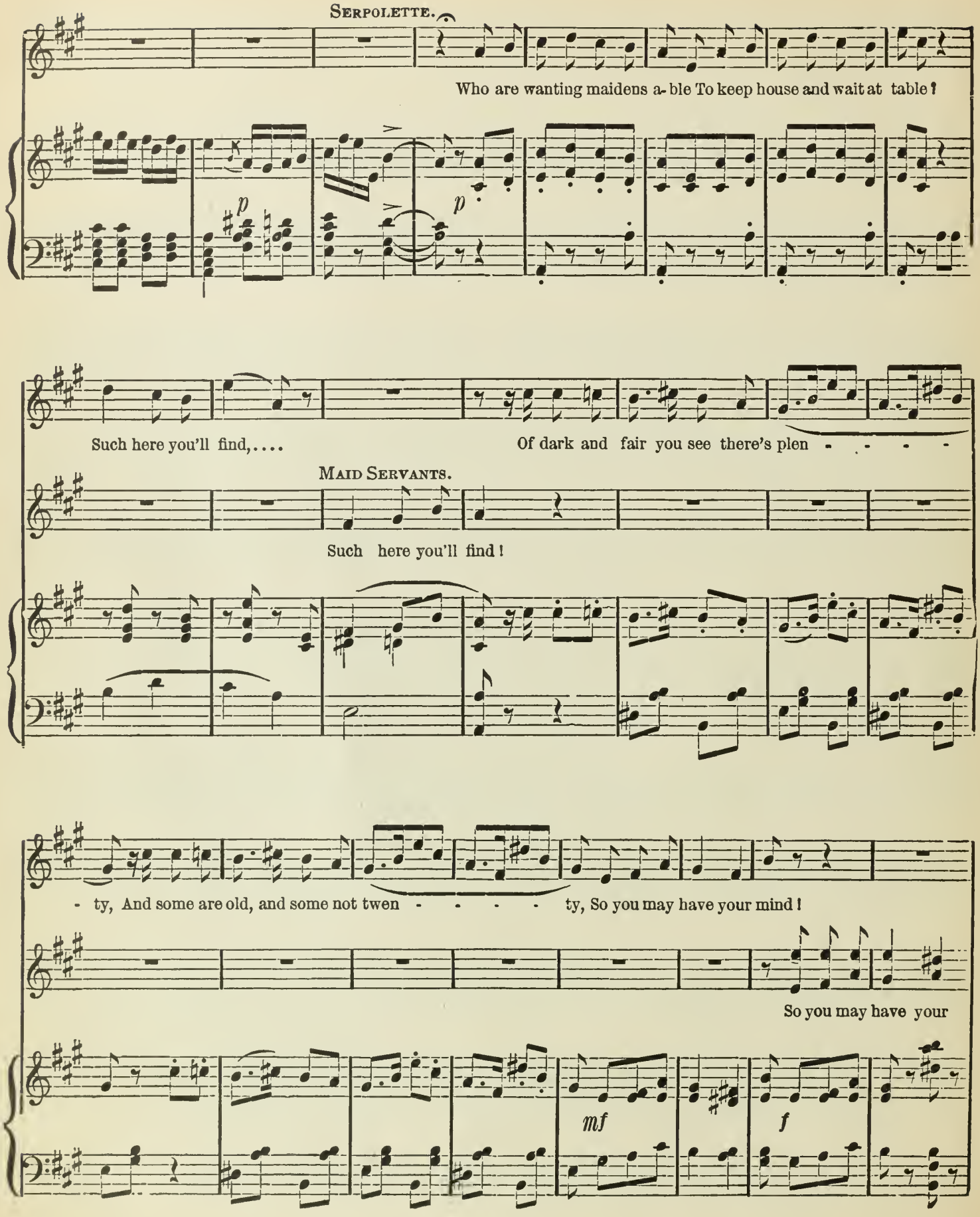






CHORUS OF MAID SERVANTS AND ENSEMBLE.




SERPOLETTE.
Who are wanting maidens a-ble To keep house and wait at table?
p
p
Such here you'll find,....
Of dark and fair you see there's plen - - - -
MAID SERVANTS.
Such here you'll find!
- ty, And some are old, and some not twen - - - - ty, So you may have your mind!
So you may have your
mf
f

SERPOLETTE.

Just look at that, just look at this ! Don't you think we're not a - miss ? A glance give

mind !

rit.

there, a glance give here ! Tell us if you think us dear ? Ah !.....

Just look at that, just look at this ! Don't you

p

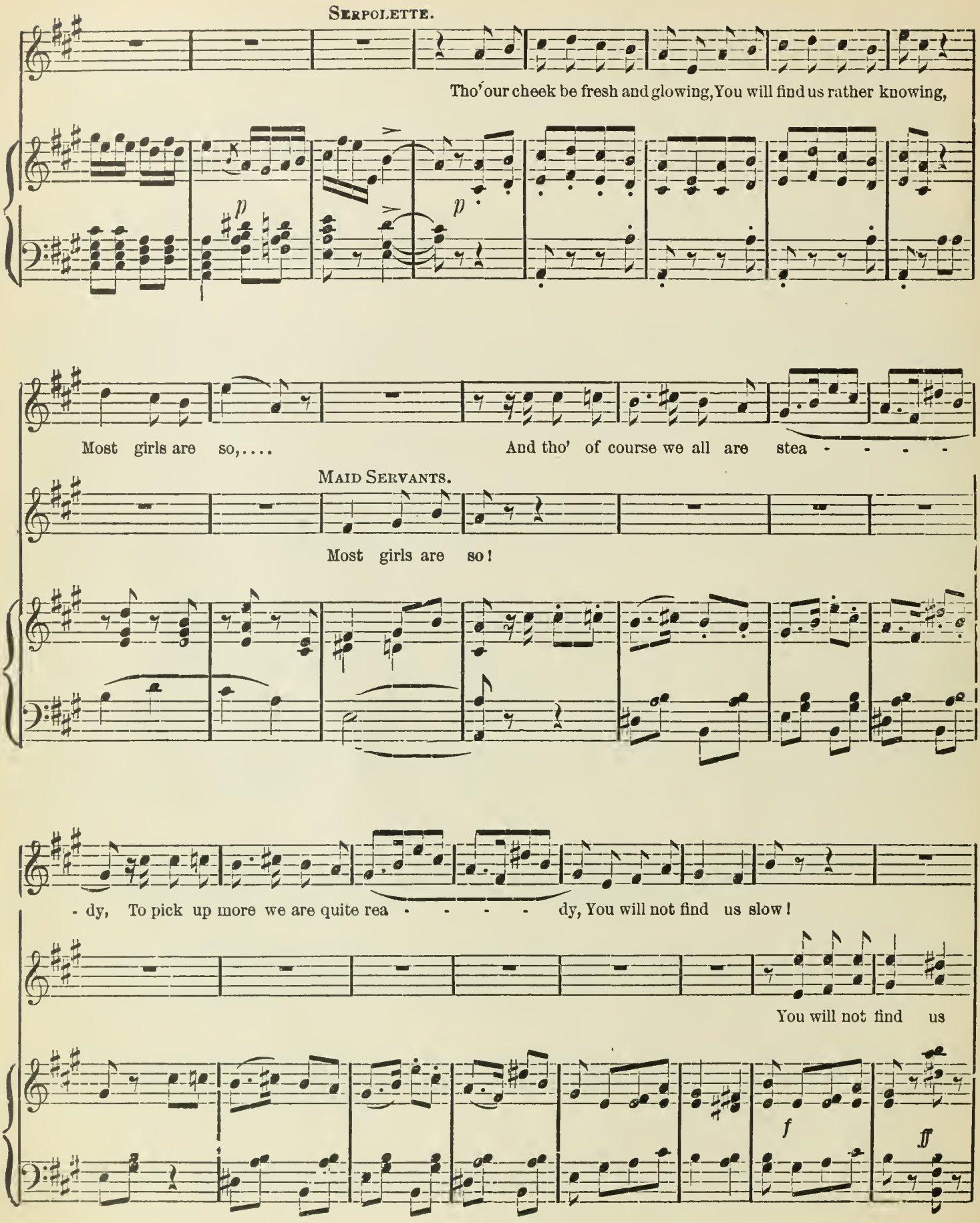
.....

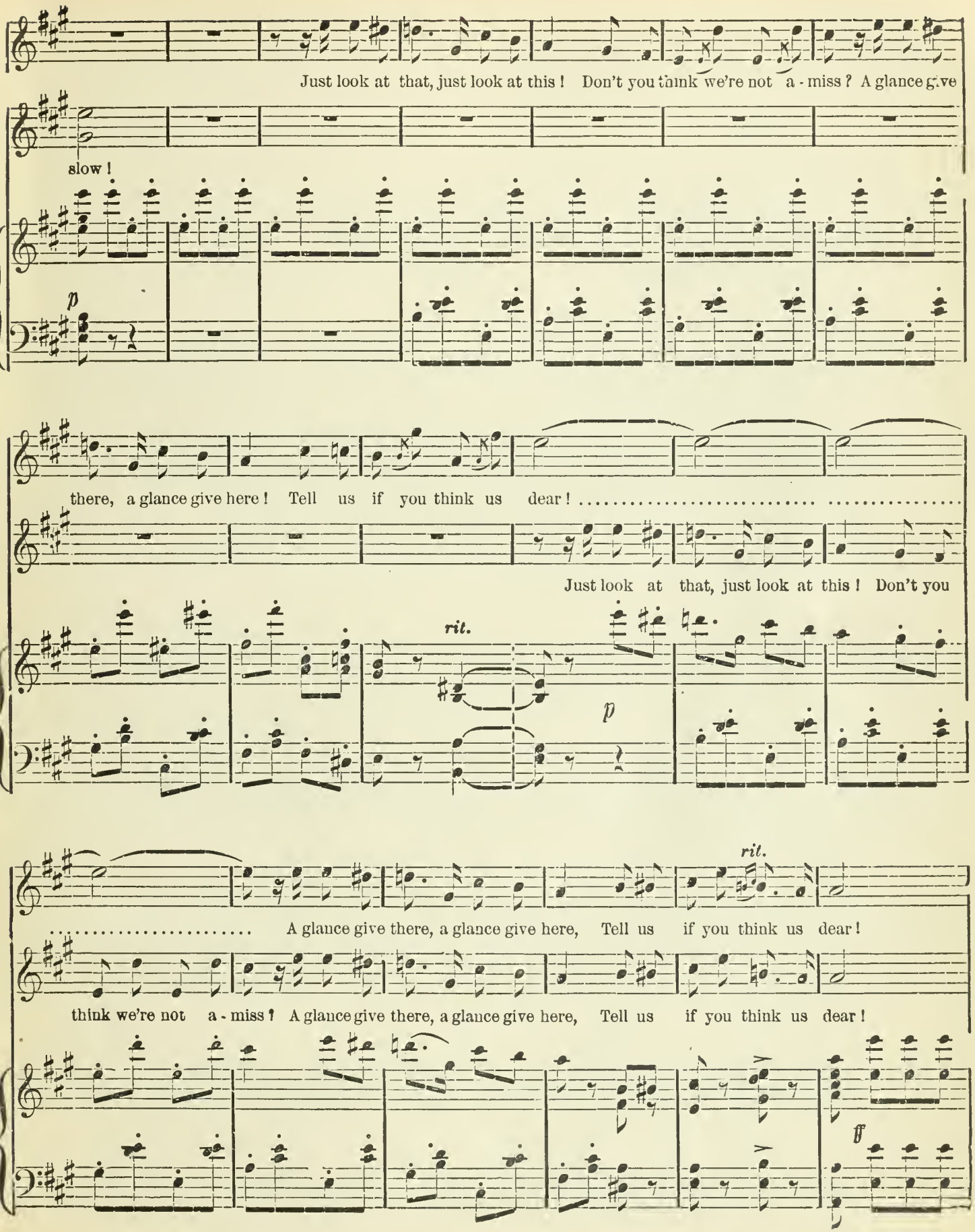
A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us dear !

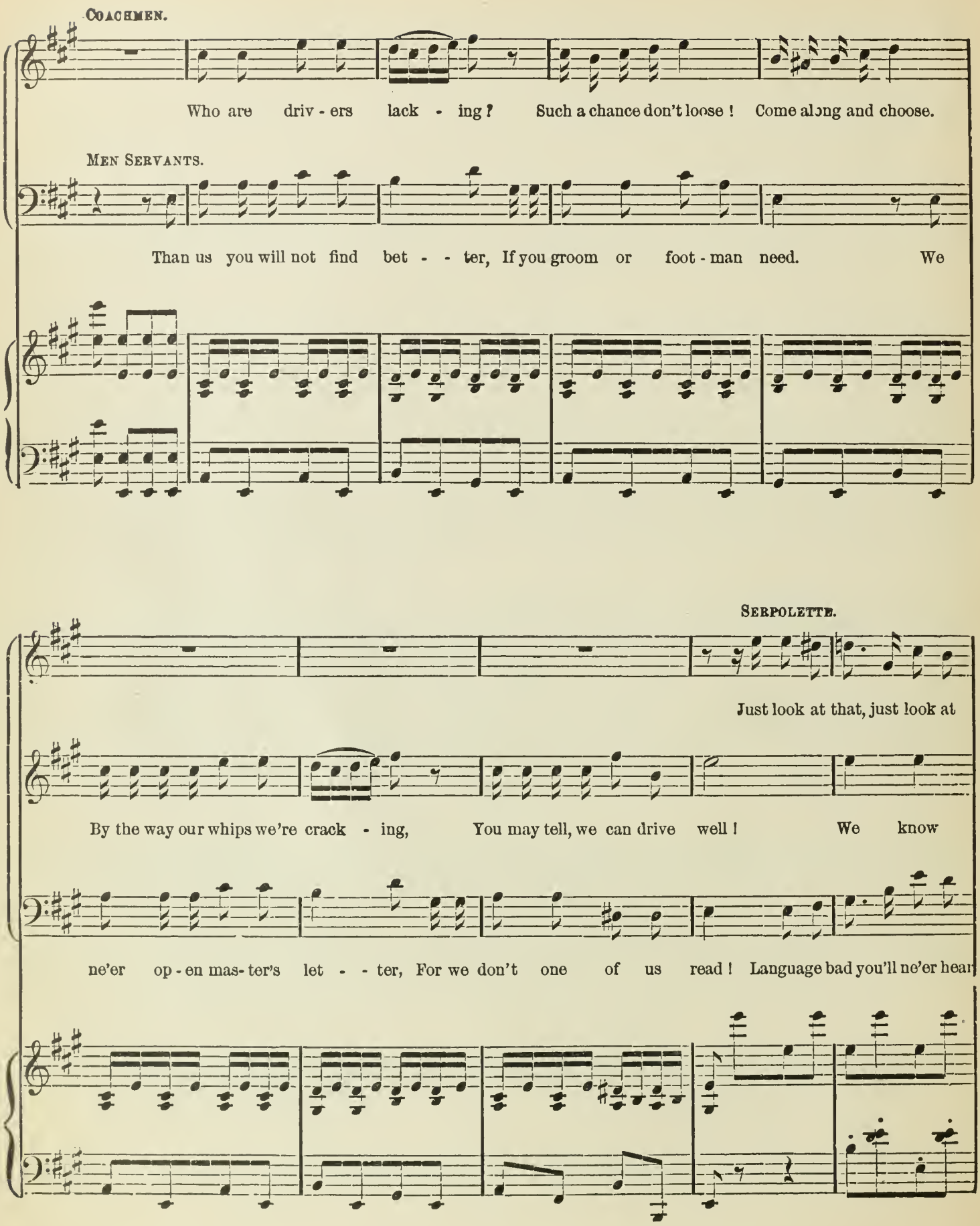
think we're not a - miss ? A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us dear !

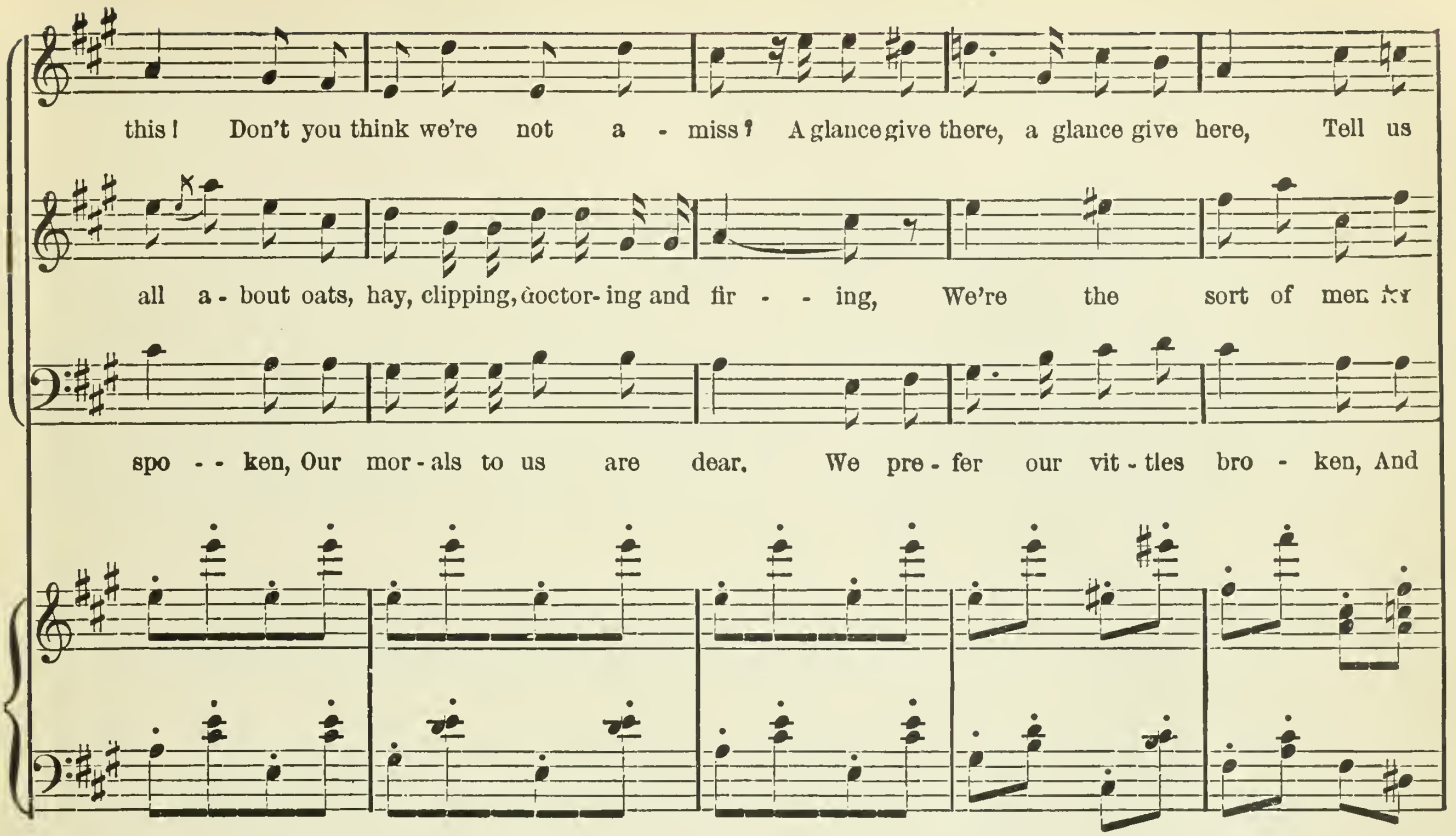
f

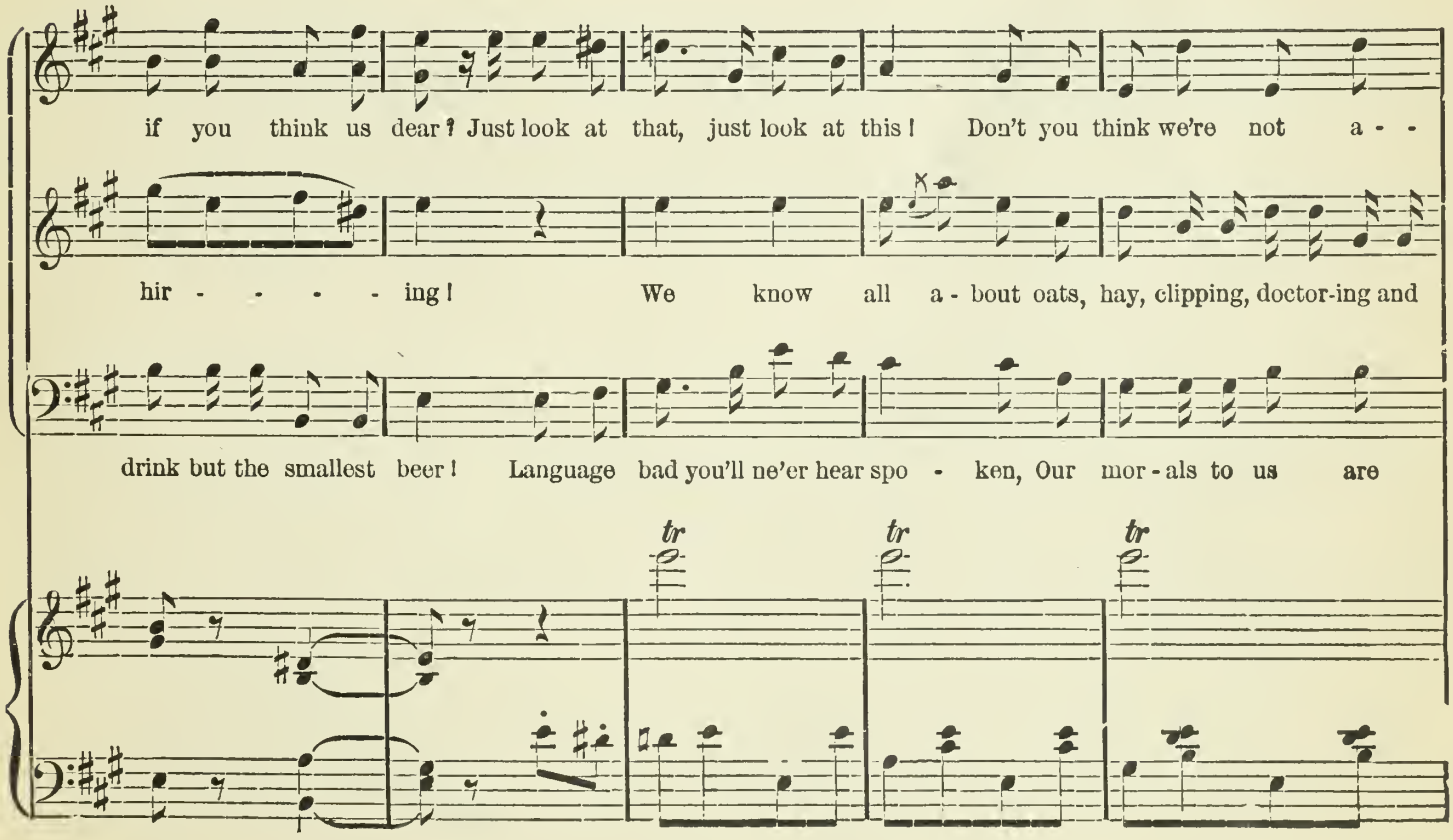
f

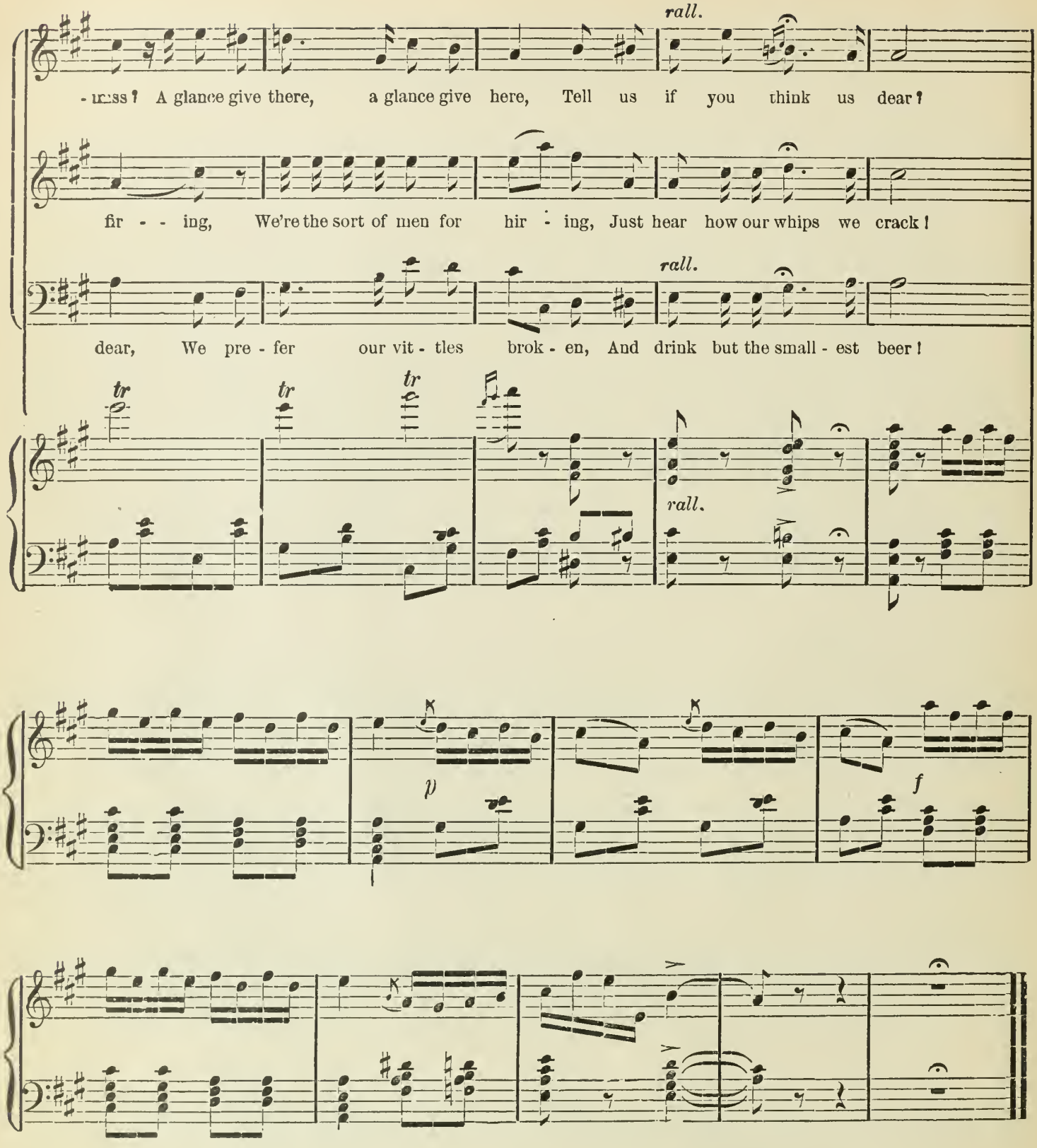

SERPOLETTE.
Tho' our cheek be fresh and glowing, You will find us rather knowing,
p
p
Most girls are so,....
And tho' of course we all are stea - - - -
MAID SERVANTS.
Most girls are so!
- dy, To pick up more we are quite rea - - - - dy, You will not find us slow!
You will not find us
f
ff


Just look at that, just look at this ! Don't you think we're not a - miss ? A glance give
slow !
p
there, a glance give here ! Tell us if you think us dear ! .....
Just look at that, just look at this ! Don't you
rit.
p
rit.
..... A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us dear !
think we're not a - miss ? A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us dear !
ff


Coachmen.
Who are driv - ers lack - ing? Such a chance don't loose! Come along and choose.
Men Servants.
Than us you will not find bet - - ter, If you groom or foot - man need. We
Serpolette.
Just look at that, just look at
By the way our whips we're crack - ing, You may tell, we can drive well! We know
ne'er op - en mas - ter's let - - ter, For we don't one of us read! Language bad you'll ne'er hear


this! Don't you think we're not a - miss? A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us
all a - bout oats, hay, clipping, doctor- ing and fir - - ing, We're the sort of men for
spo - - ken, Our mor - als to us are dear. We pre - fer our vit - tles bro - ken, And


if you think us dear? Just look at that, just look at this! Don't you think we're not a - -
hir - - - - ing! We know all a - bout oats, hay, clipping, doctor-ing and
drink but the smallest beer! Language bad you'll ne'er hear spo - ken, Our mor - als to us are
tr
tr
tr



NOTARY. Fellow citizens! I don't mean that. Fellow subjects of his glorious majesty, King Louis of France. I, his humble representative, am called upon to perform the great and solemn duty of opening the fair of Corneville. Be it understood that whoever registers on these lists as a servant, must adhere to the contract for the period of six months. The law permits of no breach of a contract signed here under any circumstances, without the consent of both parties subscribing to it.

(Enter Henri.)

TELL ME, GIRL.

FINALE. (Continued.)

RECIT, SCENE & ENSEMBLE.

MODERATO.

p

SERPOLETTE.

My name? Ser -po-lette, Sir!

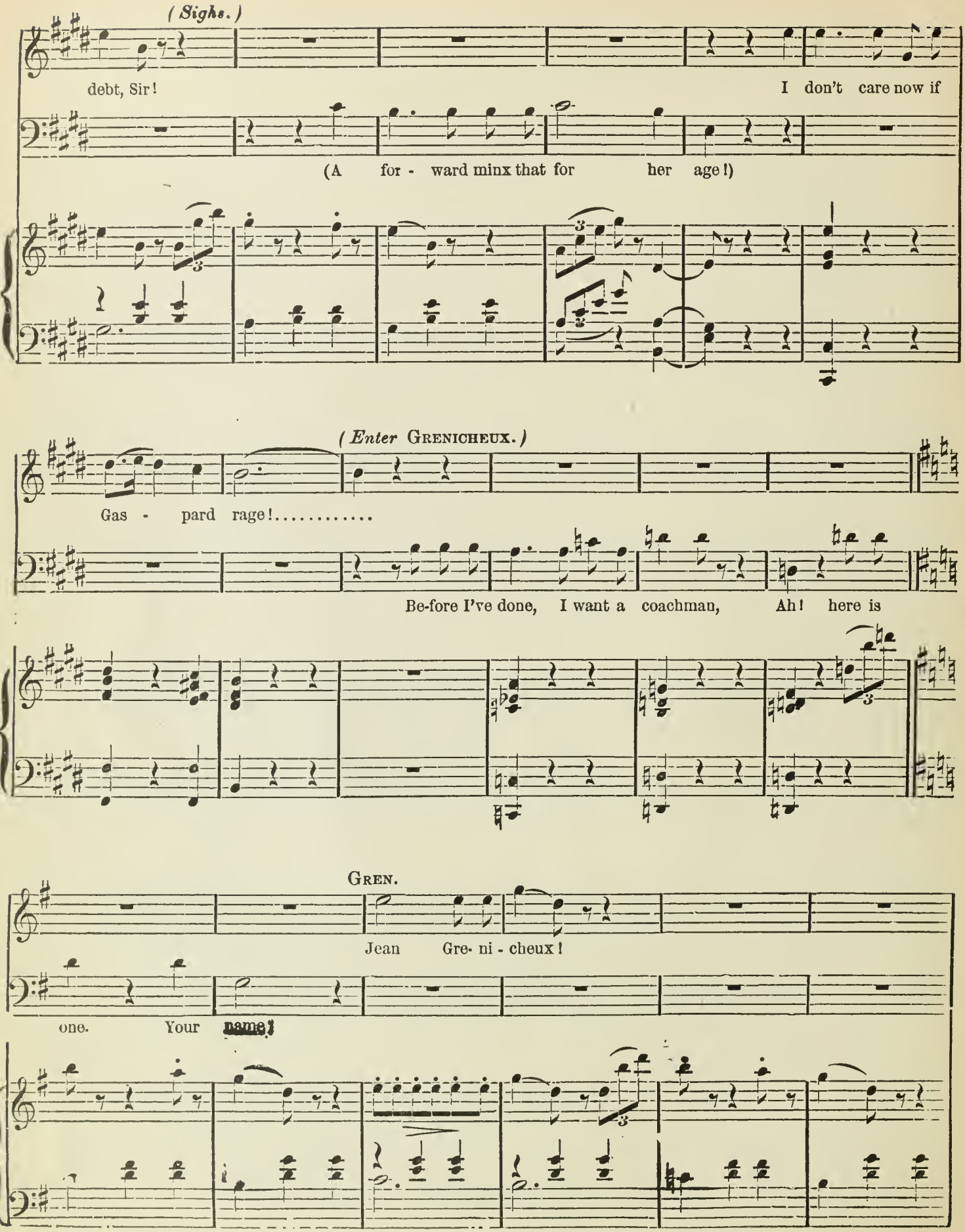
HENRI.

Tell me, girl, what may be your name? Ah!

SERP.

Oh Sir!.... I'm in your

good! You, I en - gage!


(Sighs.)
debt, Sir!
I don't care now if
(A for - ward minx that for her age!)
(Enter GRENICHEUX.)
Gas - pard rage!.....
Be-fore I've done, I want a coachman, Ah! here is
GREN.
Jean Gre- ni - cheux!
one. Your name?

SERPOLETTE. *(aside.)*

Jean Gre - ni - cheux! With my Jean in ser - vice! we two, we two! luck - y!

GREN.

luck - y! now in vain, Your acts my fine Miss Ger - maine! Thanks, Sir! for six months now

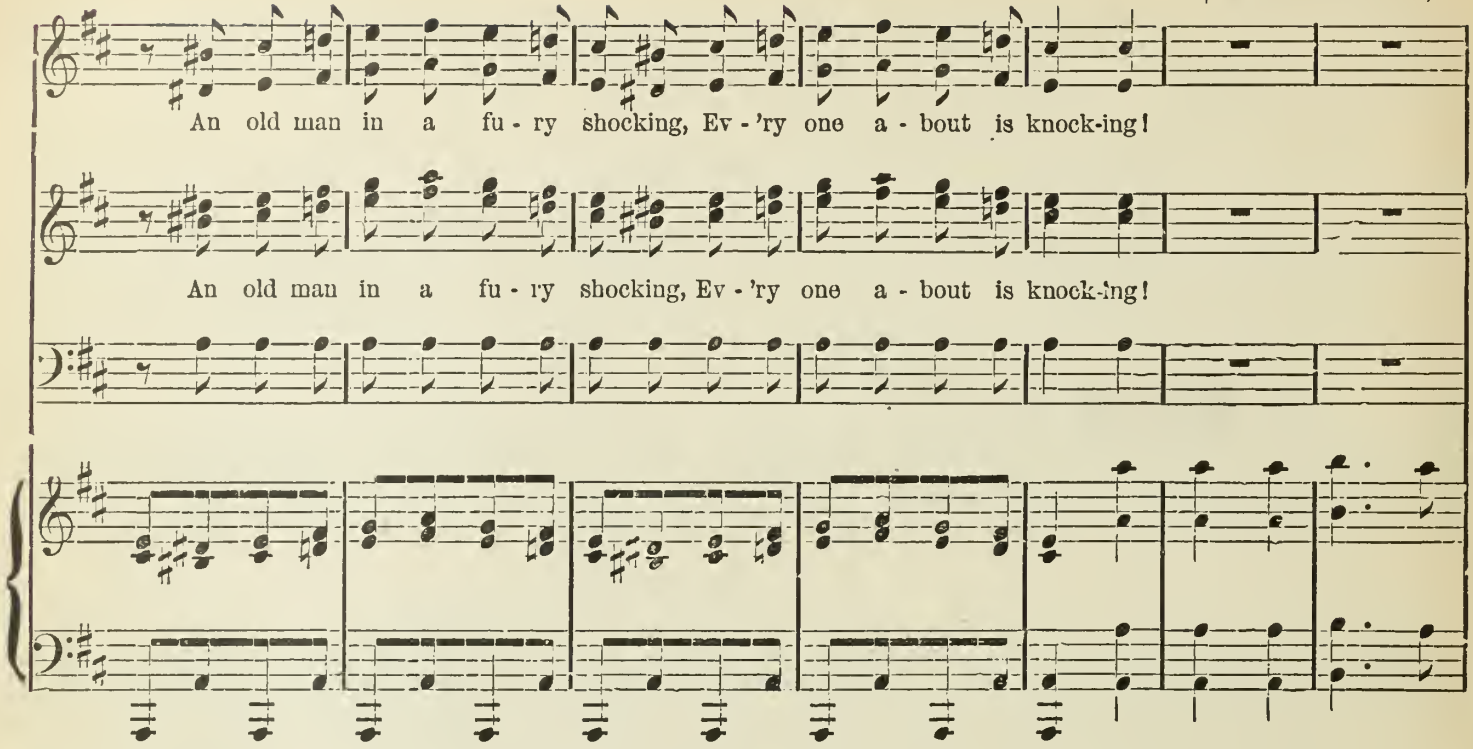
(HENRI. What's the matter.)

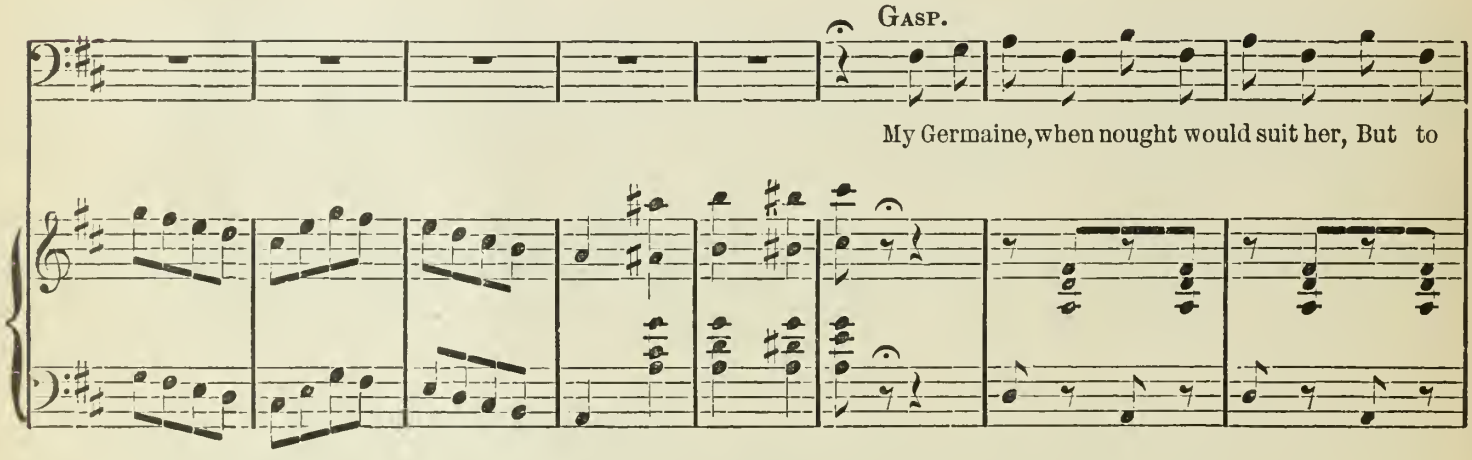
I, Mis - ter Bai - lli can at ease de - fy!

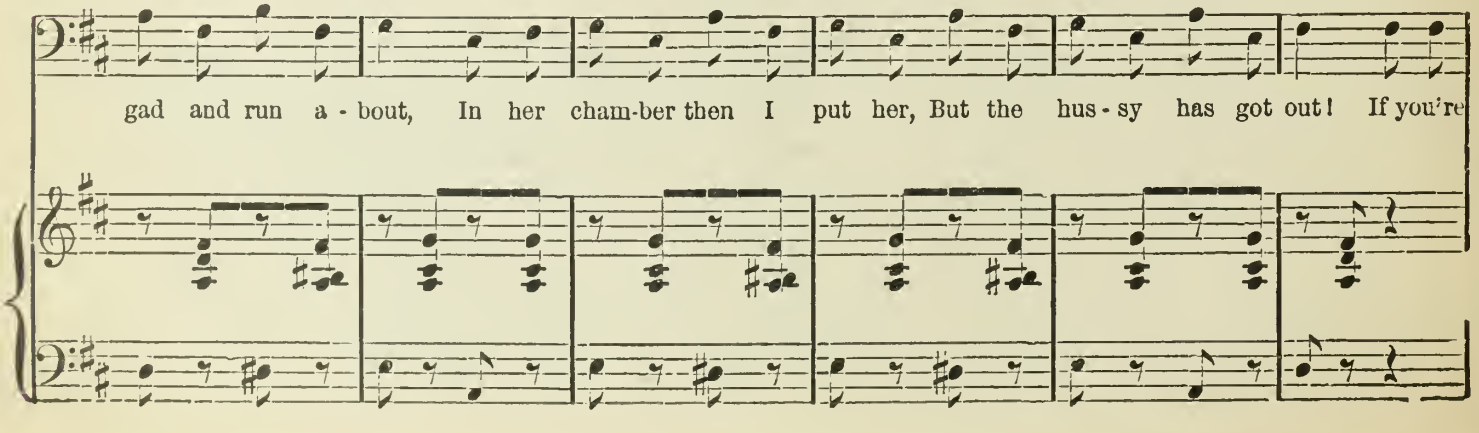
cres - cen - do.

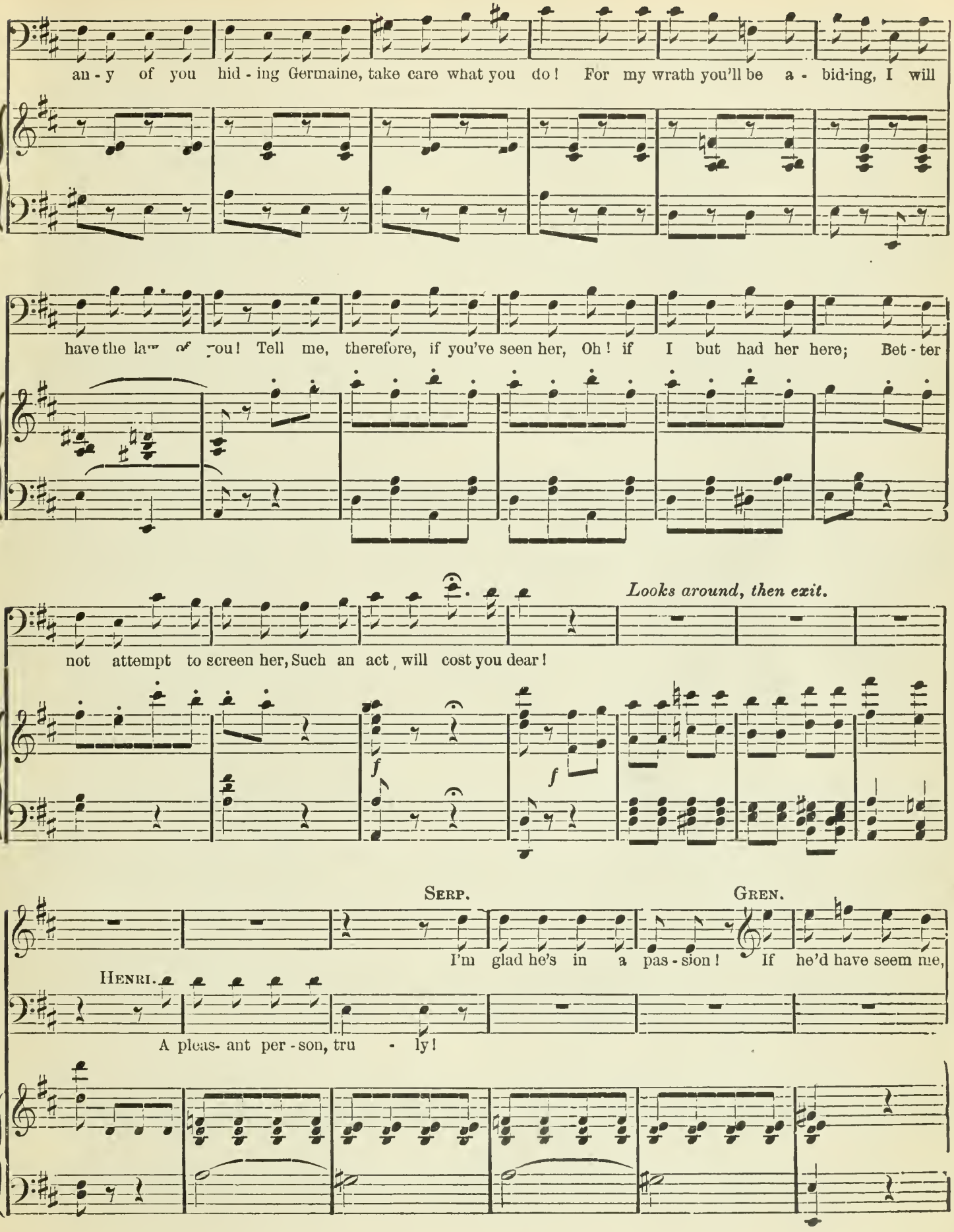
p

(Enter GASPARD. *)*

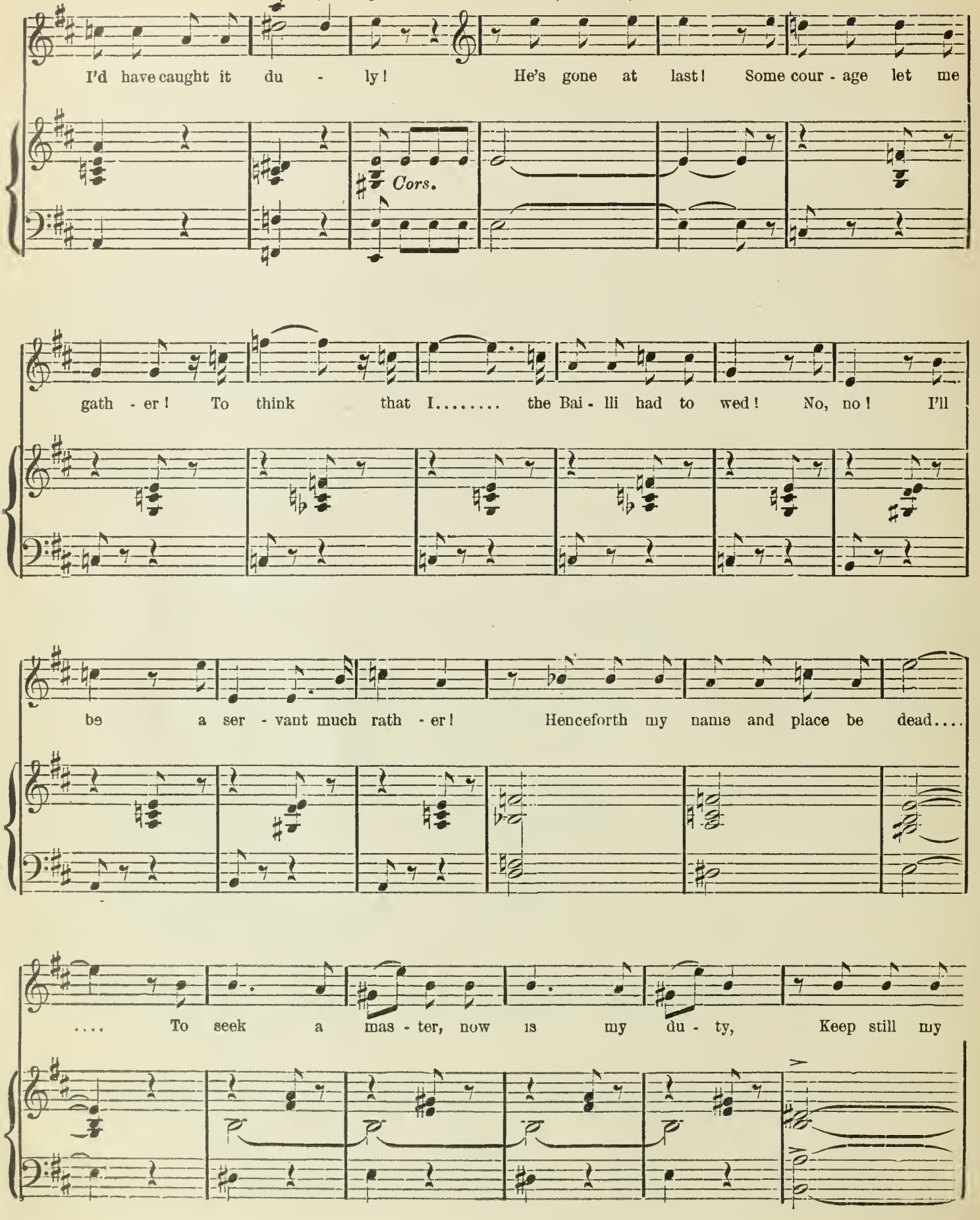







an - y of you hid - ing Germaine, take care what you do! For my wrath you'll be a - bid-ing, I will
have the law of you! Tell me, therefore, if you've seen her, Oh! if I but had her here; Bet - ter
Looks around, then exit.
not attempt to screen her, Such an act will cost you dear!
f
f
SERP.
GREN.
I'm glad he's in a pas - sion! If he'd have seem me,
HENRI.
A pleas- ant per - son, tru - ly!

più lento. GERMAINE. *(Enters.)*



GERM. *(turns away.)*

heart! That stranger here! He will know me, much I fear!

HENRI.

(Here is a rus-tic beau - ty!)

Allegretto.

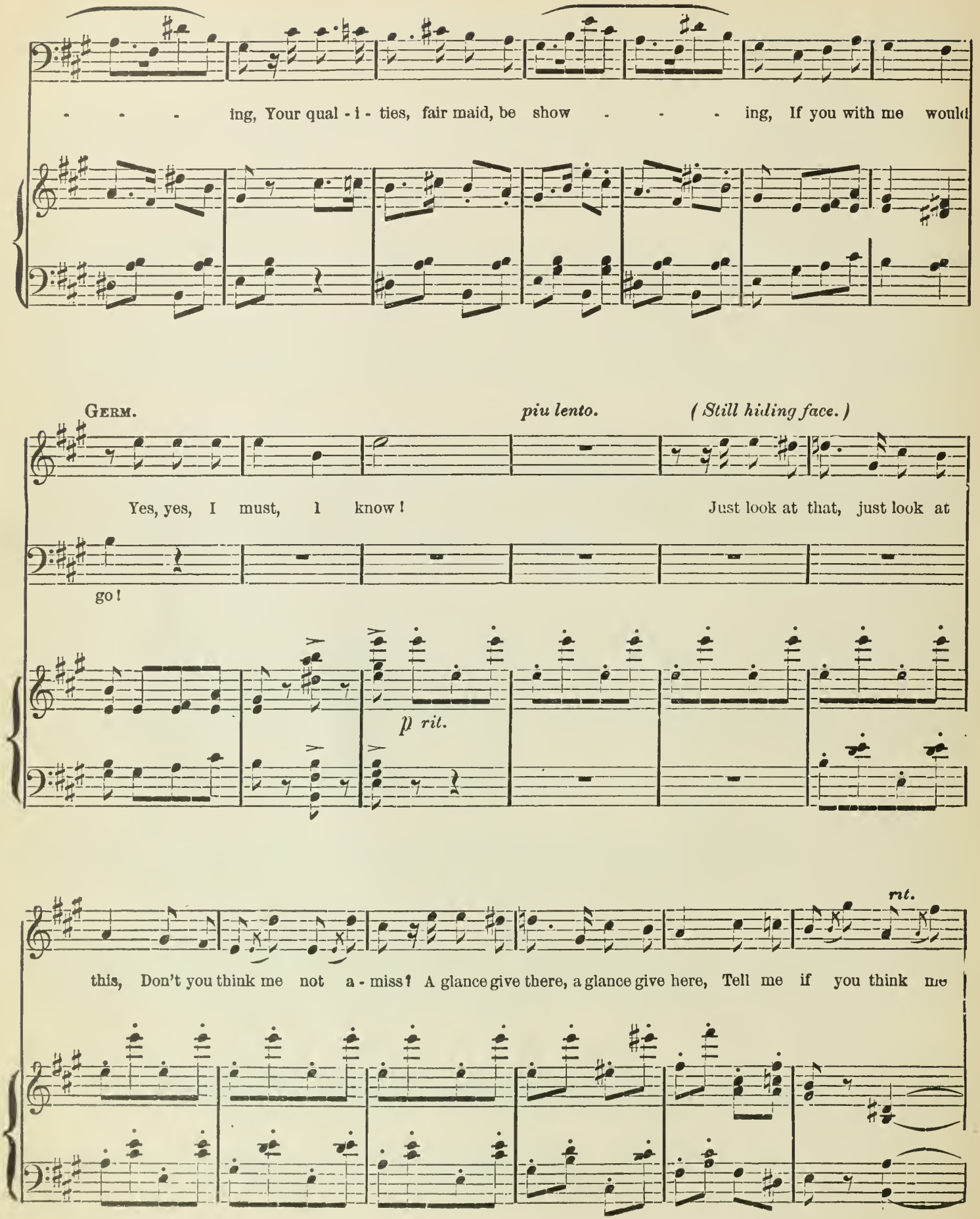
HENRI.

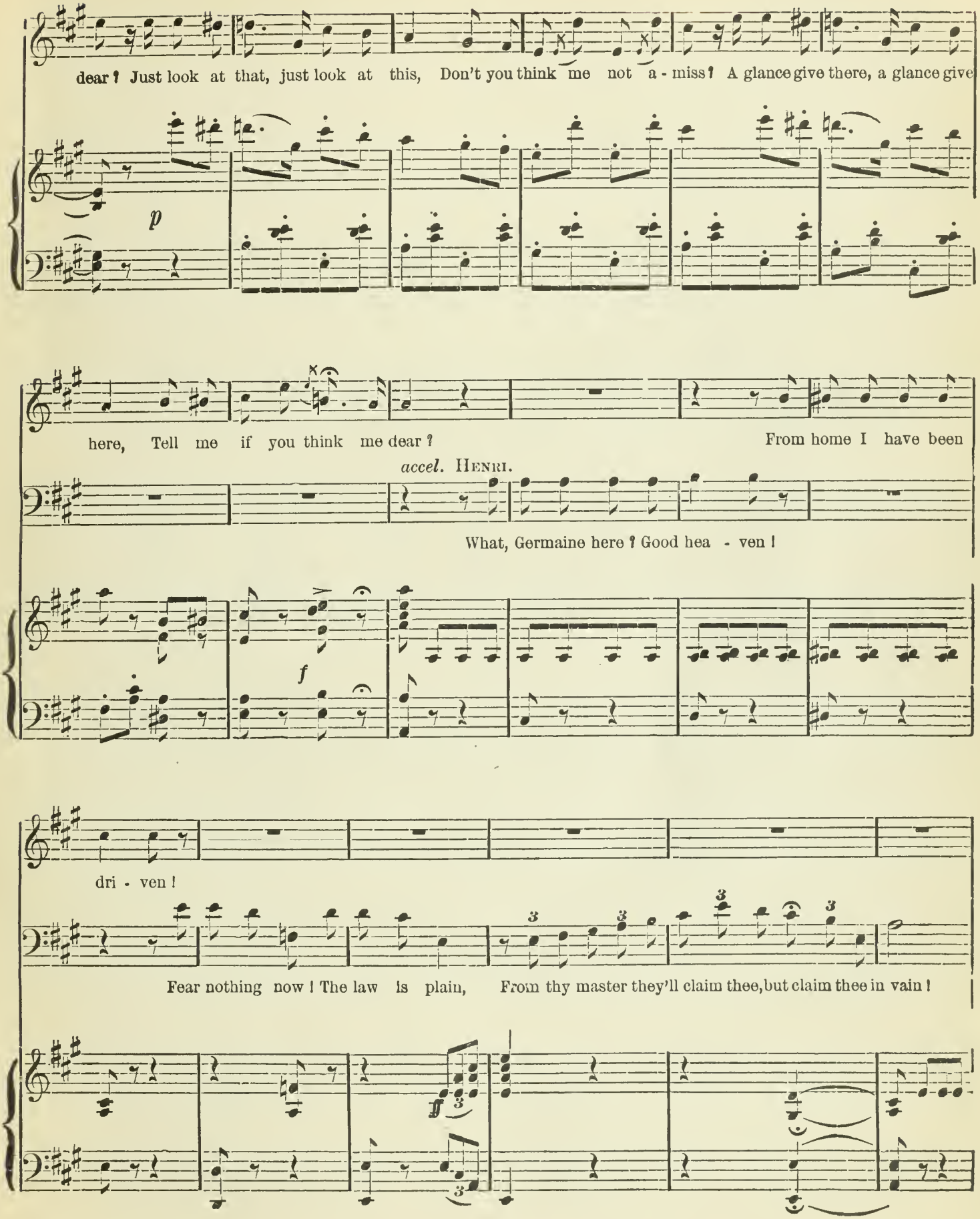
What need is there for conceal - ing, So much grace and so much

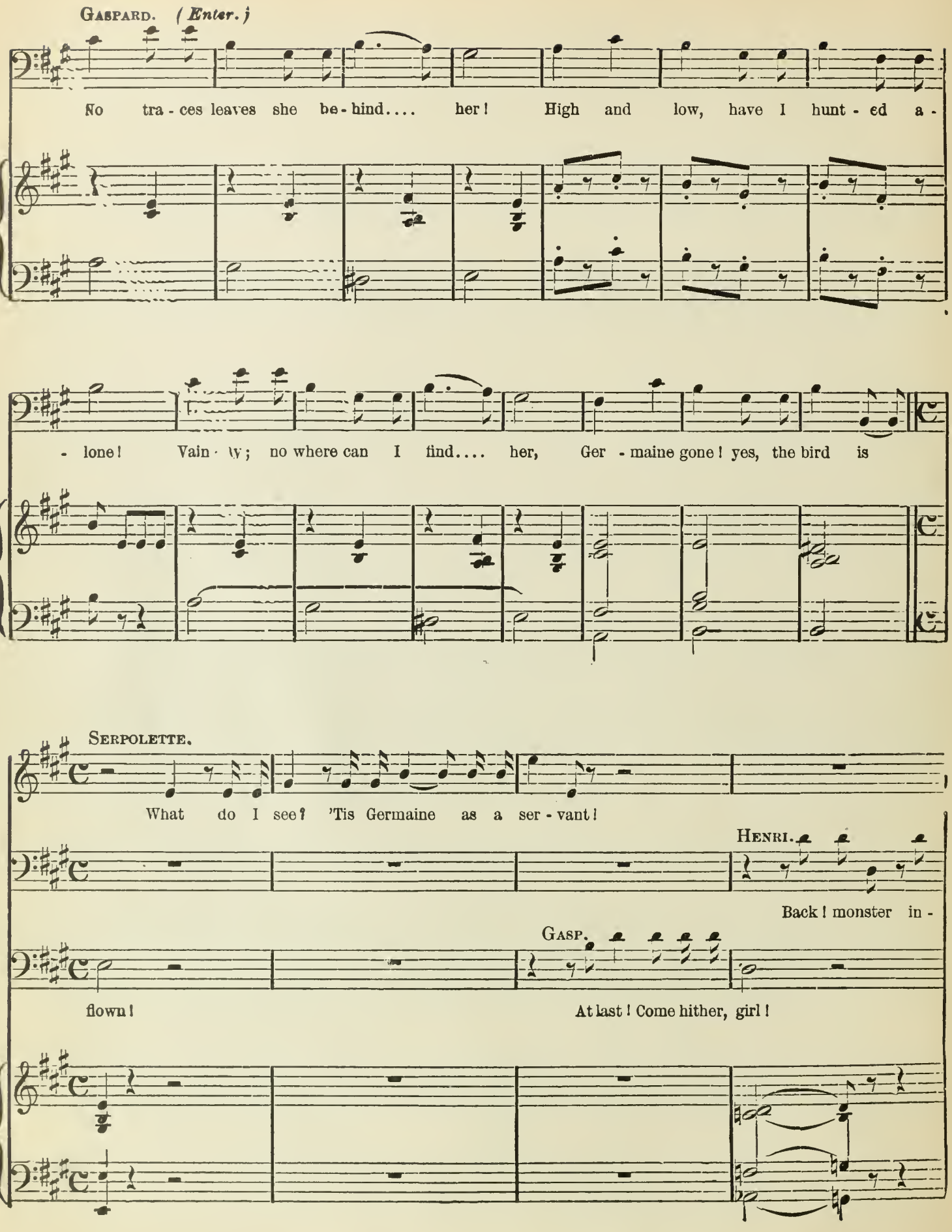
GERM. *(aside.)*

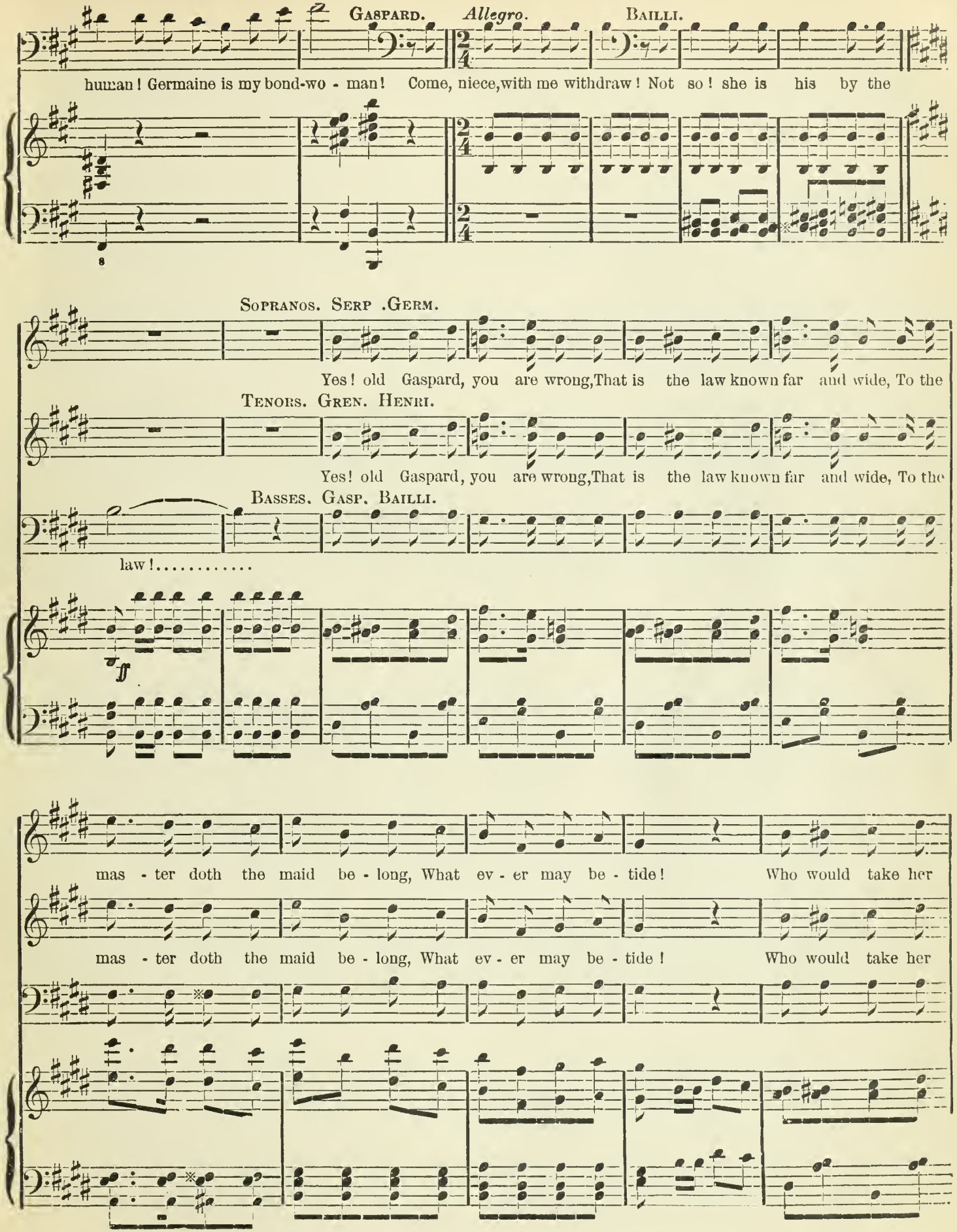
What shall I say?. ..

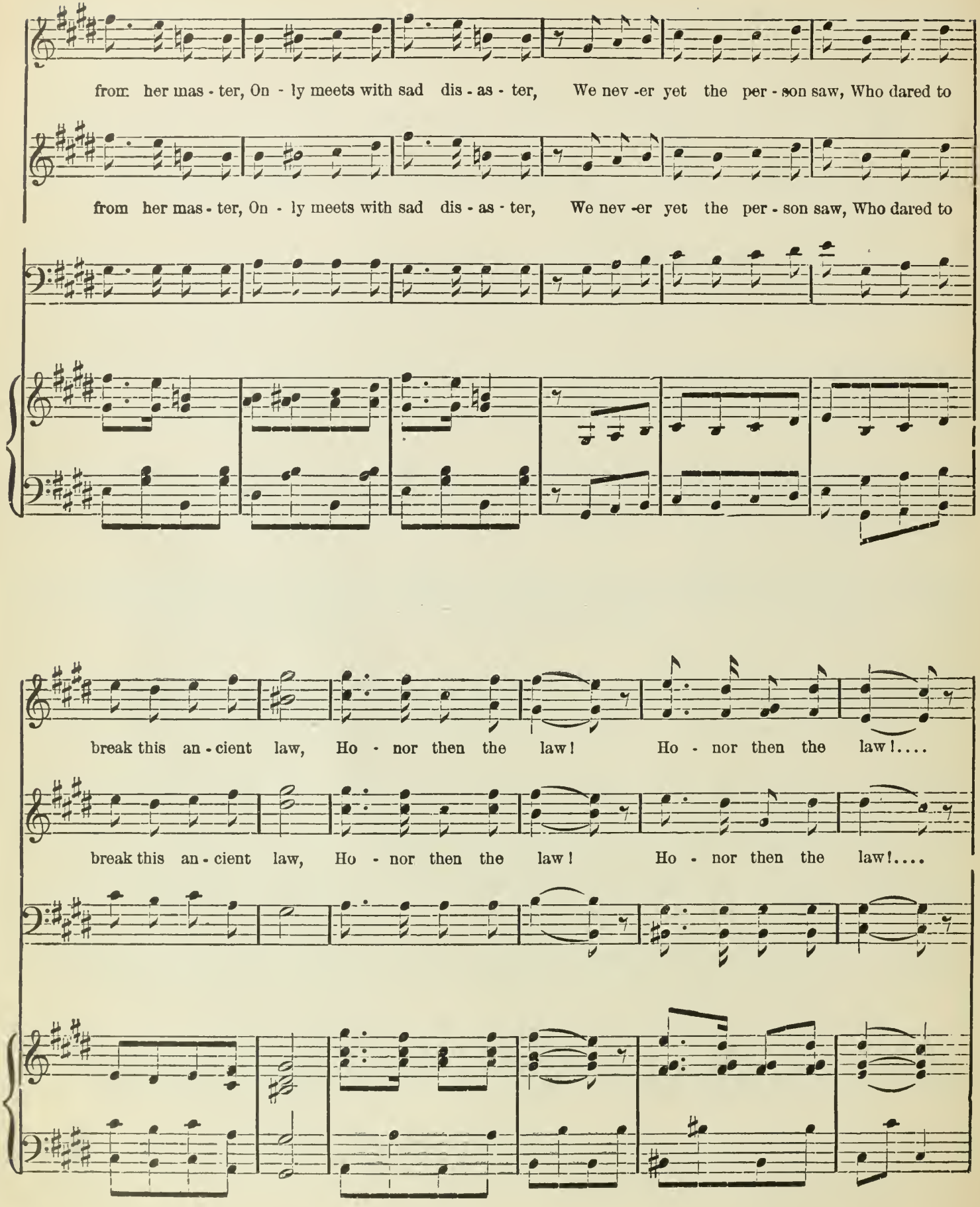
feel-ing? Come near, I pray! What you can do, I'd fain be know -

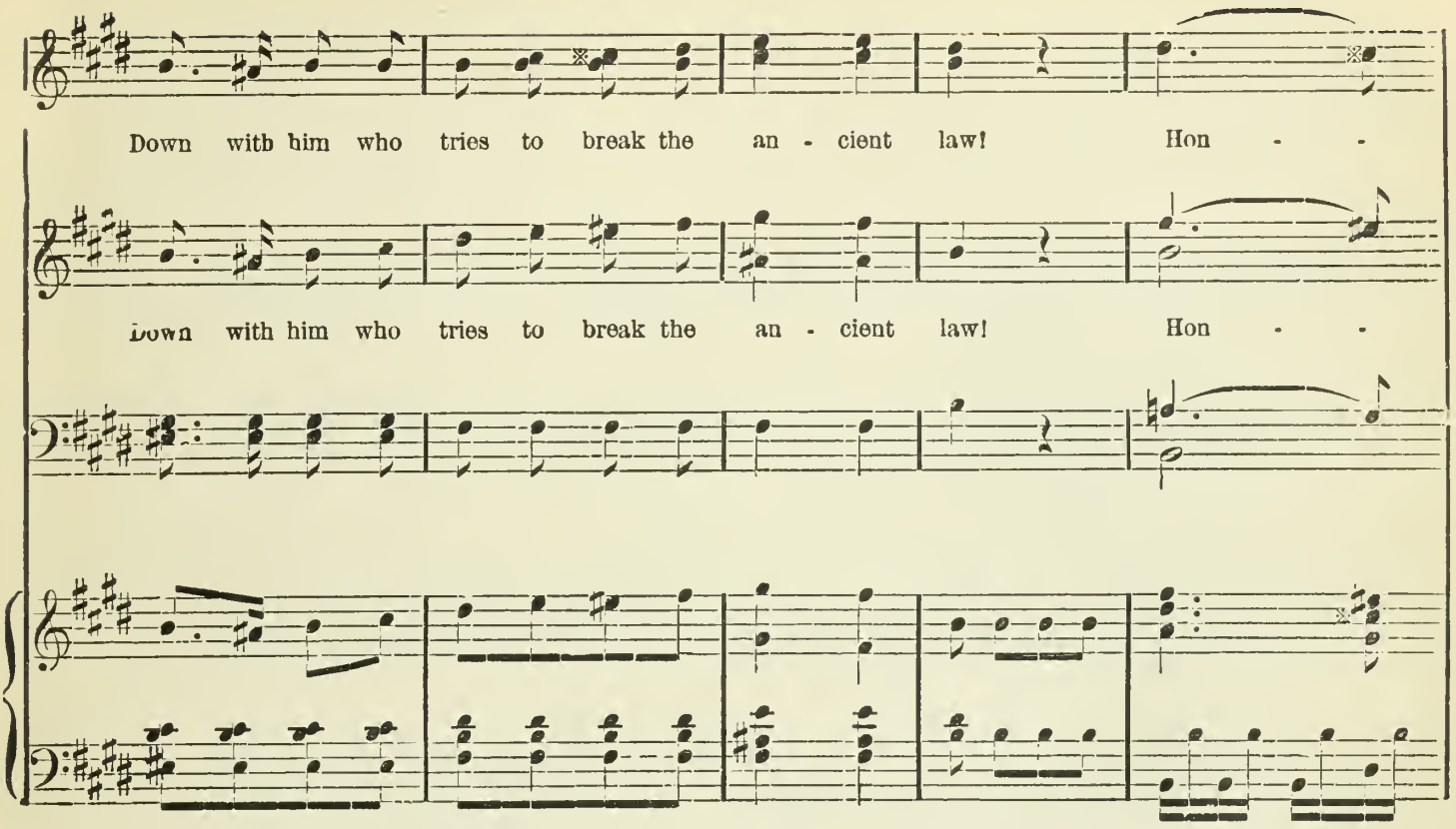

- - - ing, Your qual - i - ties, fair maid, be show - - - ing, If you with me would
Germ.
piu lento.
(Still hiding face.)
Yes, yes, I must, I know!
Just look at that, just look at
go!
p rit.
rit.
this, Don't you think me not a - miss? A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell me if you think me

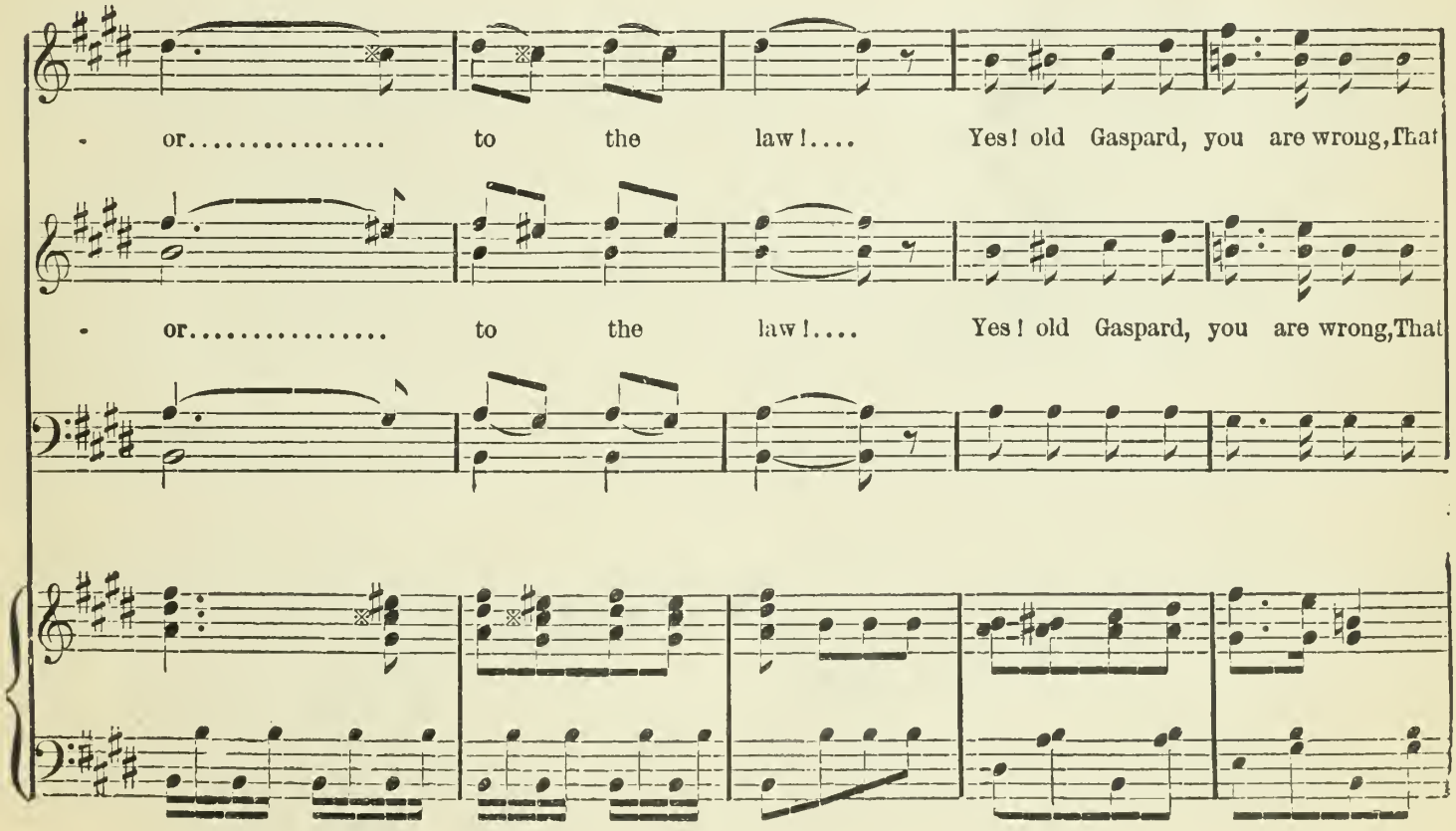

dear ? Just look at that, just look at this, Don't you think me not a - miss ? A glance give there, a glance give
p
here, Tell me if you think me dear ?
From home I have been
accel. HENRI.
What, Germaine here ? Good hea - ven !
f
dri - ven !
Fear nothing now ! The law is plain, From thy master they'll claim thee, but claim thee in vain !

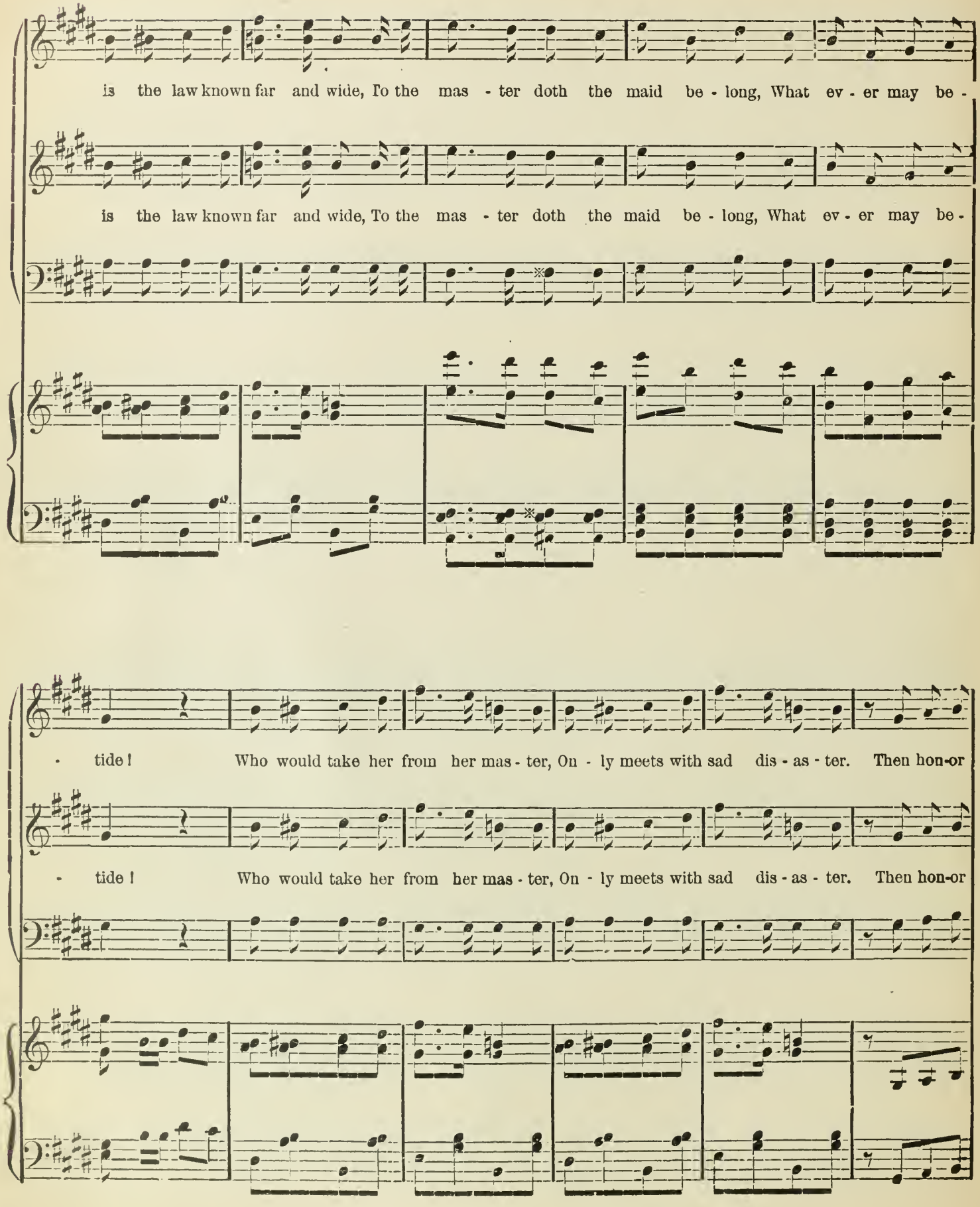

GASPARD. (Enter.)
No tra - ces leaves she be - hind.... her! High and low, have I hunt - ed a -
- lone! Vain - ly; no where can I find.... her, Ger - maine gone! yes, the bird is
SERPOLETTE.
What do I see? 'Tis Germaine as a ser - vant!
HENRI.
Back! monster in -
GASP.
flown!
At last! Come hither, girl!

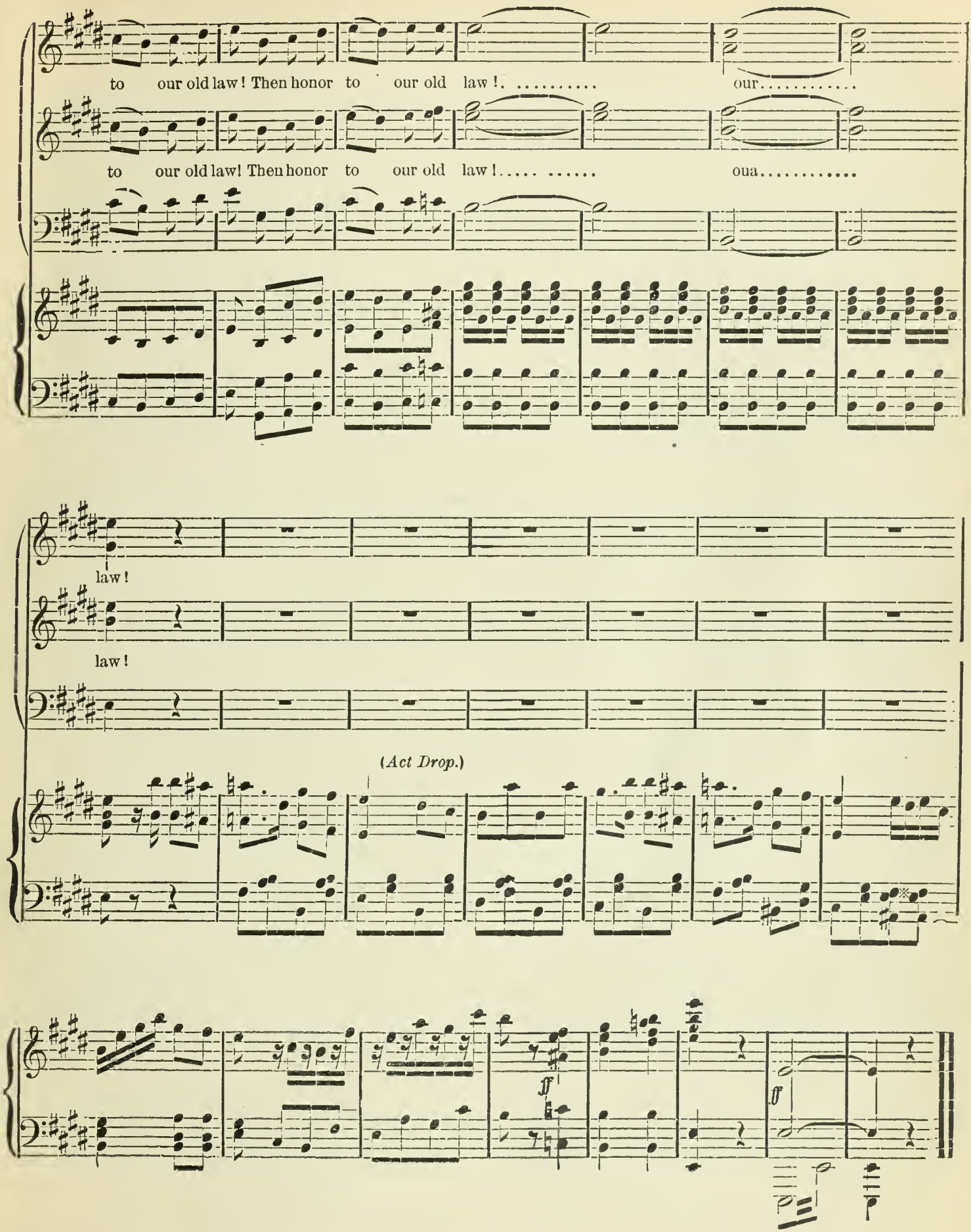

GASPARD.
Allegro.
BAILLI.
human! Germaine is my bond-wo - man! Come, niece, with me withdraw! Not so! she is his by the
SOPRANOS. SERP .GERM.
Yes! old Gaspard, you are wrong, That is the law known far and wide, To the
TENORS. GREN. HENRI.
Yes! old Gaspard, you are wrong, That is the law known far and wide, To the
BASSES. GASP. BAILLI.
law!.....
ff
mas - ter doth the maid be - long, What ev - er may be - tide! Who would take her
mas - ter doth the maid be - long, What ev - er may be - tide! Who would take her


from her mas - ter, On - ly meets with sad dis - as - ter, We nev -er yet the per - son saw, Who dared to
from her mas - ter, On - ly meets with sad dis - as - ter, We nev -er yet the per - son saw, Who dared to
break this an - cient law, Ho - nor then the law! Ho - nor then the law!....
break this an - cient law, Ho - nor then the law! Ho - nor then the law!....


Down with him who tries to break the an - cient law! Hon - -
Down with him who tries to break the an - cient law! Hon - -


- or..... to the law!.... Yes! old Gaspard, you are wrong, That
- or..... to the law!.... Yes! old Gaspard, you are wrong, That


is the law known far and wide, To the mas - ter doth the maid be - long, What ev - er may be -
is the law known far and wide, To the mas - ter doth the maid be - long, What ev - er may be -
- tide! Who would take her from her mas - ter, On - ly meets with sad dis - as - ter. Then hon-or
- tide! Who would take her from her mas - ter, On - ly meets with sad dis - as - ter. Then hon-or

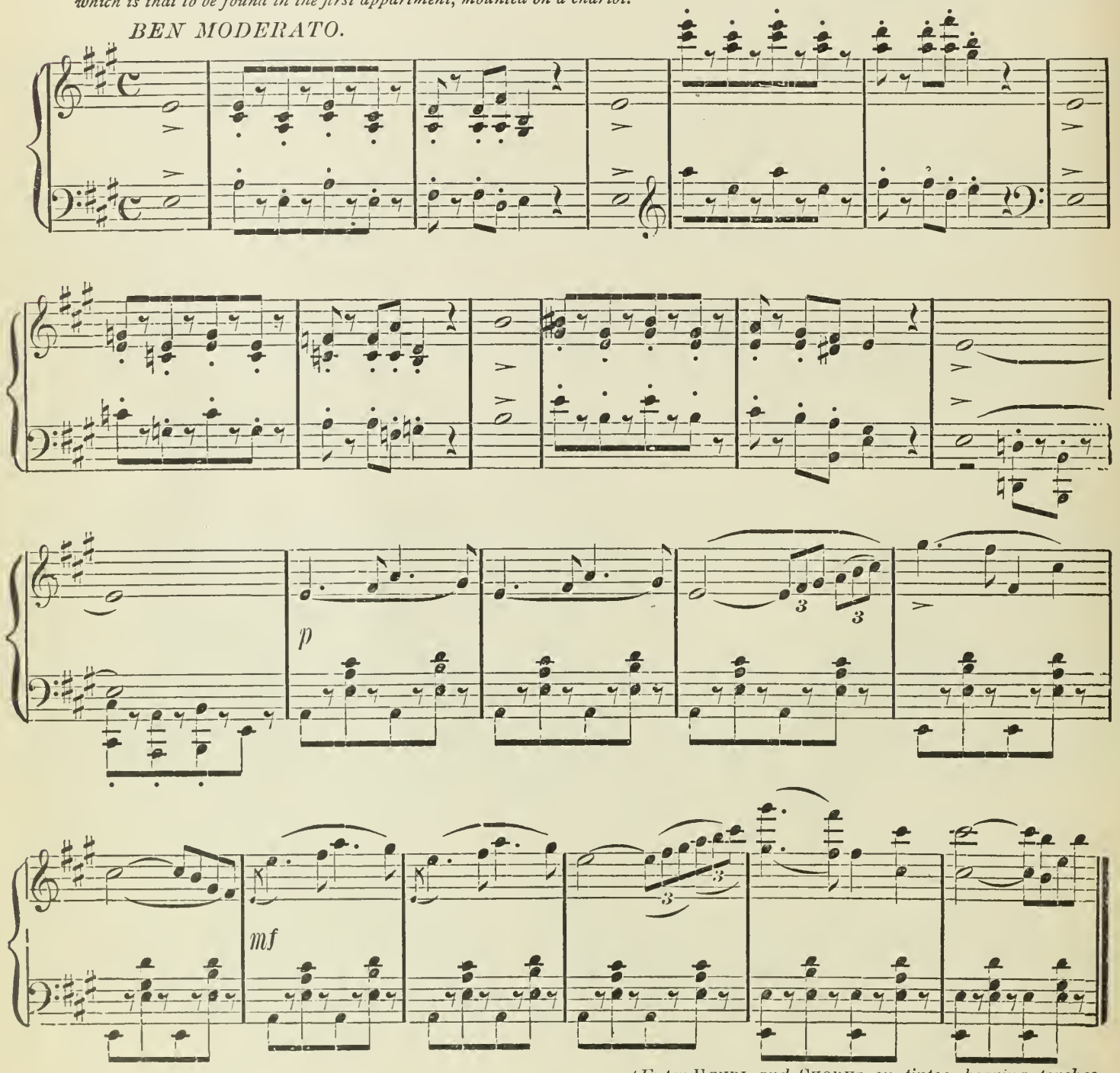

to our old law! Then honor to our old law!. ..... our.....
to our old law! Then honor to our old law!..... ..... oua.....
law!
law!
(Act Drop.)
ff
ff

ACT II.

ENTR' ACTE.

A hall in the chateau of Corneville. In the front of the stage, at left of spectator, two large windows, concealed by tapestry curtains. Opposite, on the right side, at front, a little practical door in the wainscoting. On either side are chandeliers, in which are six candles nearly consumed. Further up, two large windows open at the right on a gallery which leads outside to the river, and at the left, on another conducting to the other parts of the chateau. Near the windows and the gallery on the left, at the back, is the figure of a warrior in iron armor, mounted on a rolling chariot. A table and chairs of the period are on the stage; there is also a piece of tapestry, representing a hunt in the time of Henri II. When the tapestry is drawn aside, a second hall is seen which is covered with dust and cobwebs. In this appartment, which extends to the very back of the stage, stand four pedestals surmounted with warriors in iron uniform. The first pedestal at the left has lost its figure which is that to be found in the first appartment, mounted on a chariot.

BEN MODERATO.



(*Enter* HENRI *and* CHORUS *on tiptoe, bearing torches*

LET OUR TORCHES LIGHT THE GLOOM.

No. 10. GERMAINE, HENRI & CHORUS.

Same time as previous.

TENORS. *p*

Let our torch - es light up the gloom,

BASSES. *p*

Let our torch - es light up the gloom,

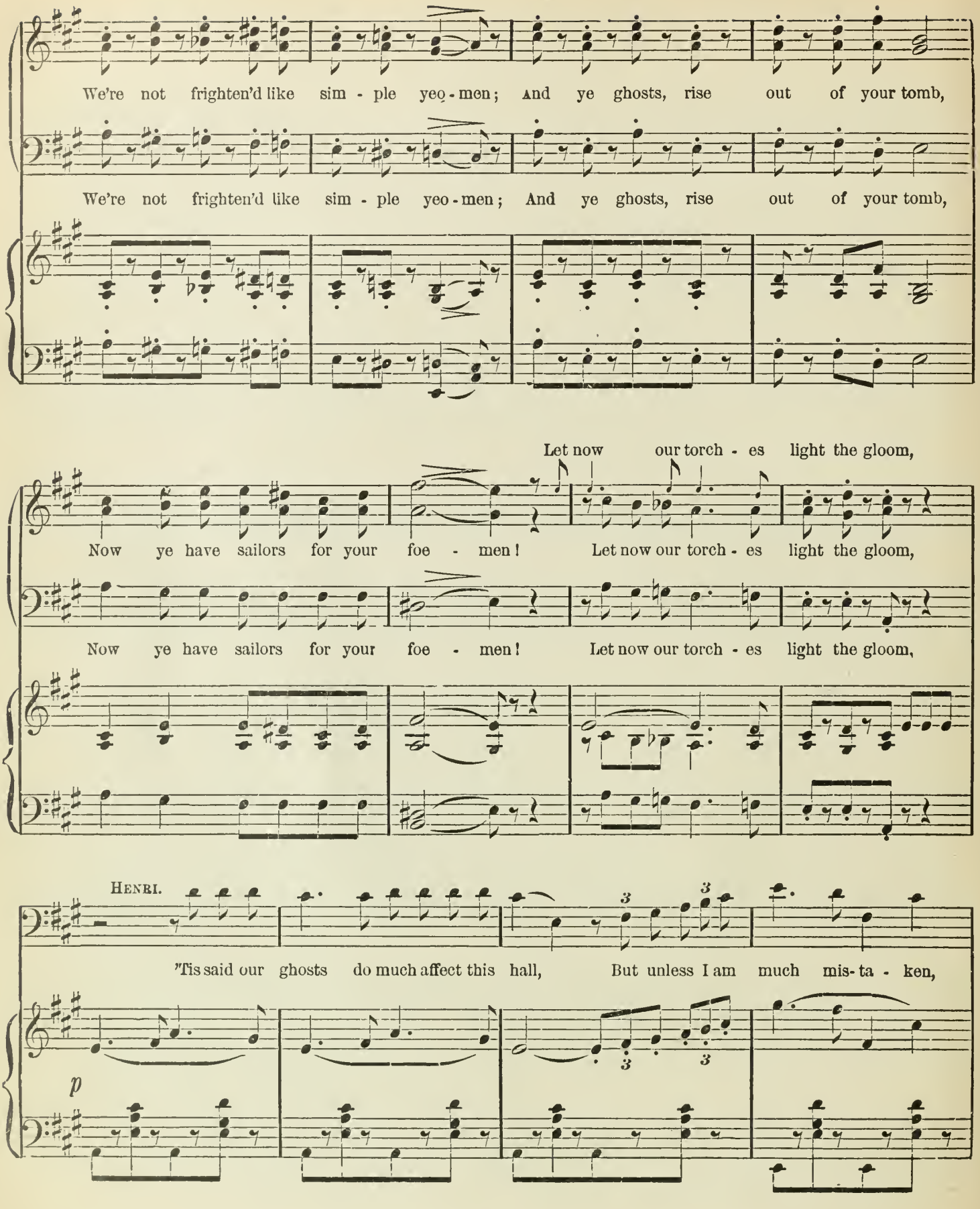
We're not frighten'd like sim - ple yeo - men; And ye ghosts, rise out of your tomb,

We're not frighten'd like sim - ple yeo - men; And ye ghosts, rise out of your tomb,

(ADD SOPRANO.)

Now ye have sailors for your foe - men! Let our torch - es light up the gloom,

Now ye have sailors for your foe - men! Let our torch - es light up the gloom,


We're not frighten'd like sim - ple yeo - men; And ye ghosts, rise out of your tomb,
We're not frighten'd like sim - ple yeo - men; And ye ghosts, rise out of your tomb,
Let now our torch - es light the gloom,
Now ye have sailors for your foe - men! Let now our torch - es light the gloom,
Now ye have sailors for your foe - men! Let now our torch - es light the gloom,
HENRI.
'Tis said our ghosts do much affect this hall, But unless I am much mis - ta - ken,
p

Enter Germaine.)

they are not ghosts at all! In this old room, all seems unchanged still, unchanged still!

GERMAINE.

I am a timid girl, I know, But

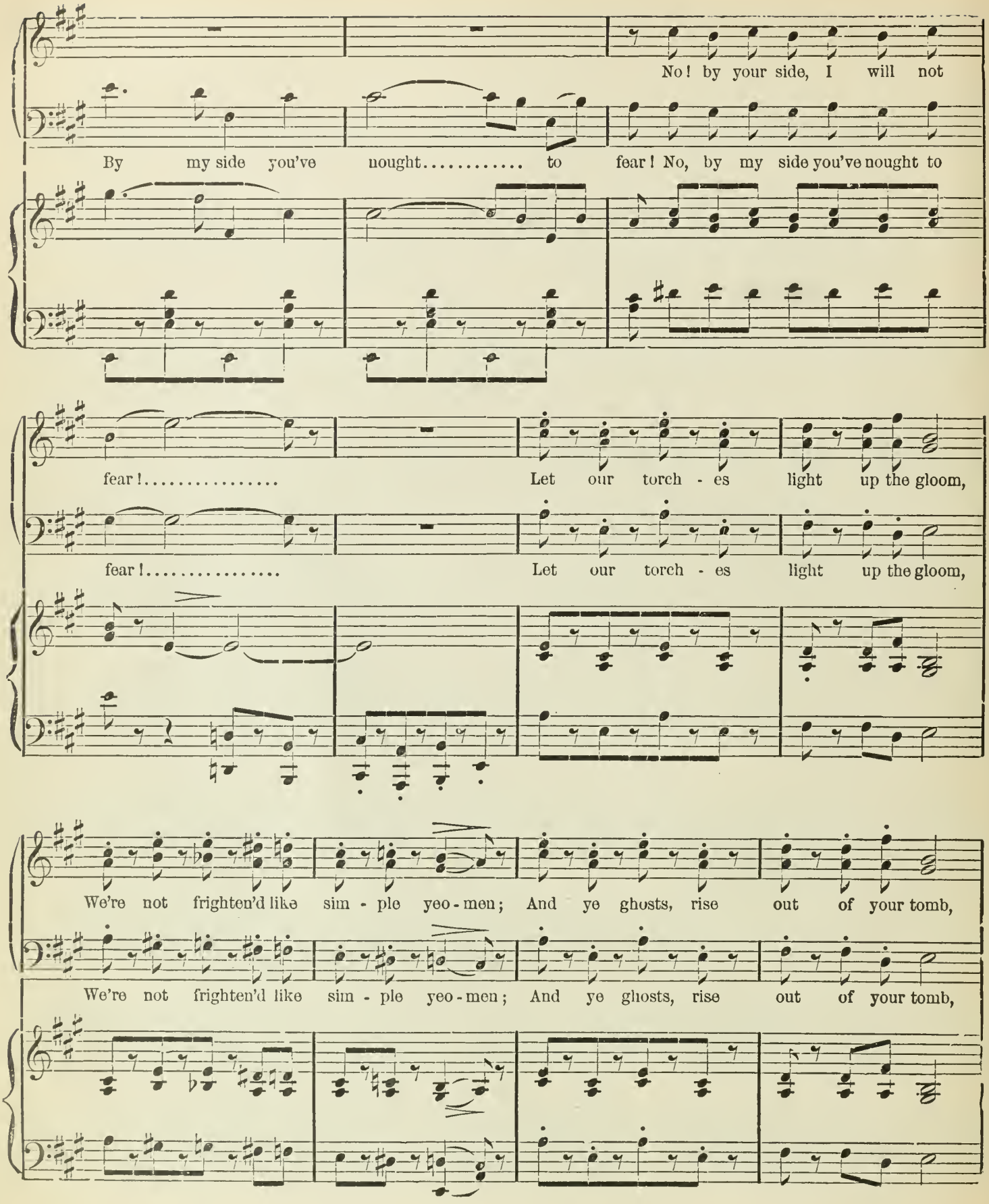
HENRI.

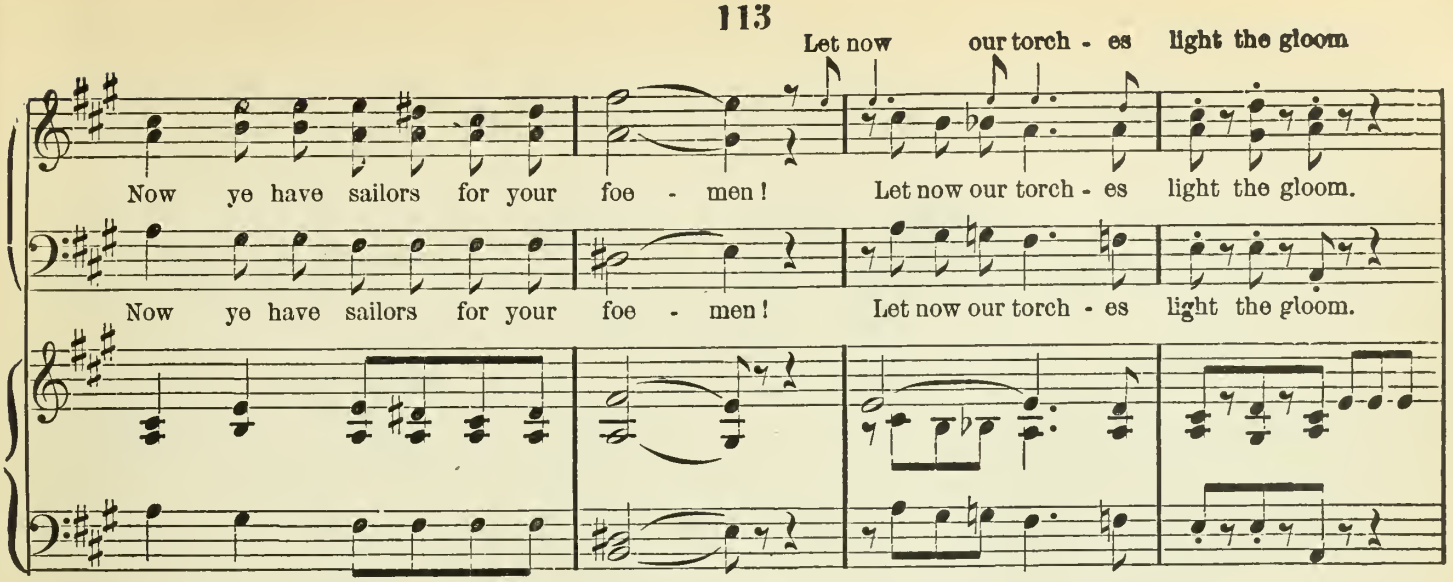
Ah! Germaine, you are ill!....

where you venture I will go!

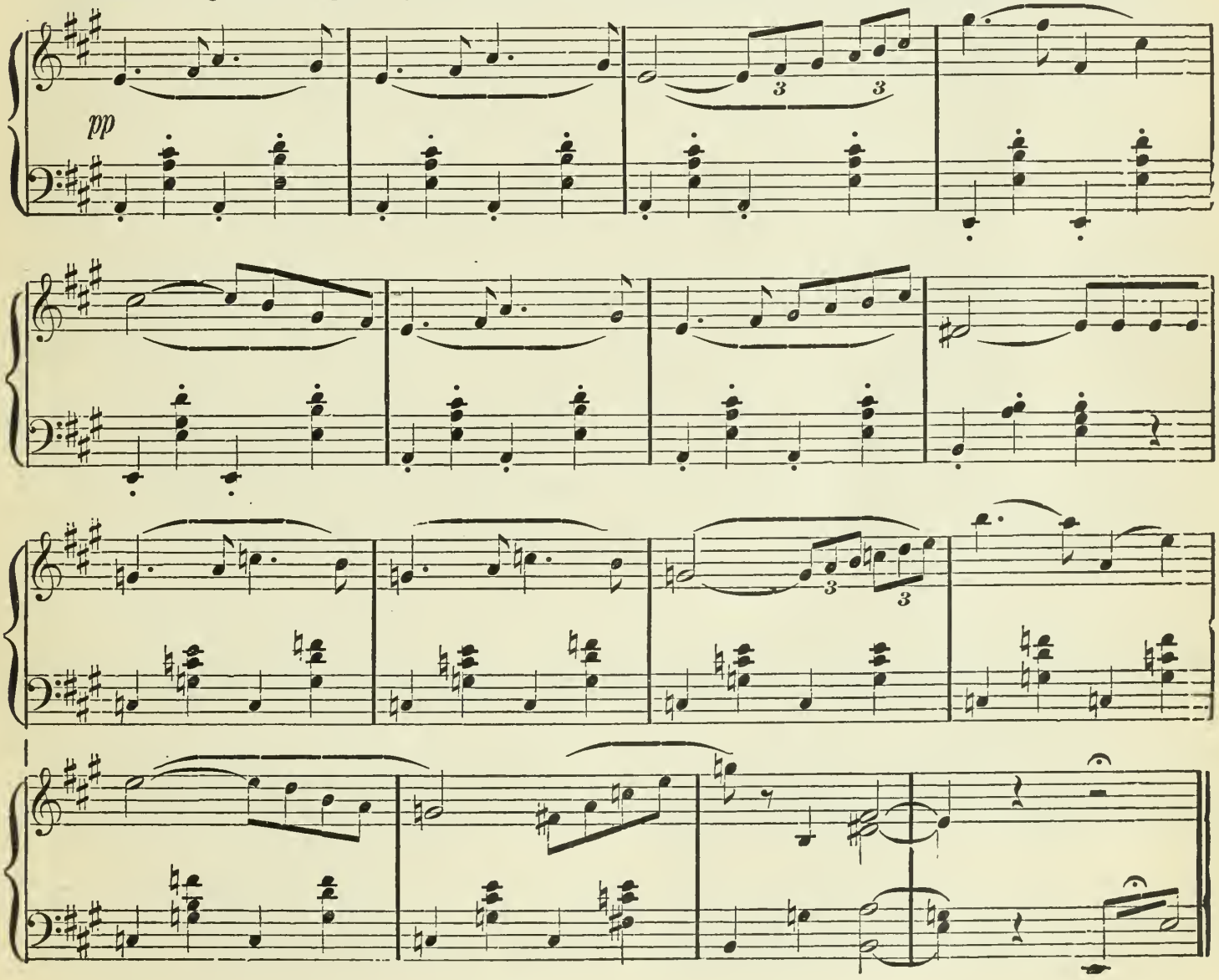
HENRI.

Nay! courage now! Am I not near?


No! by your side, I will not
By my side you've nought..... to fear! No, by my side you've nought to
fear!..... Let our torch - es light up the gloom,
fear!..... Let our torch - es light up the gloom,
We're not frighten'd like sim - ple yeo - men; And ye ghosts, rise out of your tomb,
We're not frighten'd like sim - ple yeo - men; And ye ghosts, rise out of your tomb,



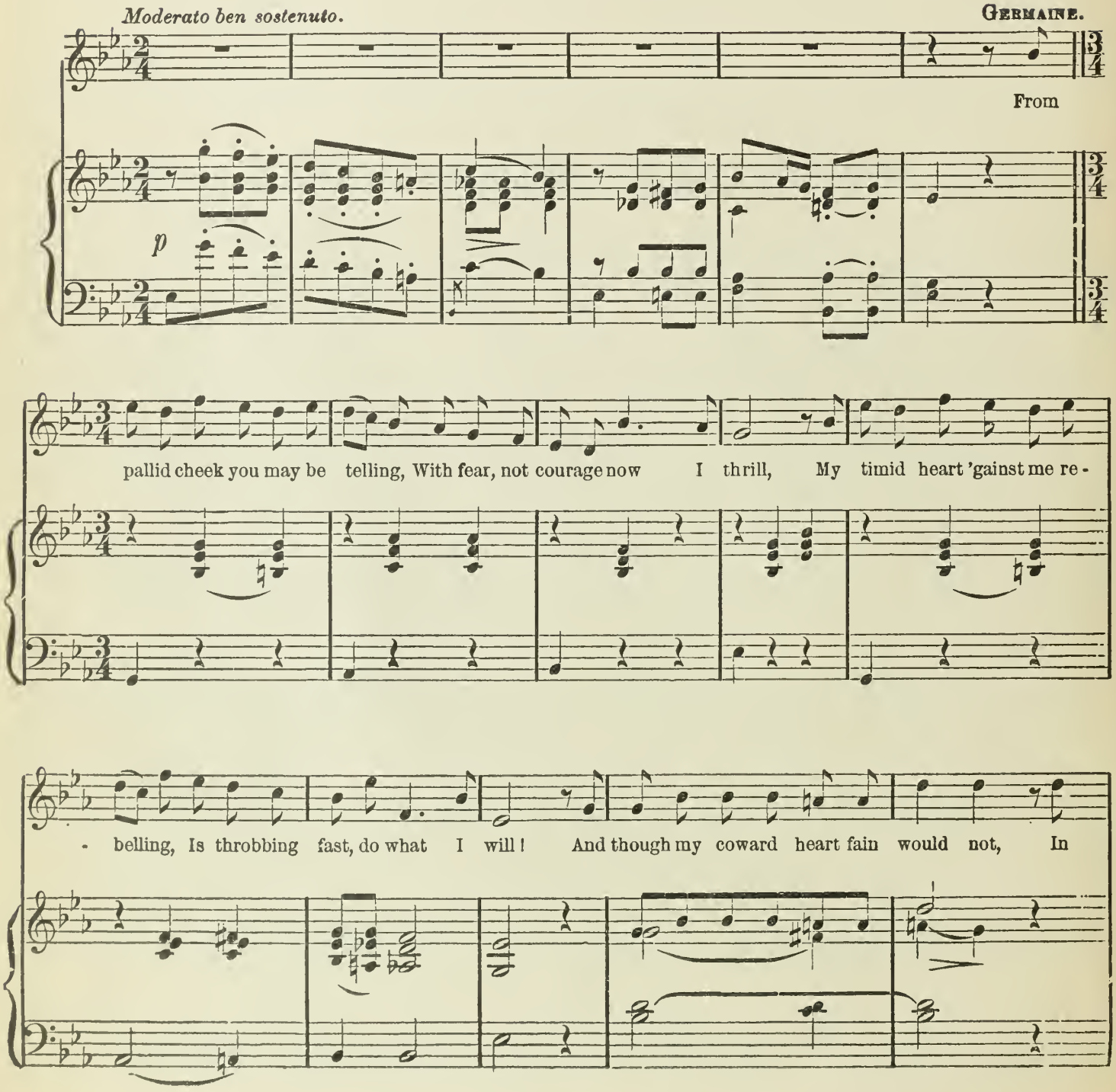
HENRI. Now, my lads, leave not a hall unsearched. Don't forget the door that opens on the river. We'll soon unmask the rogues that disgrace my ancestral home with their knavish tricks. (*Exeunt omnes except Germaine.*)

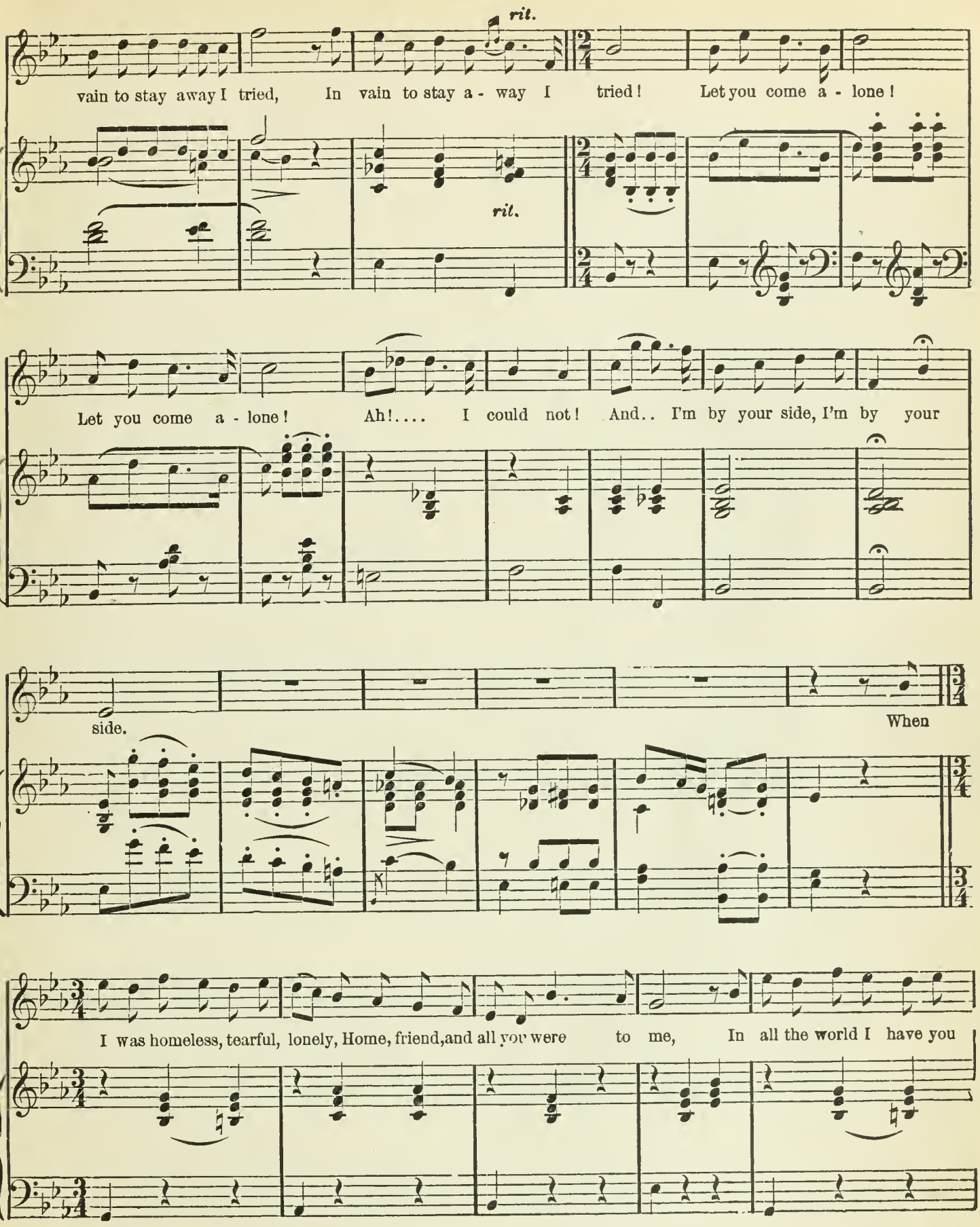


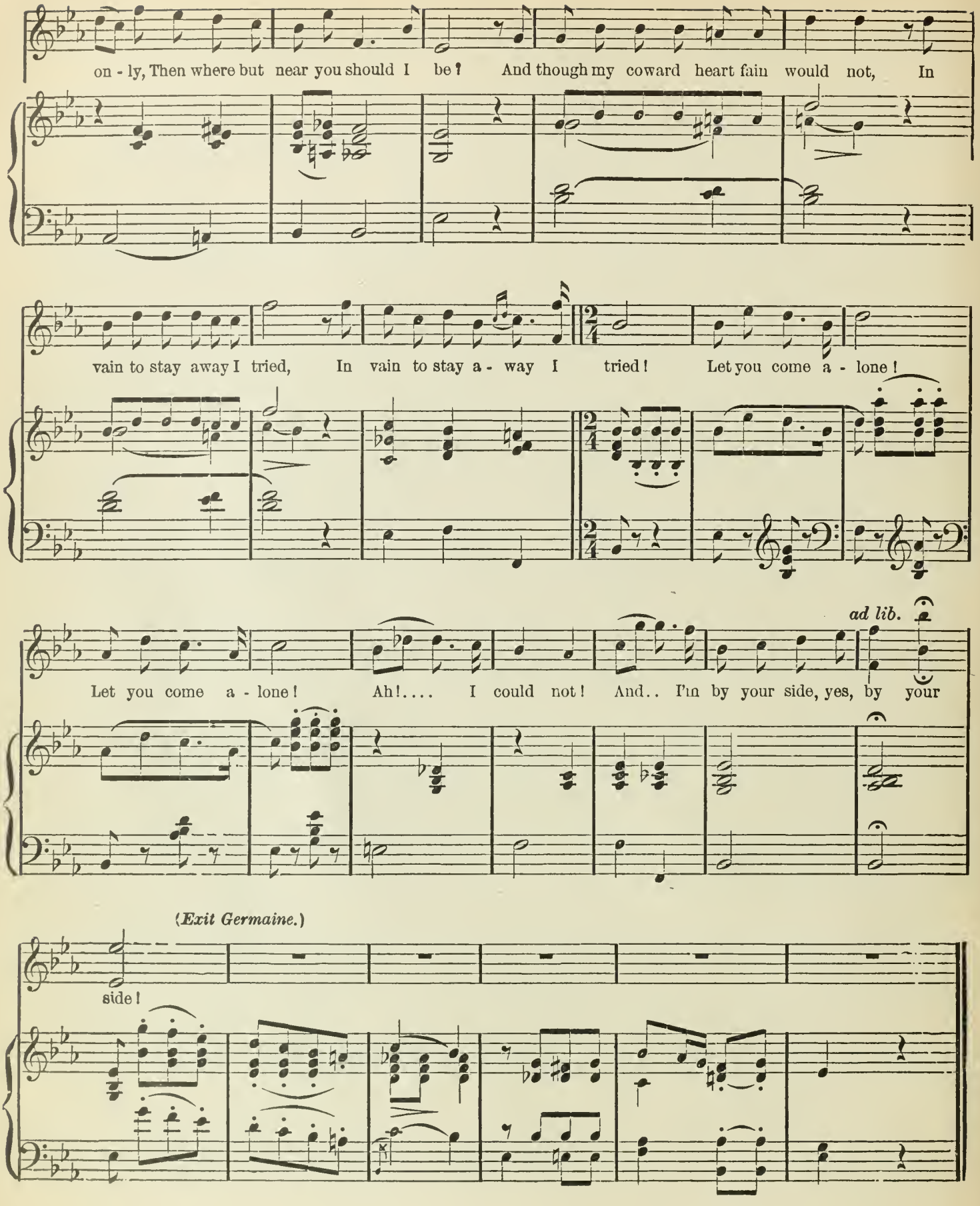
NOTE.—This song should be sung previous to No **14.**

BY HIS SIDE.

No. 10 bis. **AIR. GERMAINE.**




rit.
vain to stay away I tried, In vain to stay a - way I tried! Let you come a - lone!
rit.
Let you come a - lone! Ah!.... I could not! And.. I'm by your side, I'm by your
side.
When
I was homeless, tearful, lonely, Home, friend, and all you were to me, In all the world I have you

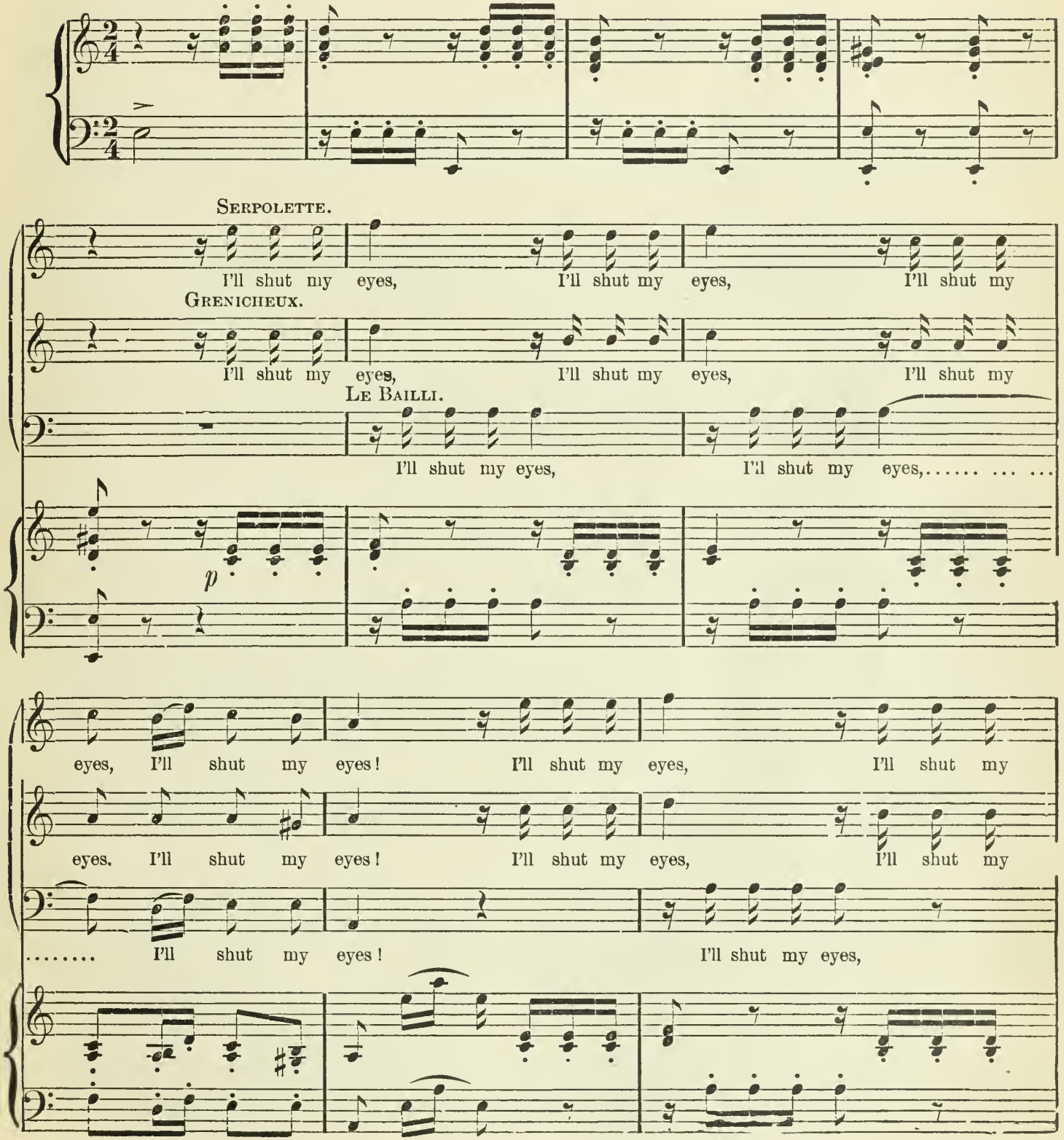

on - ly, Then where but near you should I be? And though my coward heart fain would not, In
vain to stay away I tried, In vain to stay a - way I tried! Let you come a - lone!
Let you come a - lone! Ah!.... I could not! And.. I'm by your side, yes, by your
ad lib.
(Exit Germaine.)
side!

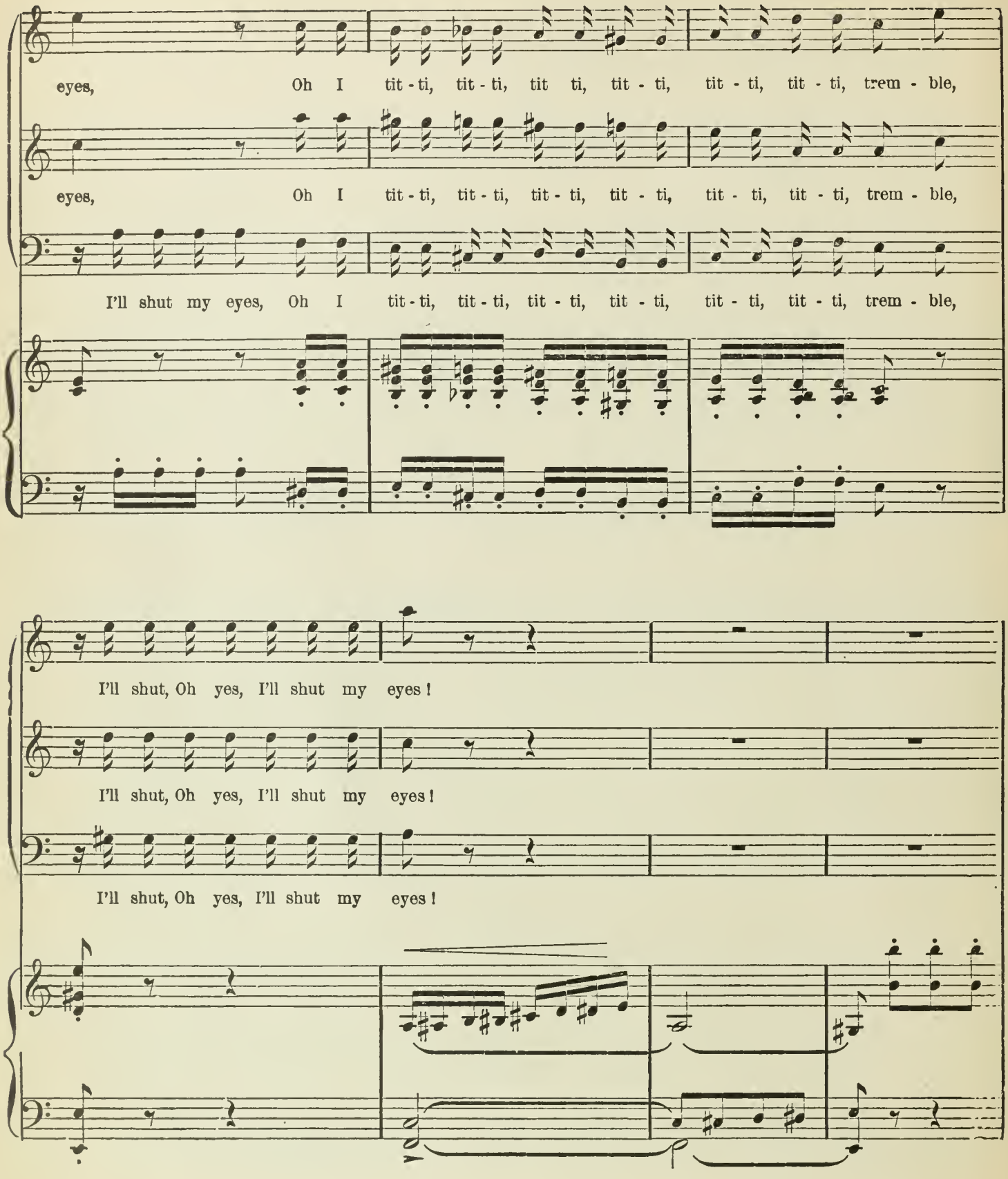
I'LL SHUT MY EYES.

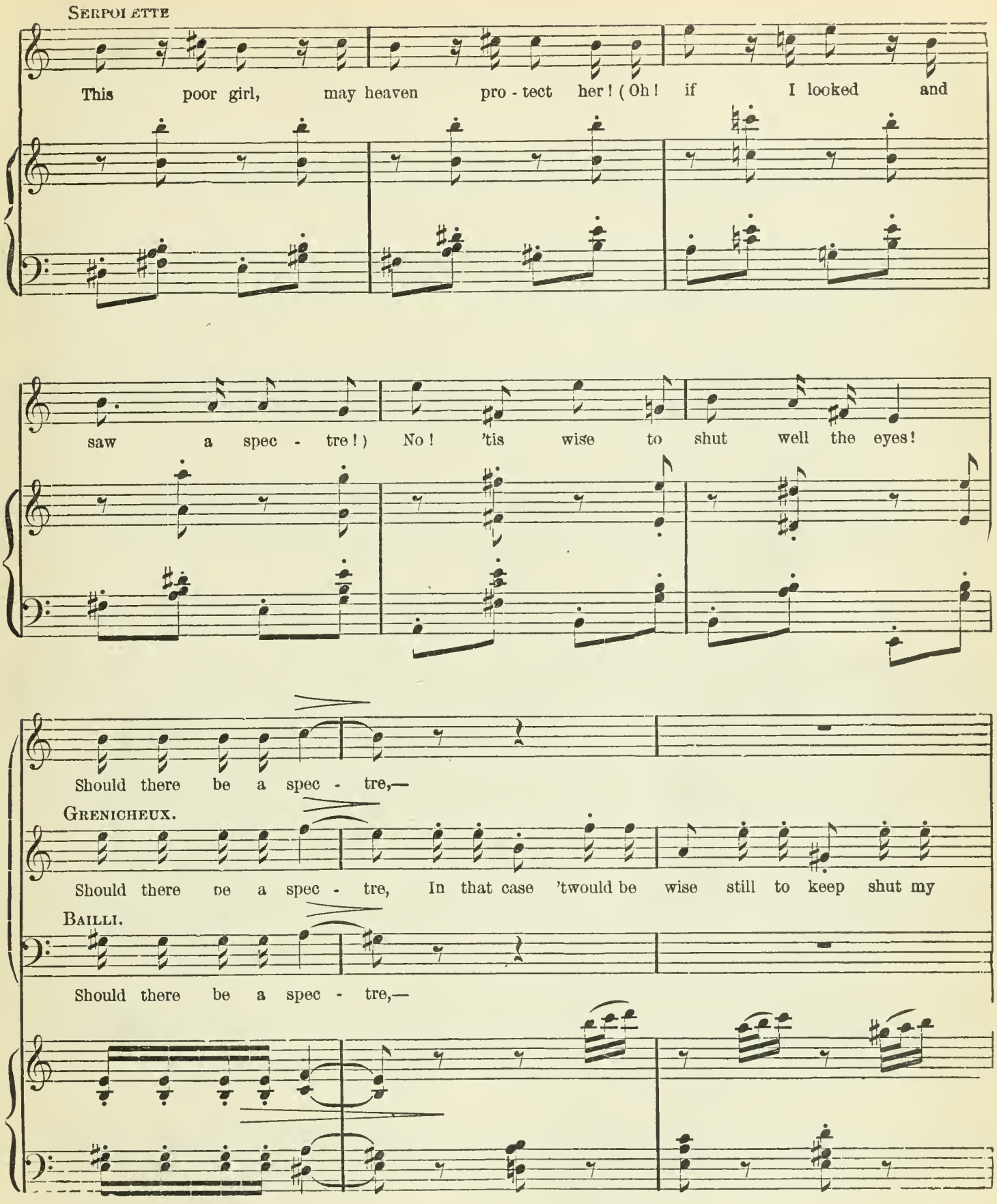
TRIO. Serpolette, Grenicheux & Bailli.

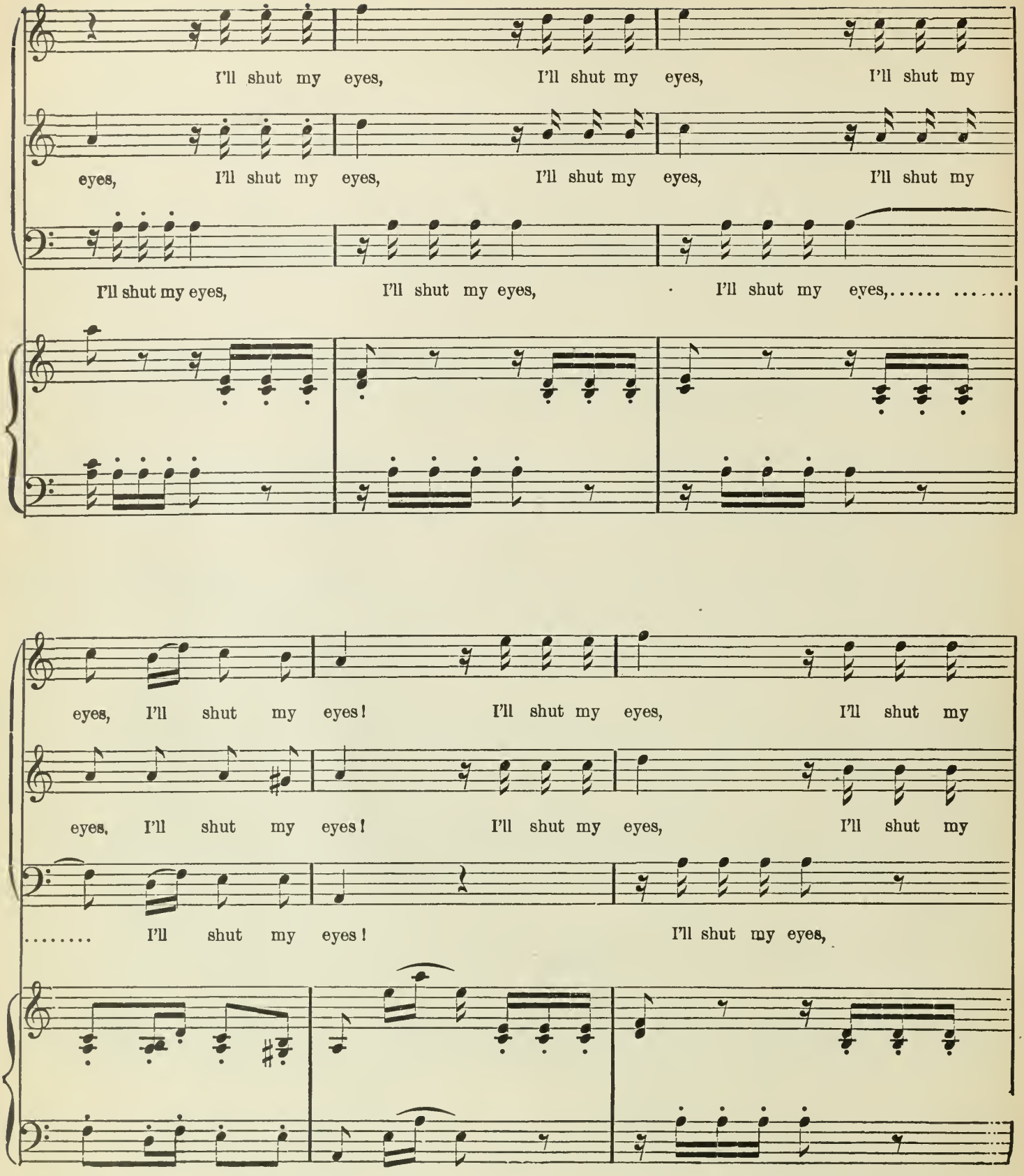
***Enter** Serpolette, Grenicheux and Bailli, groping in the dark. They touch each other and recoil with a cry.*

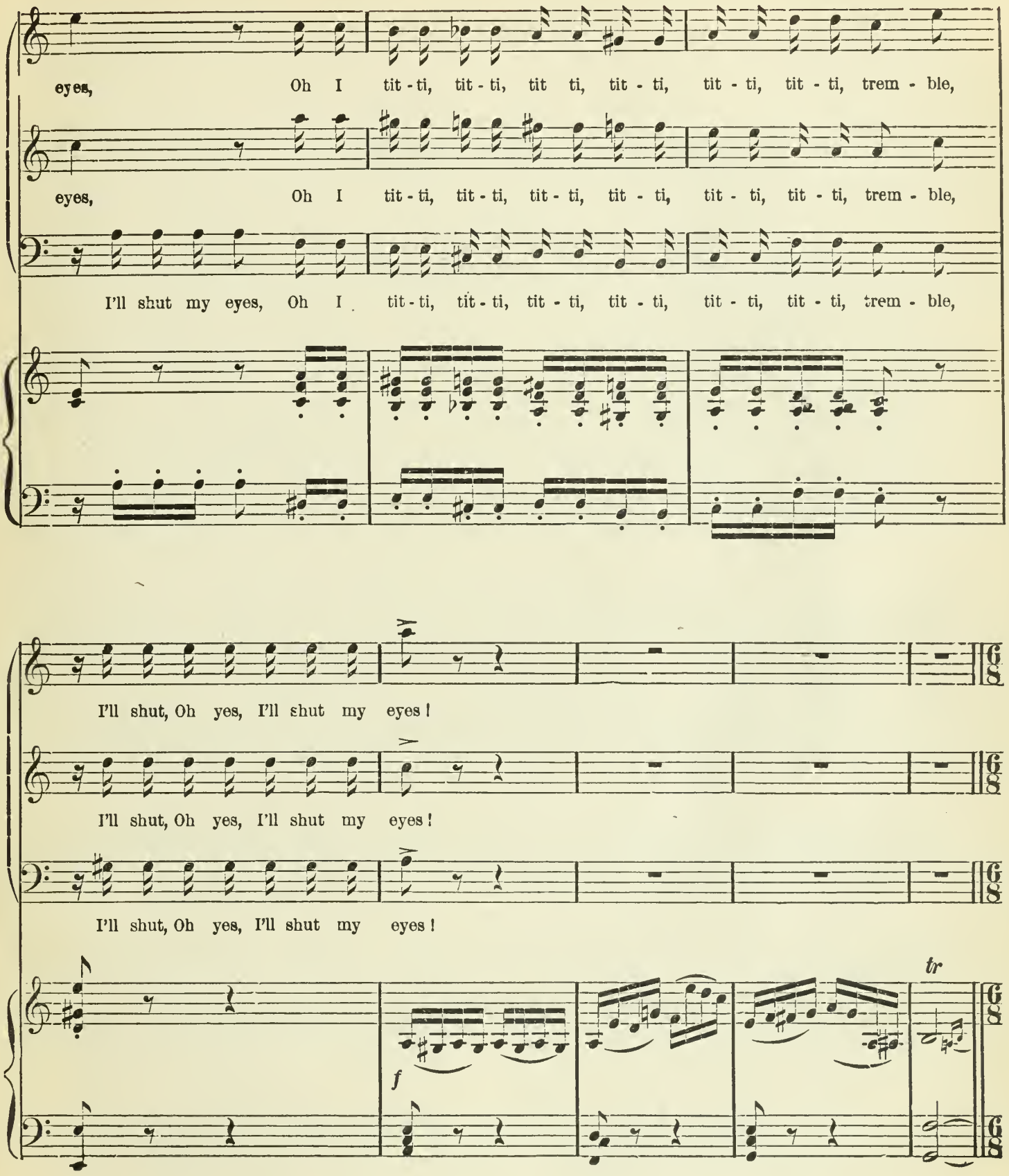
ALLEGRETTO.

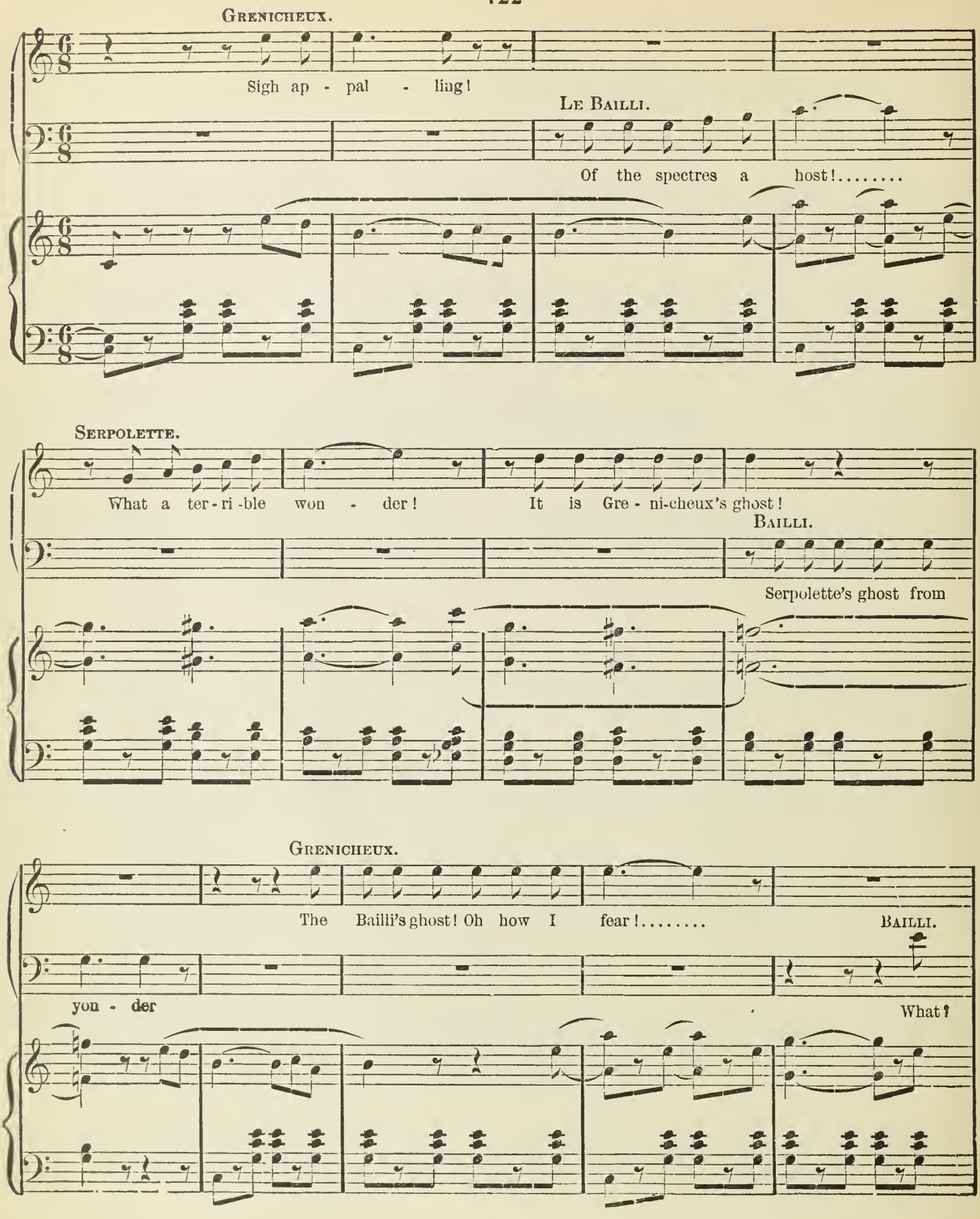



eyes, Oh I tit - ti, tit - ti, tit ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, trem - ble,
eyes, Oh I tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, trem - ble,
I'll shut my eyes, Oh I tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, trem - ble,
I'll shut, Oh yes, I'll shut my eyes!
I'll shut, Oh yes, I'll shut my eyes!
I'll shut, Oh yes, I'll shut my eyes!


SERPOLETTE
This poor girl, may heaven pro - tect her! (Oh! if I looked and
saw a spec - tre!) No! 'tis wise to shut well the eyes!
Should there be a spec - tre,—
GRENICHEUX.
Should there be a spec - tre, In that case 'twould be wise still to keep shut my
BAILLI.
Should there be a spec - tre,—


I'll shut my eyes, I'll shut my eyes, I'll shut my
eyes, I'll shut my eyes, I'll shut my eyes, I'll shut my
I'll shut my eyes, I'll shut my eyes, I'll shut my eyes,
eyes, I'll shut my eyes! I'll shut my eyes, I'll shut my
eyes, I'll shut my eyes! I'll shut my eyes, I'll shut my
I'll shut my eyes! I'll shut my eyes,


eyes, Oh I tit - ti, tit - ti, tit ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, trem - ble,
eyes, Oh I tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, trem - ble,
I'll shut my eyes, Oh I tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, tit - ti, trem - ble,
I'll shut, Oh yes, I'll shut my eyes!
I'll shut, Oh yes, I'll shut my eyes!
I'll shut, Oh yes, I'll shut my eyes!
f
tr


Grenicheux.
Sigh ap - pal - ling!
Le Bailli.
Of the spectres a host!.....
Serpolette.
What a ter-ri-ble won - der! It is Gre - ni-cheux's ghost!
Bailli.
Serpolette's ghost from
Grenicheux.
The Bailli's ghost! Oh how I fear!.....
Bailli.
yon - der
What?

SERPOLETTE.

No! I for one, With my flesh am not

three of us ghosts, and all here? We three spirits all here?

f

done! I breathe a-gain, no ghosts are nigh!

GRENICHEUX. *f*

No more am I! I breathe a-gain, no ghosts are nigh!

BAILLI. *f*

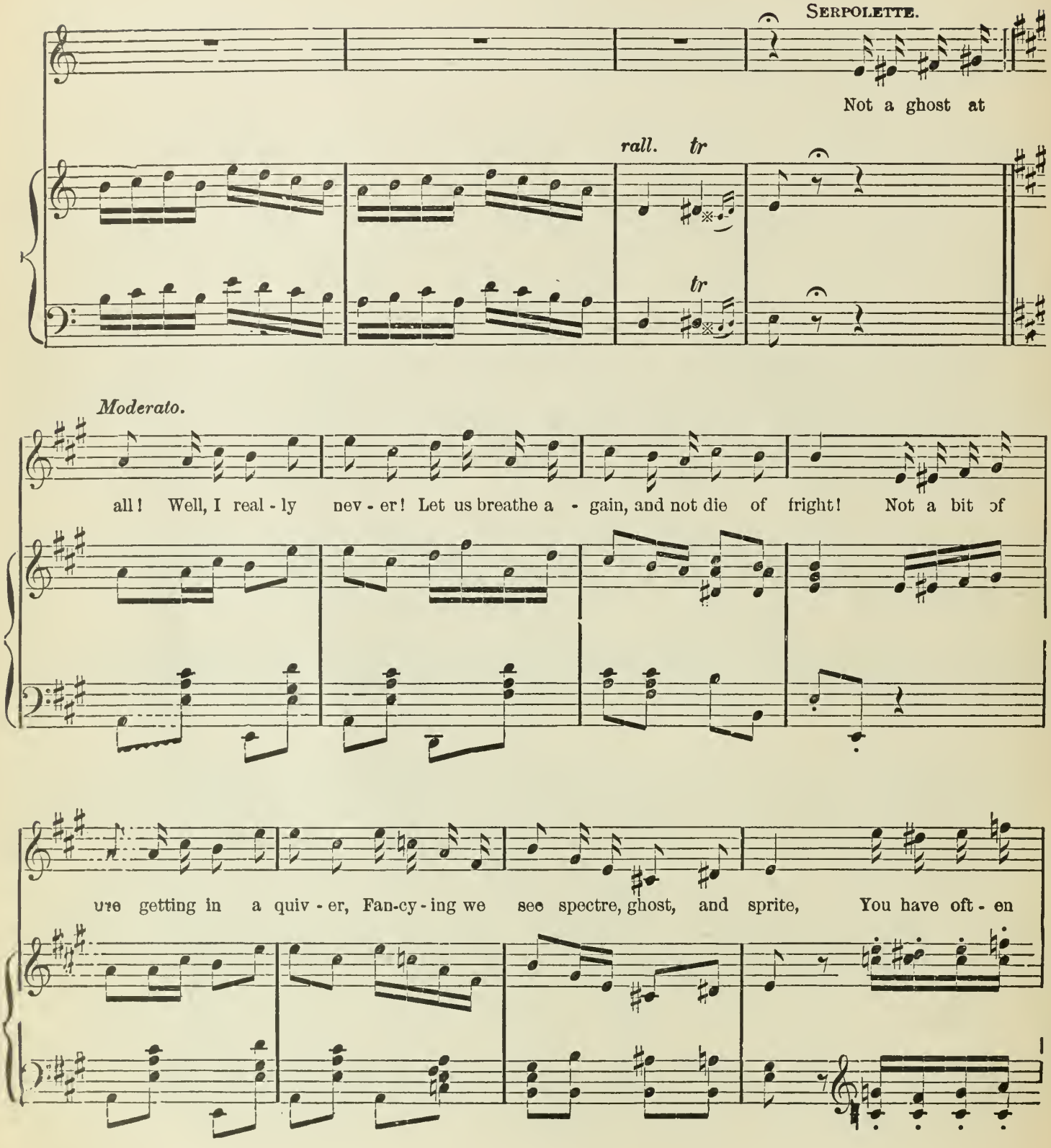
No more am I, I breathe a-gain, no ghosts are nigh!

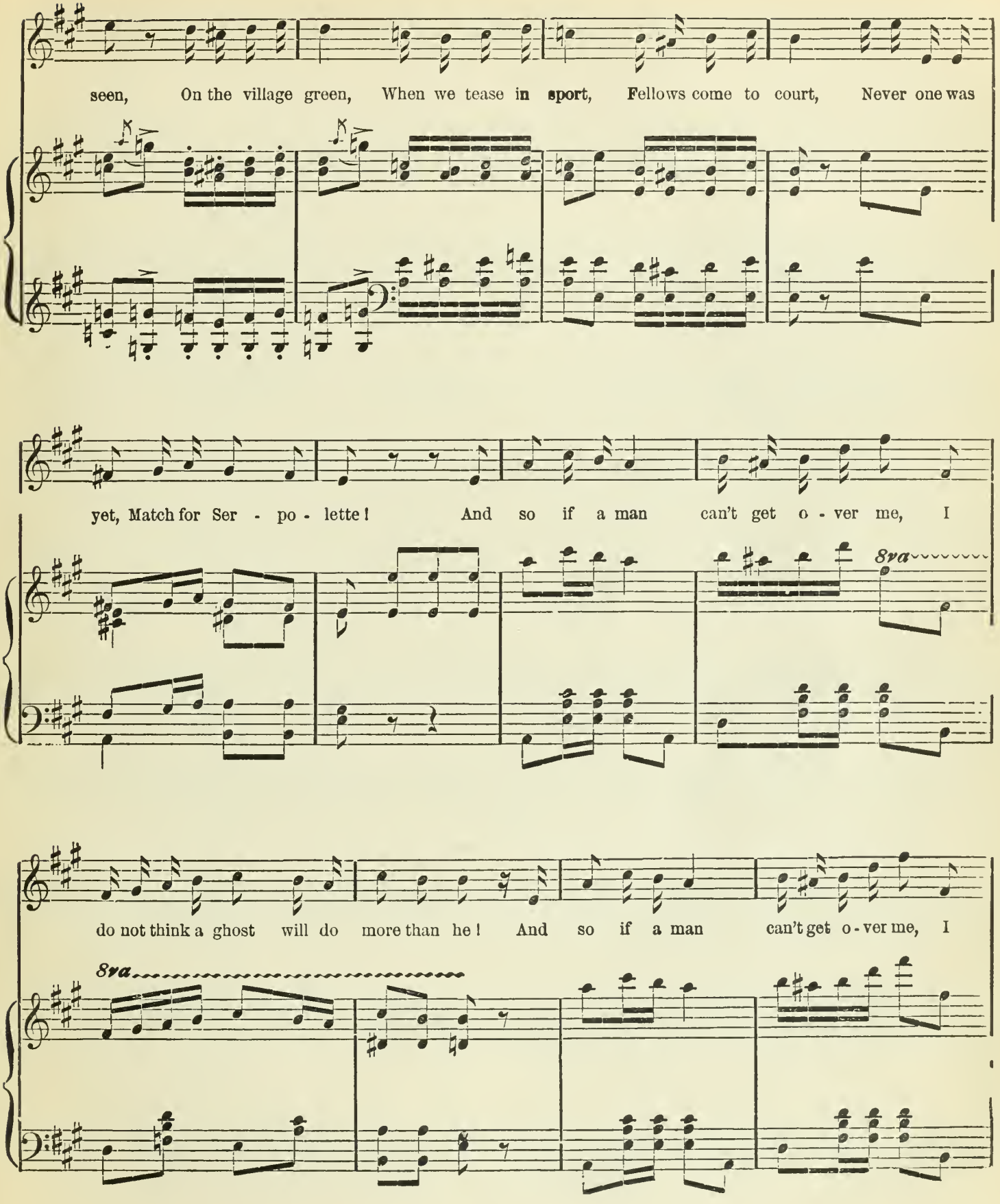
Allegretto.

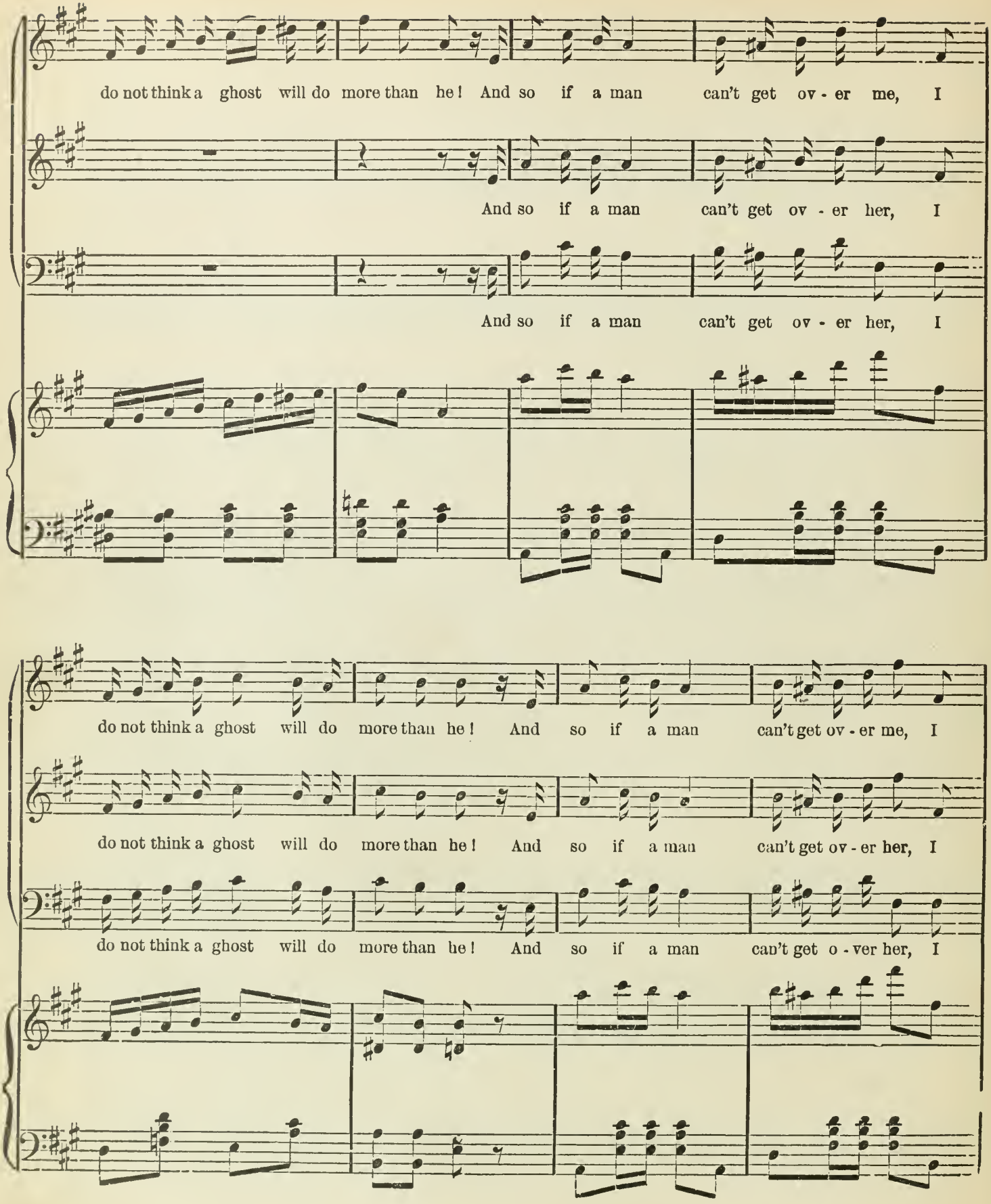
f *f*

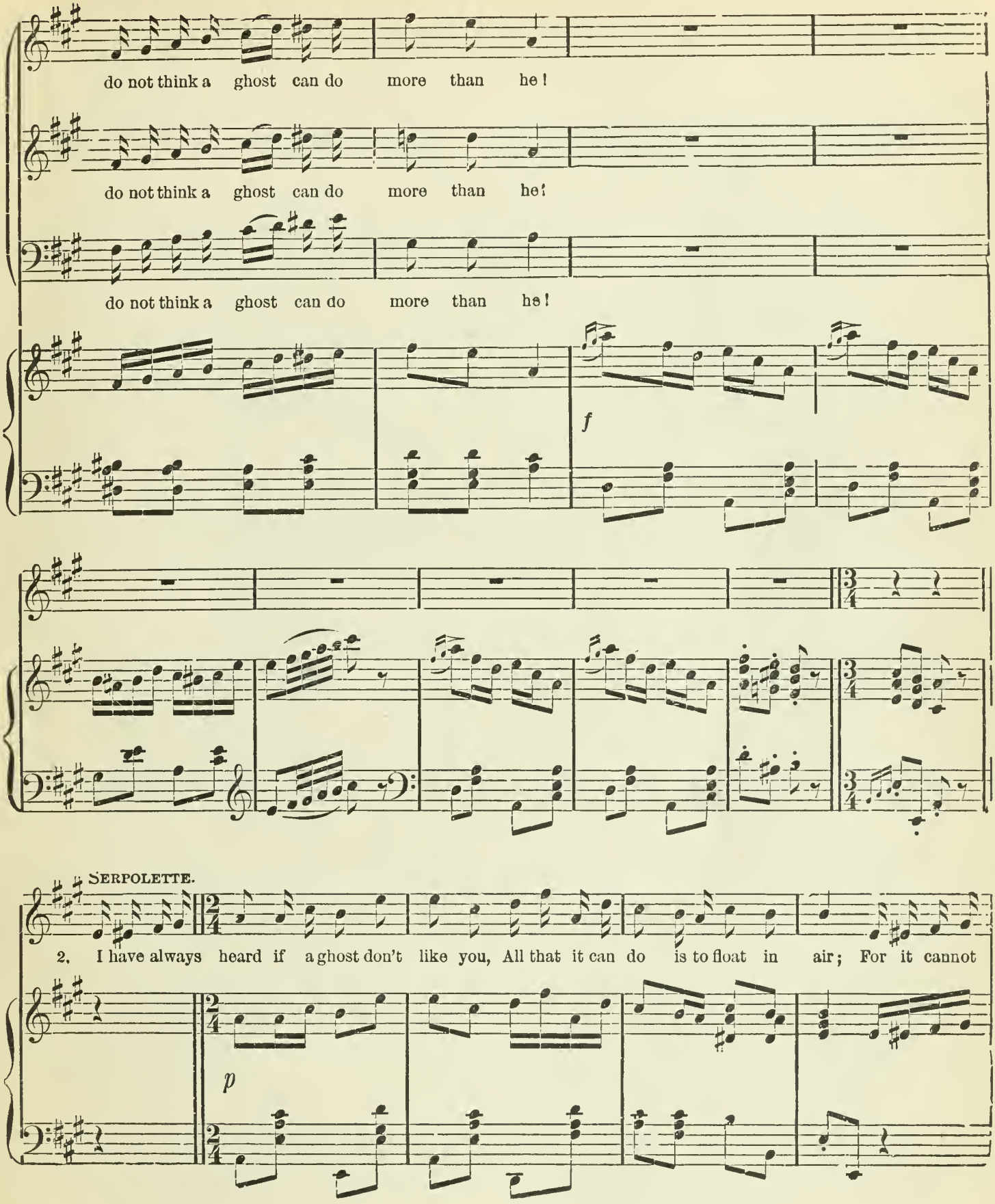
NOT A GHOST AT ALL.

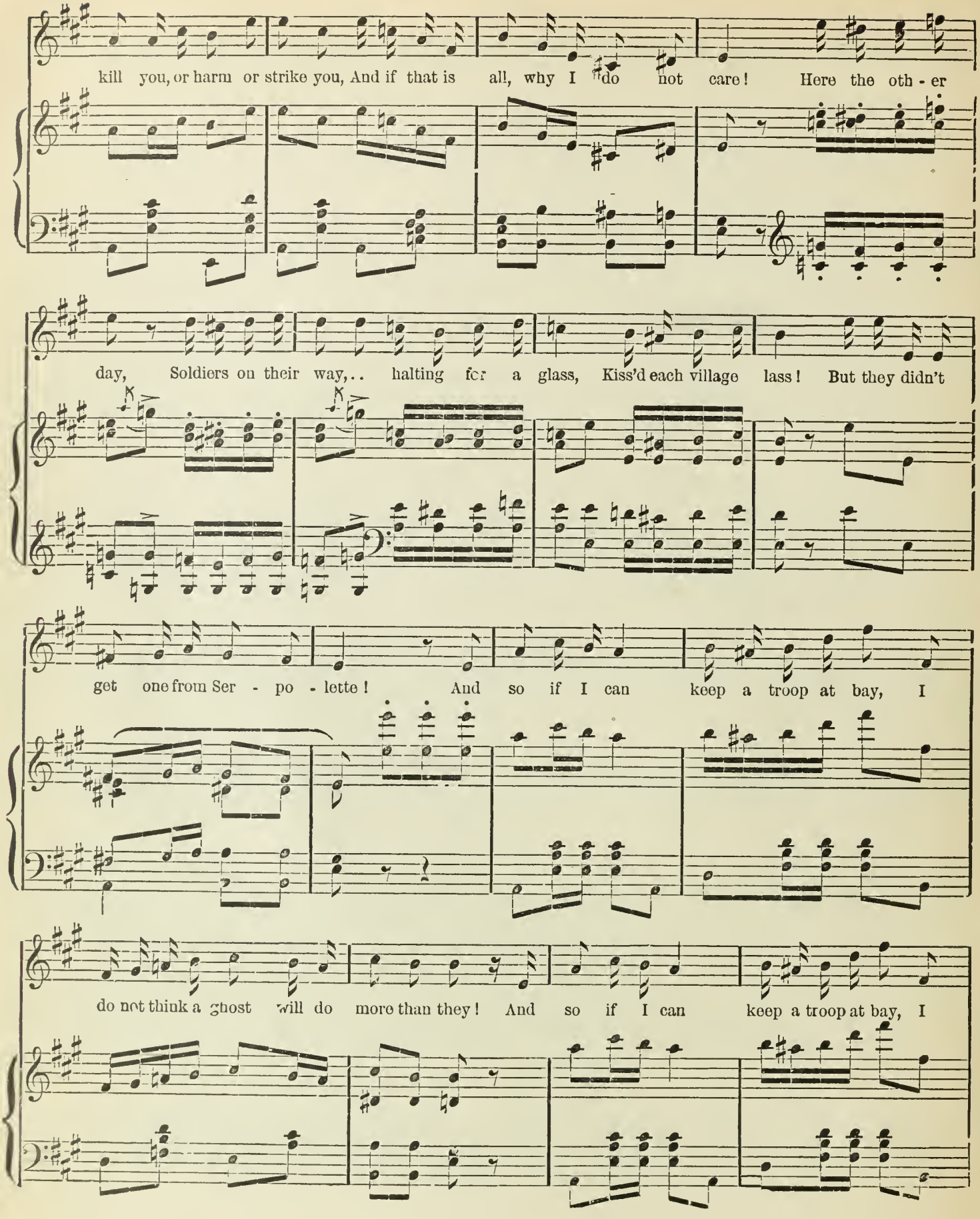
SONG.

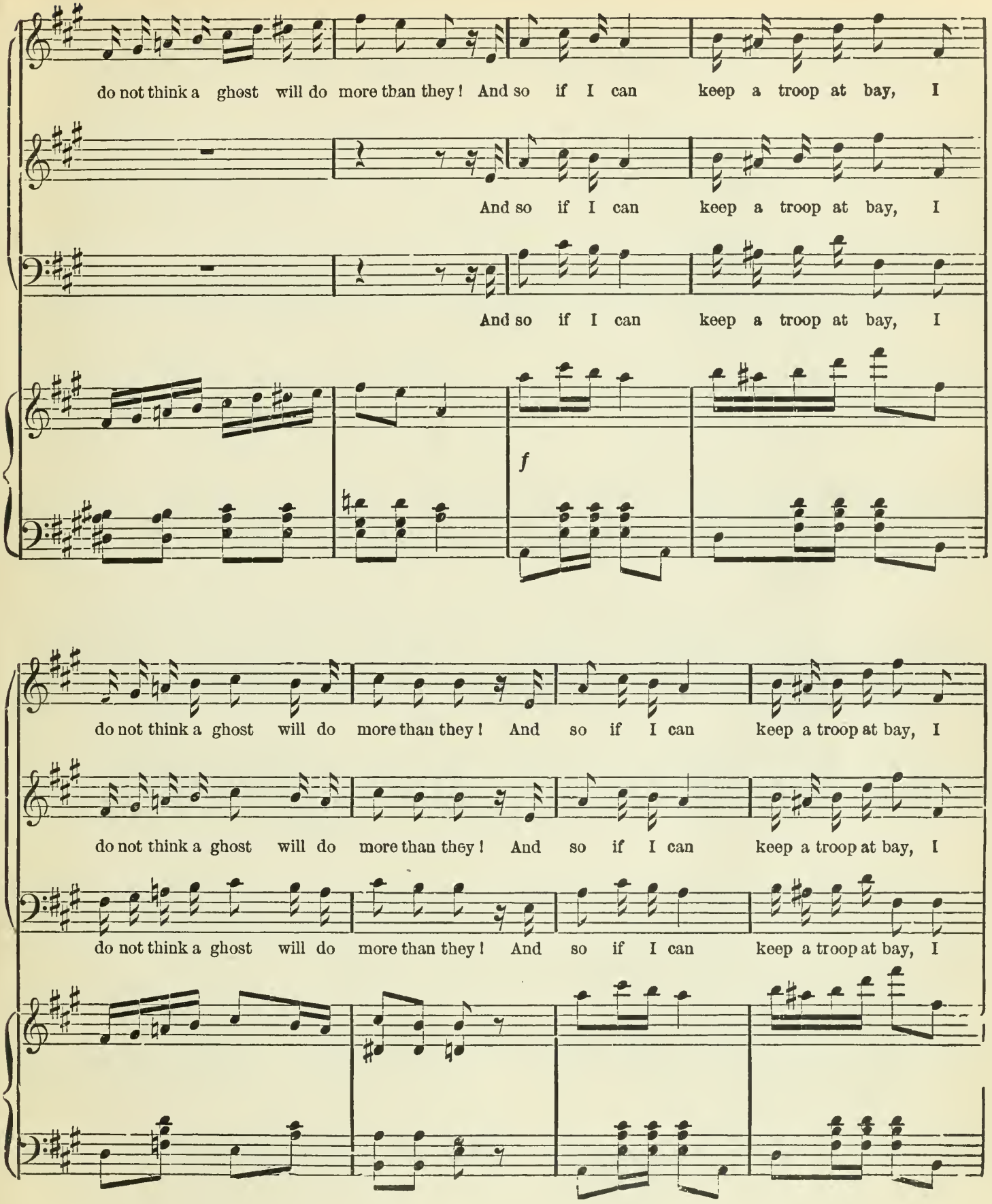


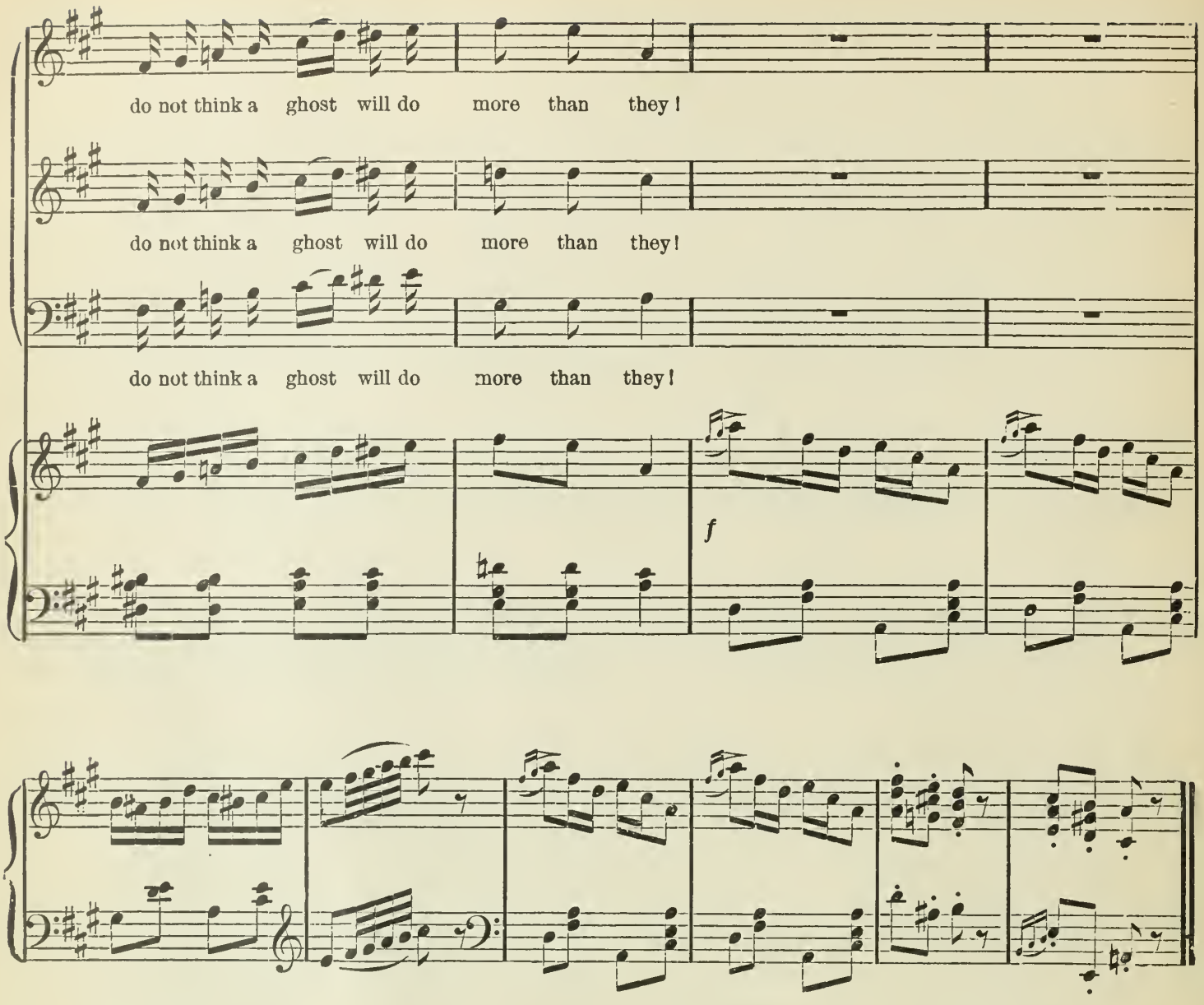

seen, On the village green, When we tease in sport, Fellows come to court, Never one was
yet, Match for Ser - po - lette! And so if a man can't get o - ver me, I
8va
do not think a ghost will do more than he! And so if a man can't get o - ver me, I
8va


do not think a ghost will do more than he! And so if a man can't get ov - er me, I
And so if a man can't get ov - er her, I
And so if a man can't get ov - er her, I
do not think a ghost will do more than he! And so if a man can't get ov - er me, I
do not think a ghost will do more than he! And so if a man can't get ov - er her, I
do not think a ghost will do more than he! And so if a man can't get o - ver her, I


do not think a ghost can do more than he!
do not think a ghost can do more than he!
do not think a ghost can do more than he!
f
SERPOLETTE.
2. I have always heard if a ghost don't like you, All that it can do is to float in air; For it cannot
p


kill you, or harm or strike you, And if that is all, why I do not care! Here the oth - er
day, Soldiers on their way,.. halting for a glass, Kiss'd each village lass! But they didn't
get one from Ser - po - lette! And so if I can keep a troop at bay, I
do not think a ghost will do more than they! And so if I can keep a troop at bay, I


do not think a ghost will do more than they! And so if I can keep a troop at bay, I
And so if I can keep a troop at bay, I
And so if I can keep a troop at bay, I
f
do not think a ghost will do more than they! And so if I can keep a troop at bay, I
do not think a ghost will do more than they! And so if I can keep a troop at bay, I
do not think a ghost will do more than they! And so if I can keep a troop at bay, I



HENRI. (*Within.*) Guard the doors, my men! We'll have them soon!

SERP., GREN. & BAILLI. (*Falling on their knees.*) We're lost! Mercy! Mercy!

[*Enter* HENRI *and his men. Two of them are covered with dust.*]

HENRI. Hello! you have some of the dust of ages on you. Don't mind, my lads: you shall have something to wash it down. Can any one have penetrated beyond this hall from the river?

GERM. Here are three—who can they be?

HENRI. Some of your ghosts. My men have turned the tables on them, and have thoroughly frightened them.

GREN. Please, good ghosts, spare us this time!

SERP. (*Looking up.*) As I live, there is Germaine!

GERM. Why, Serpolette, how came you here?

BAILLI. Little Germaine in the chateau!

HENRI. Yes, she is a brave girl, and one not afraid of ghosts.

GERM. Don't be too sure of that, my lord. I have been trembling like an aspen leaf ever since I entered here, and my heart goes pit-a-pat as if it was going to jump out of my mouth any moment.

HENRI. So, Monsieur le Bailli, this is the care you take my chateau during my absence!

BAILLI. Your chateau?

HENRI. Yes, mine. Henri de Corneville, returned to claim his own.

BAILLI. Most wonderful! I am delighted to hear it!

SERP. The captain a marquis! Can it be?

HENRI. Come, sir, is this the way you attend to your duties? Allowing these venerable walls to be made the sport of graceless mountebanks?

BAILLI. My lord, I assure you——

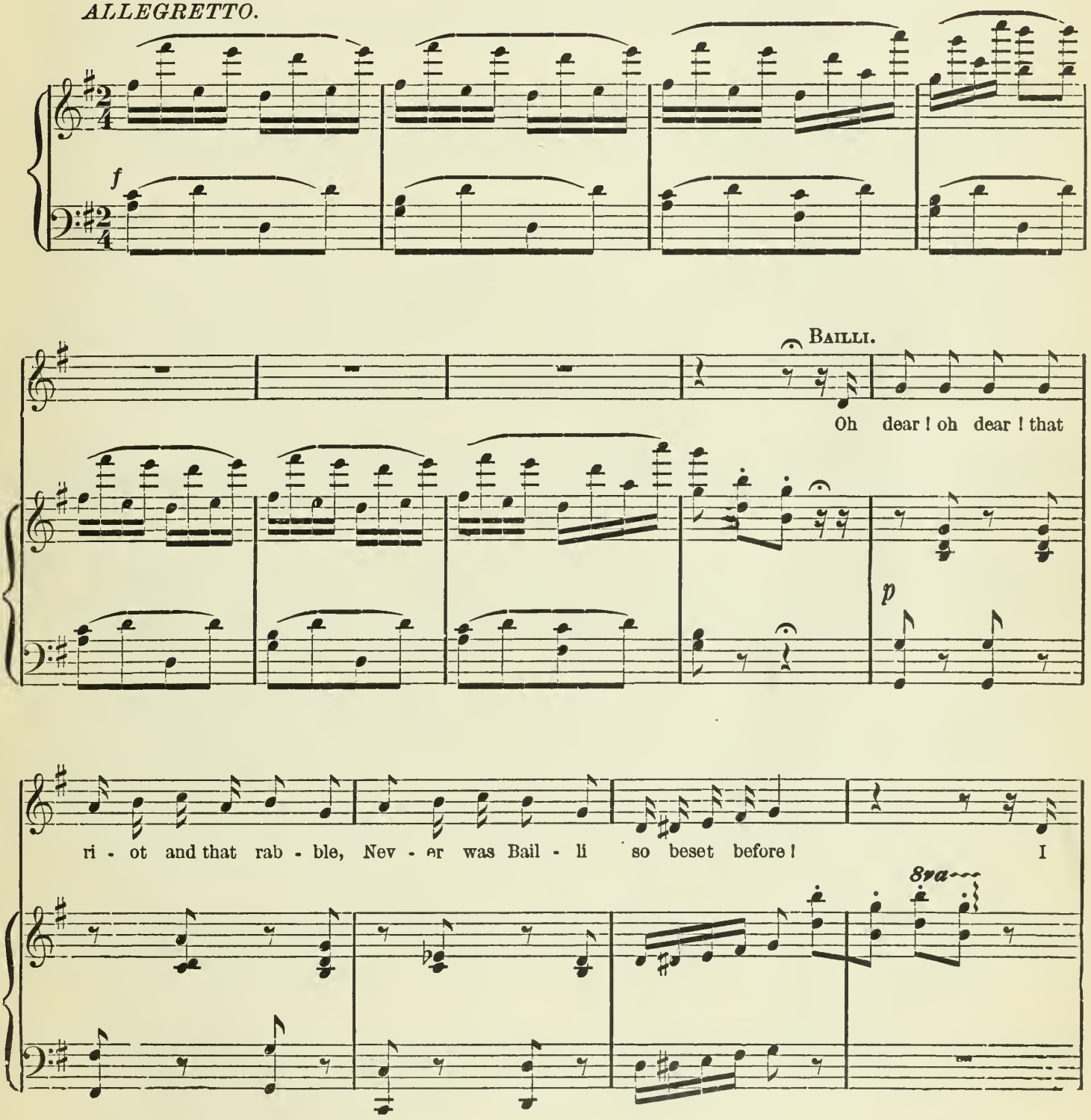
HENRI. What have you to say for yourself, sir?

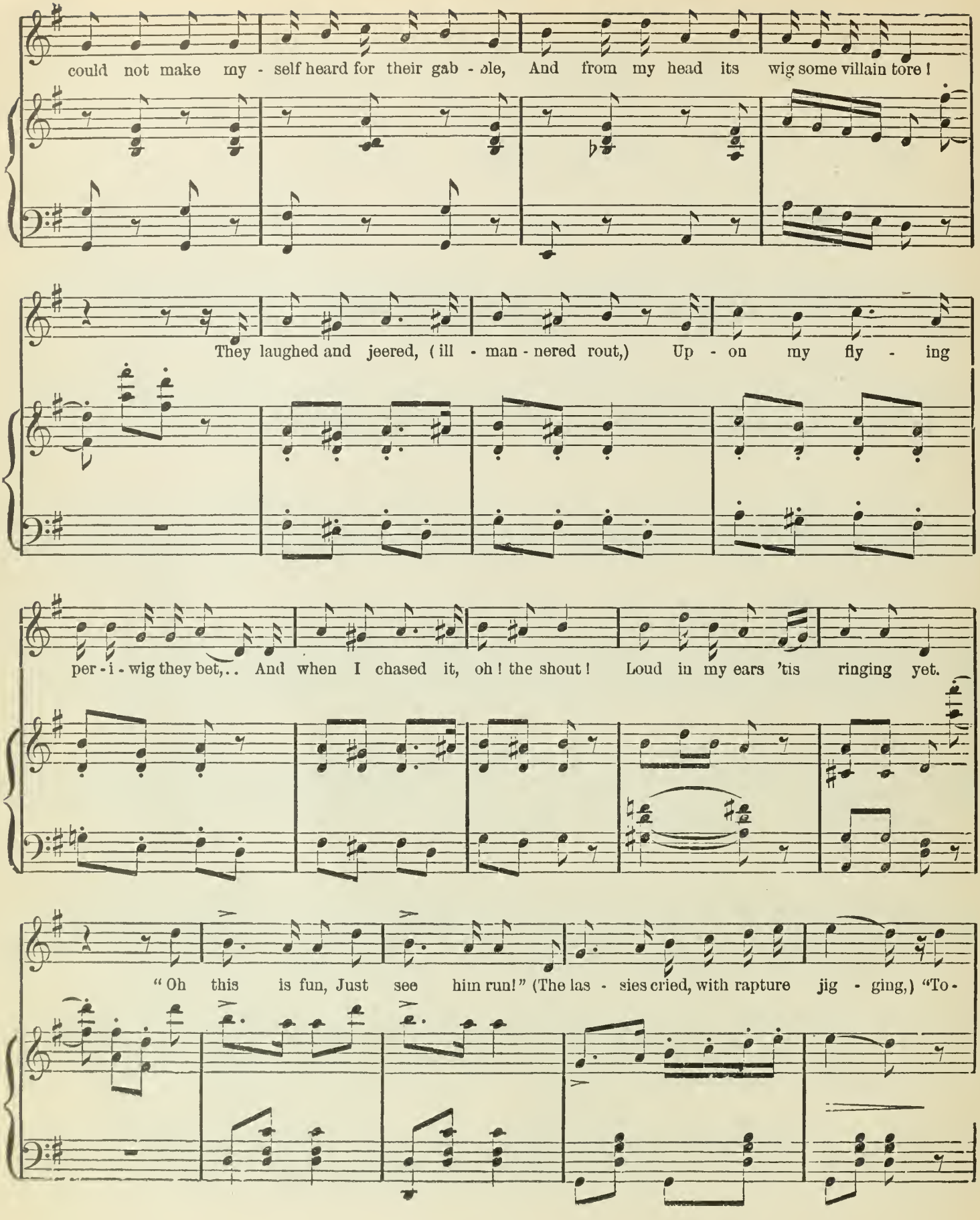
BAILLI. Those scandal-loving villagers have driven me almost crazy.

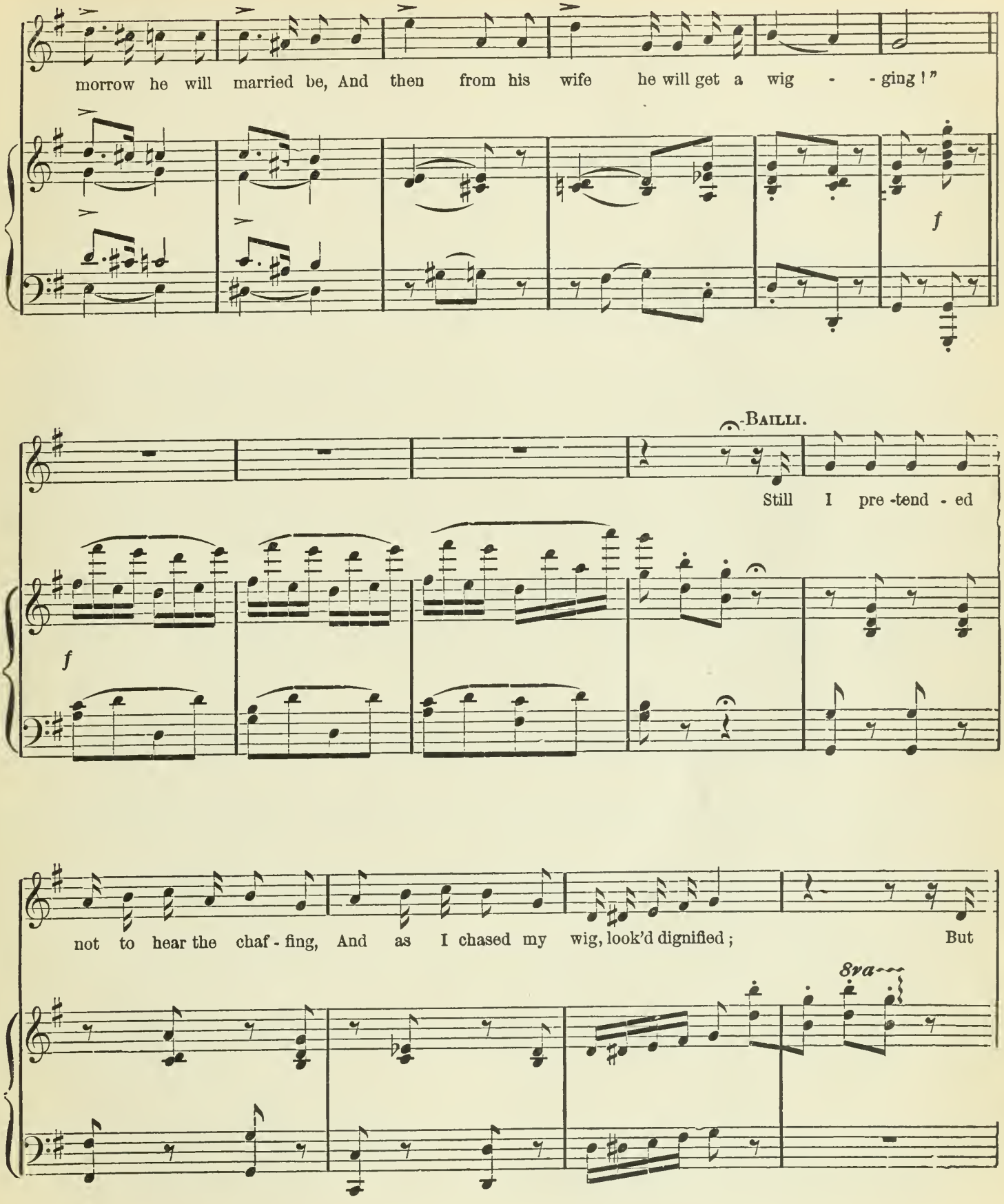
OH DEAR! OH DEAR!

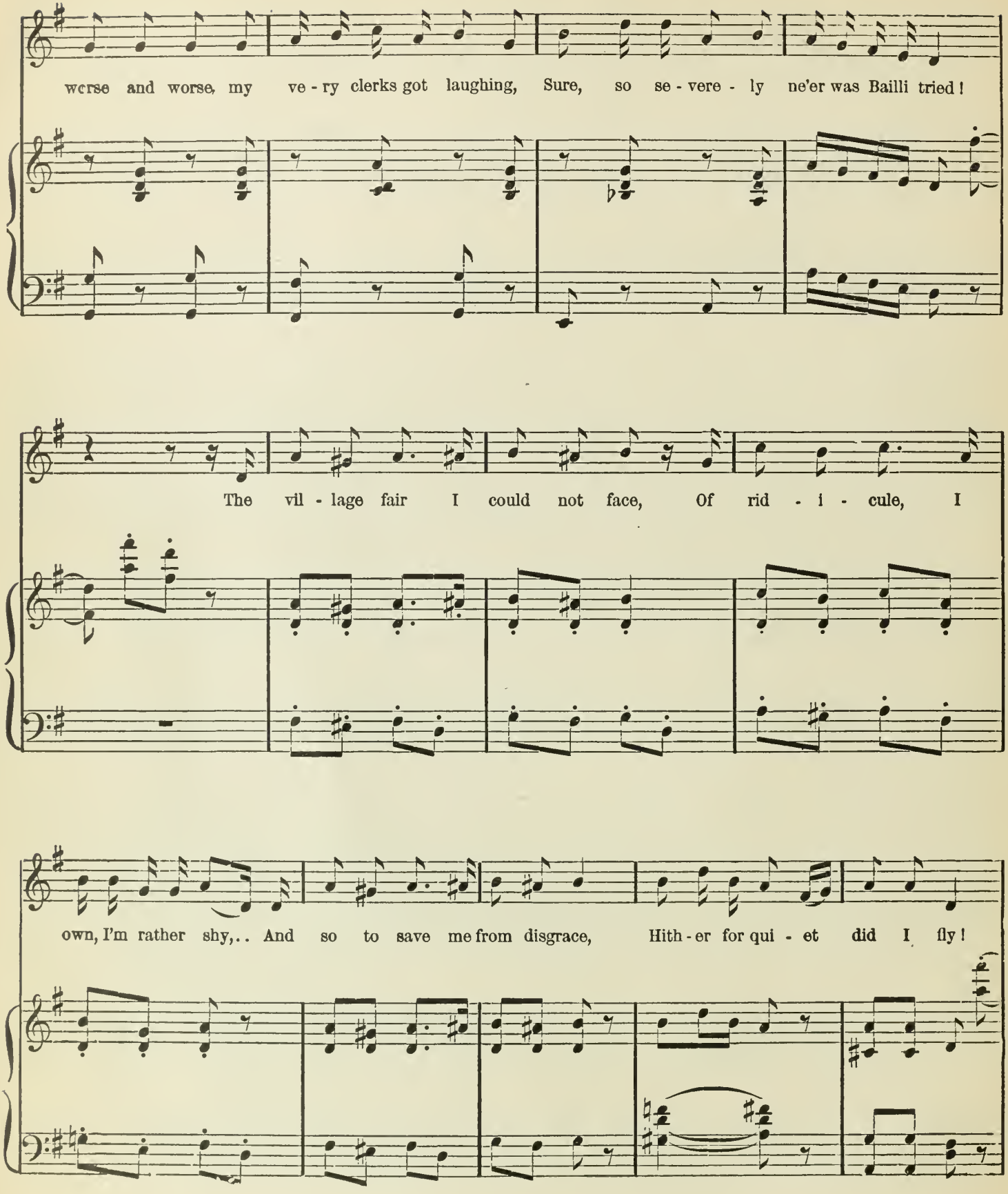
No. II. BUFFO SONG. Le Bailli.

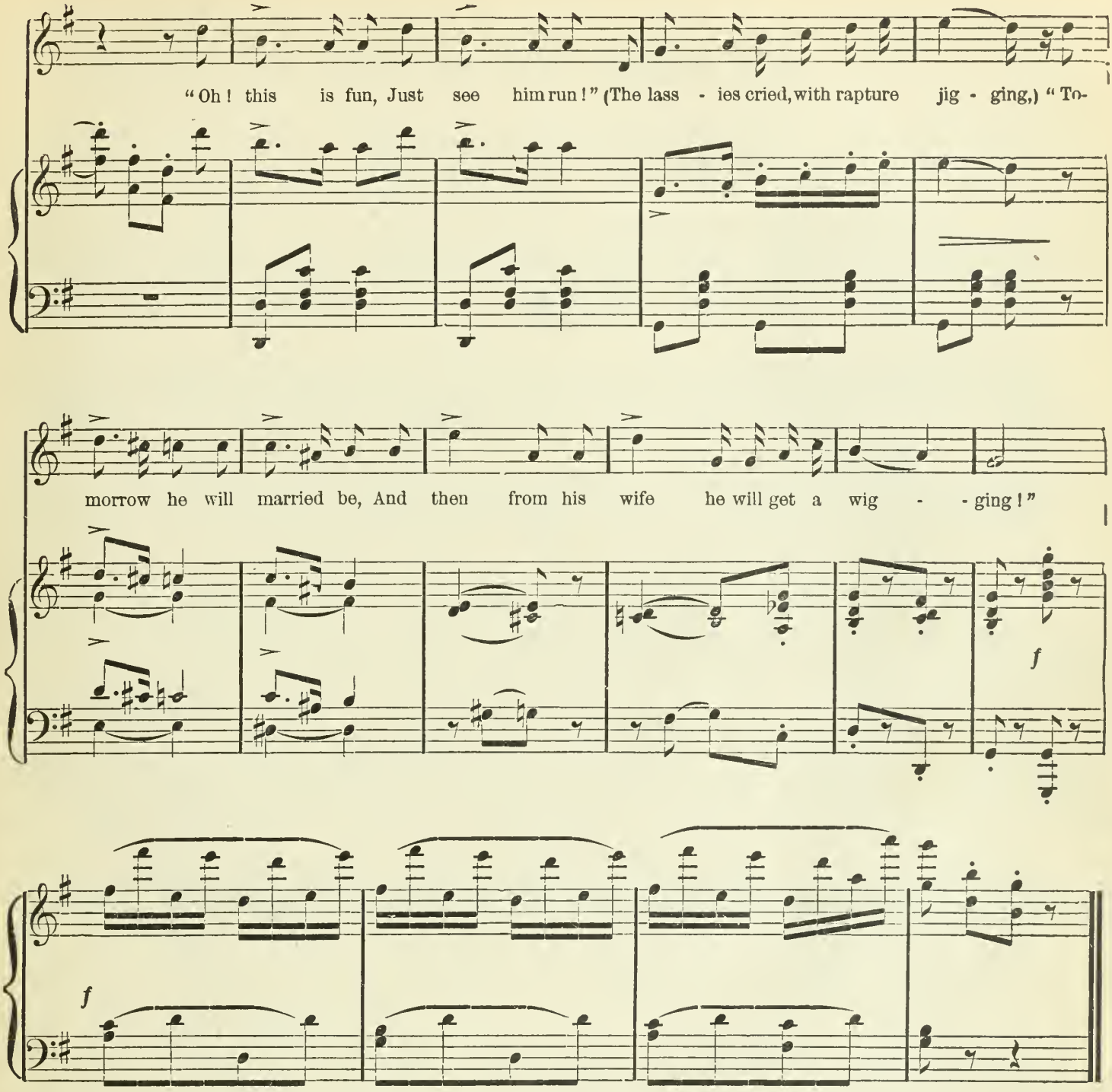
ALLEGRETTO.




could not make my - self heard for their gab - ble, And from my head its wig some villain tore!
They laughed and jeered, (ill - man - nered rout,) Up - on my fly - ing
per - i - wig they bet,.. And when I chased it, oh! the shout! Loud in my ears 'tis ringing yet.
"Oh this is fun, Just see him run!" (The las - sies cried, with rapture jig - ging,) "To -


morrow he will married be, And then from his wife he will get a wig - - ging!"
f
Bailli.
Still I pre-tend - ed
f
not to hear the chaf - fing, And as I chased my wig, look'd dignified; But
8va


worse and worse, my ve - ry clerks got laughing, Sure, so se - vere - ly ne'er was Bailli tried!
The vil - lage fair I could not face, Of rid - i - cule, I
own, I'm rather shy,.. And so to save me from disgrace, Hith - er for qui - et did I fly!



HENRI. You should think of something else at your age besides marriage with such a young girl.

BAILLI. My lord, if you will permit me——

HENRI. Silence, sir! Have you anything to say about these so-called ghosts?

BAILLI. They do not come within the scope of my official duties.

GERM. Here's one on rollers. (*Pushes armed figure forward.*)

HENRI. There's nothing unreal about this one.

SERP. Here are candles that have been lighted recently.

HENRI. We are coming at the truth. Now, who attends to these candles?

GREN. His satanic majesty, of course

HENRI. It is all knavery, we shall see. Come—to work! Here is a curtain, perhaps something may be concealed behind it. (*Raises arras hangings and discovers hall with armed statues.*)

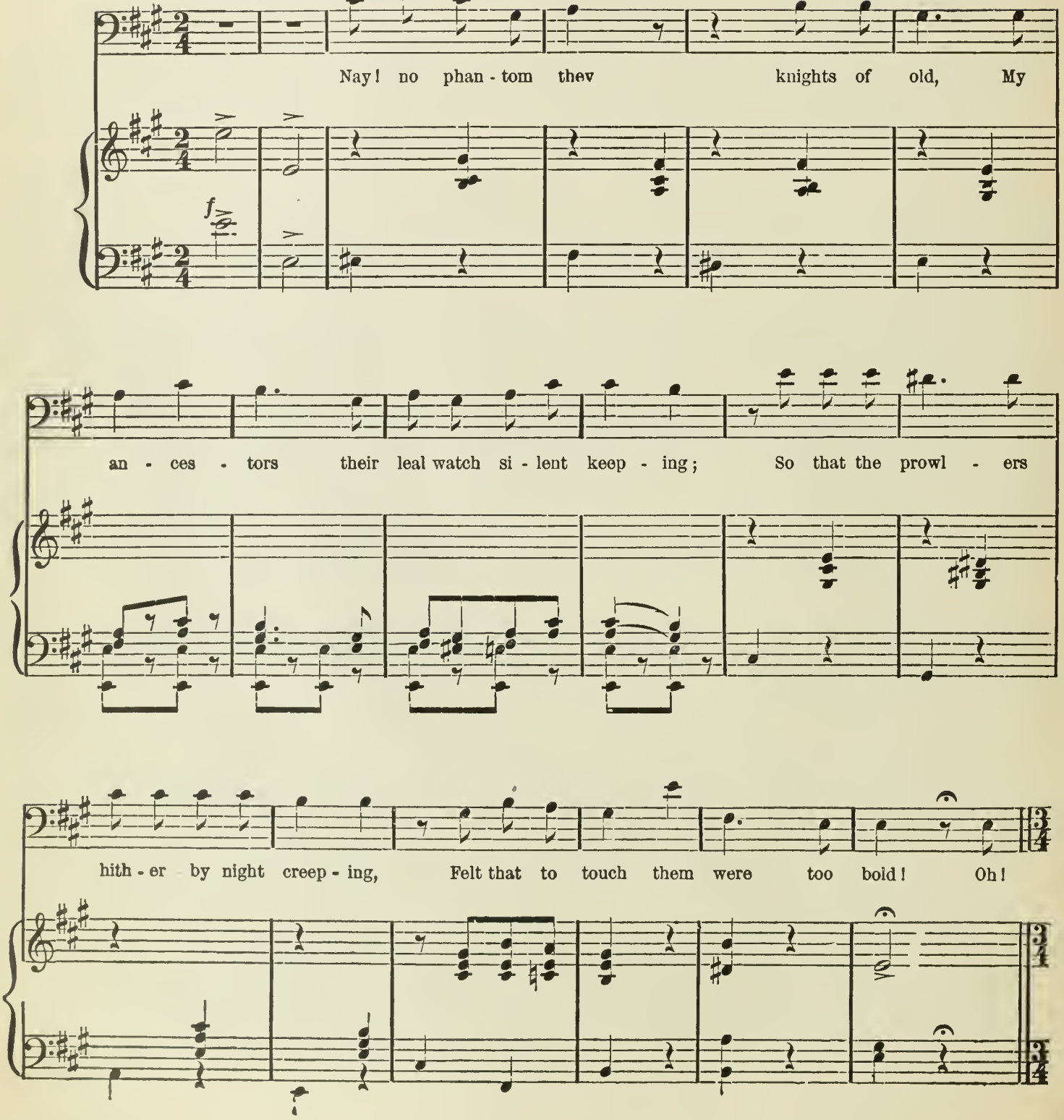
GREN. (*falling on his knees.*) There they are! Save me! Save me

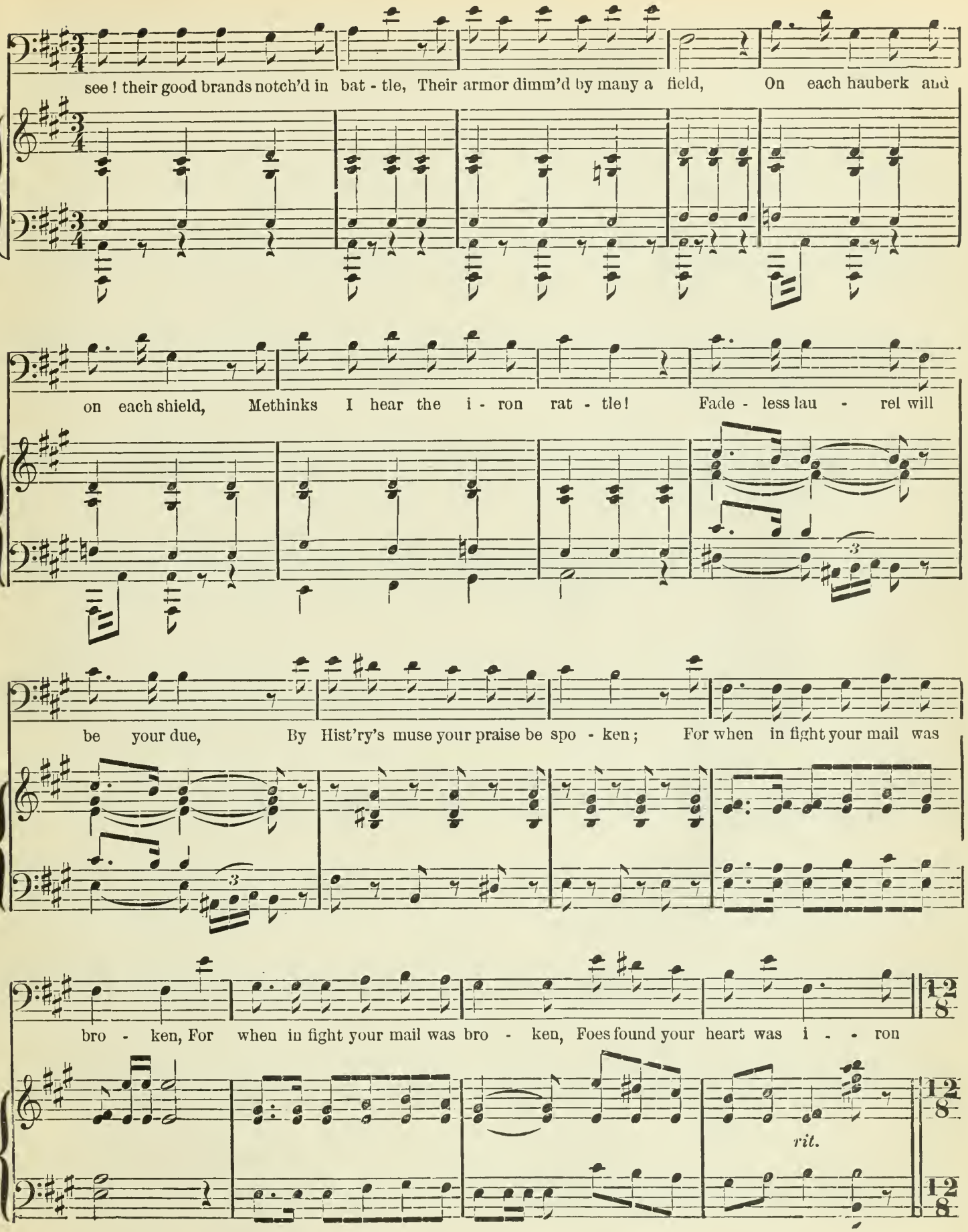
HENRI. Peace, fool! They are the arms of my noble ancestors.

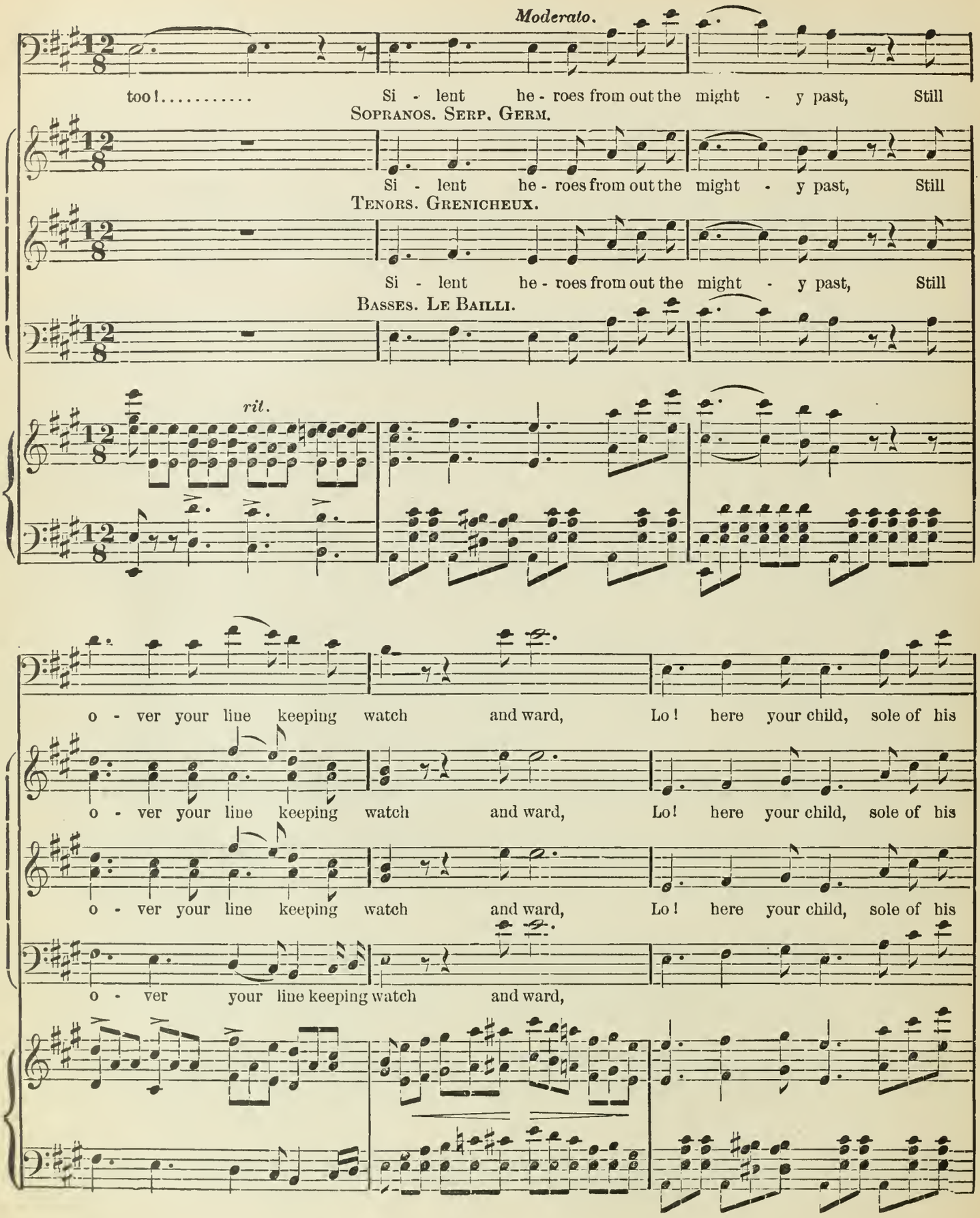
SILENT HEROES.

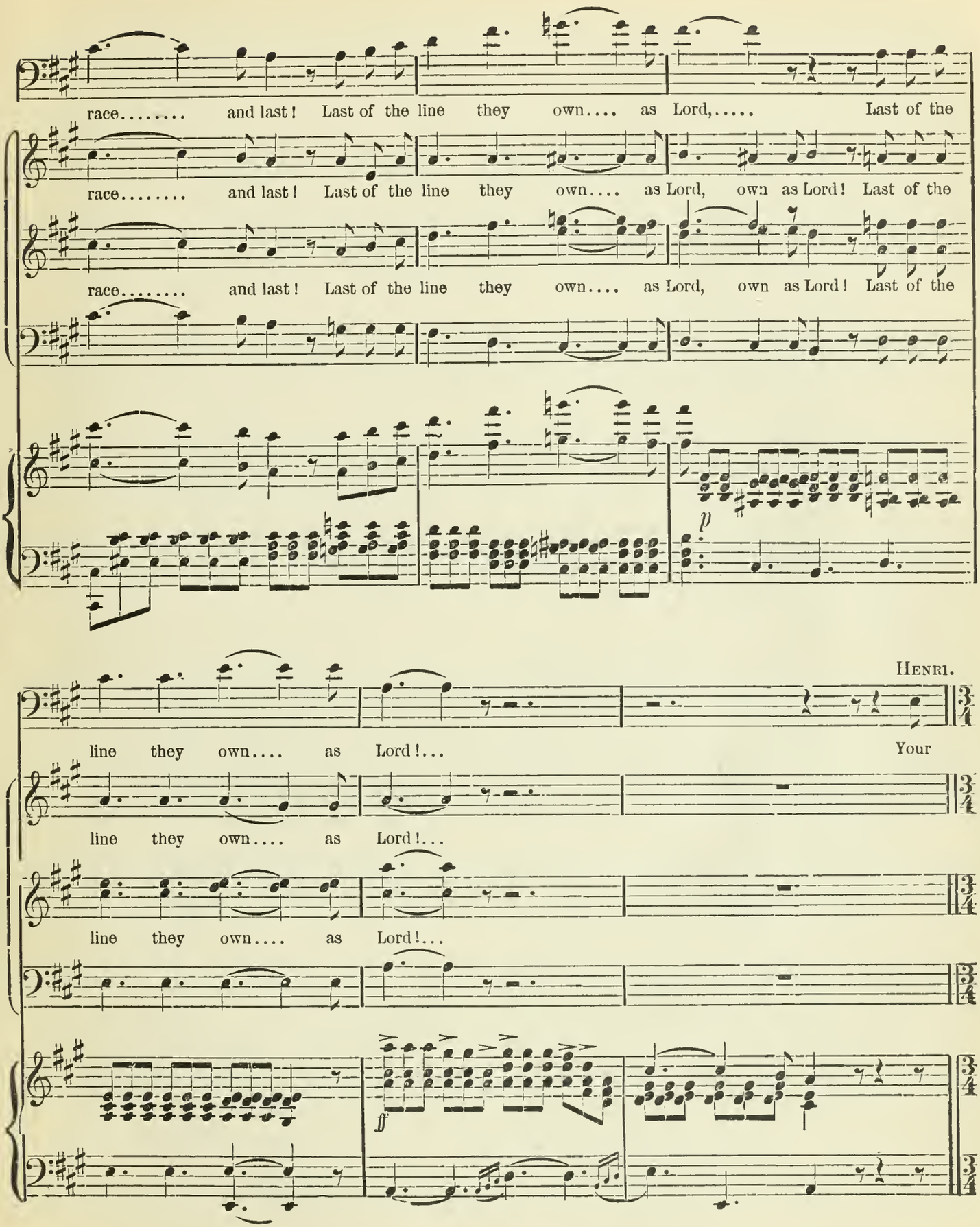
No. 12. RECITATIVE, AIR and CHORUS.

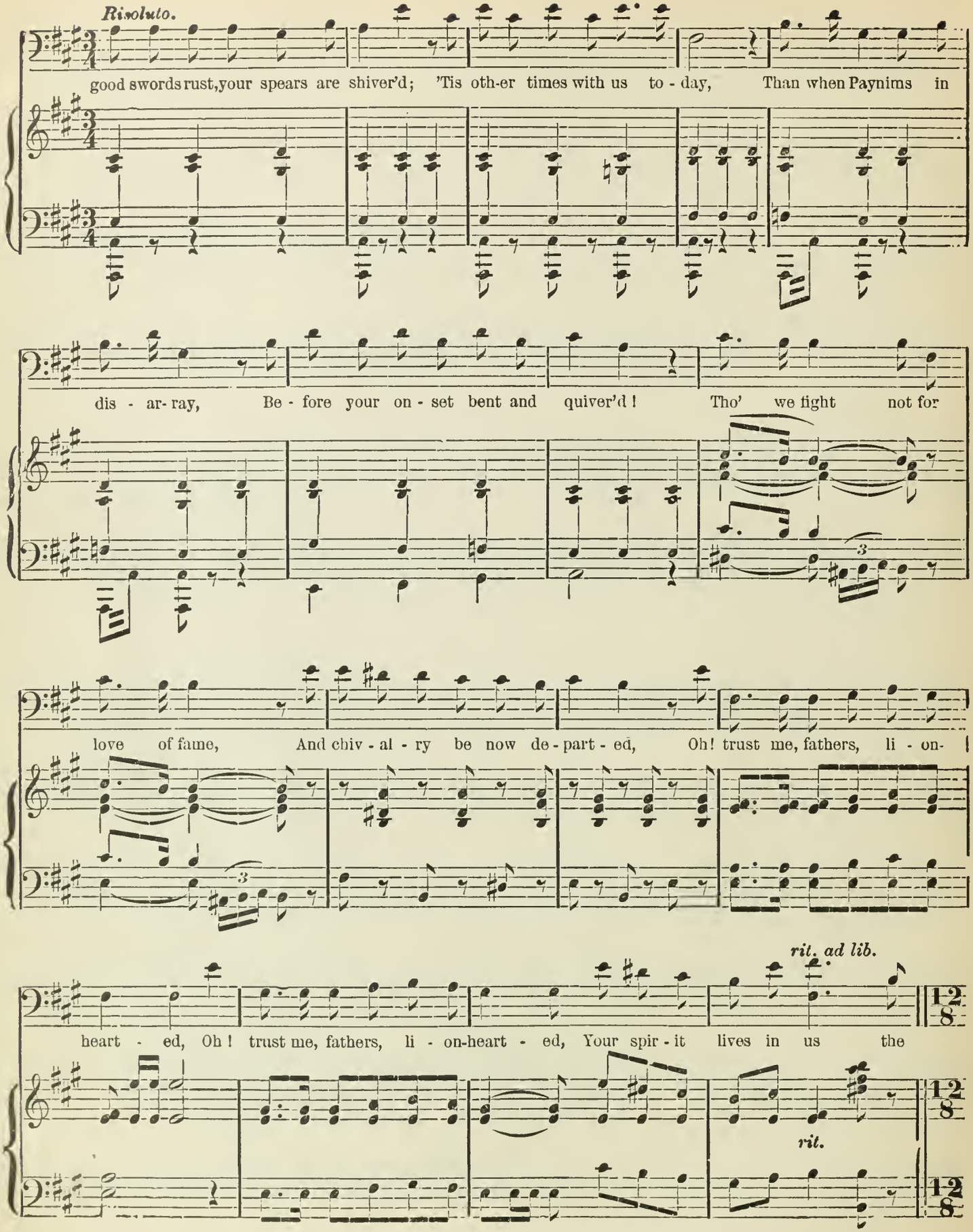
Moderato. HENRI.

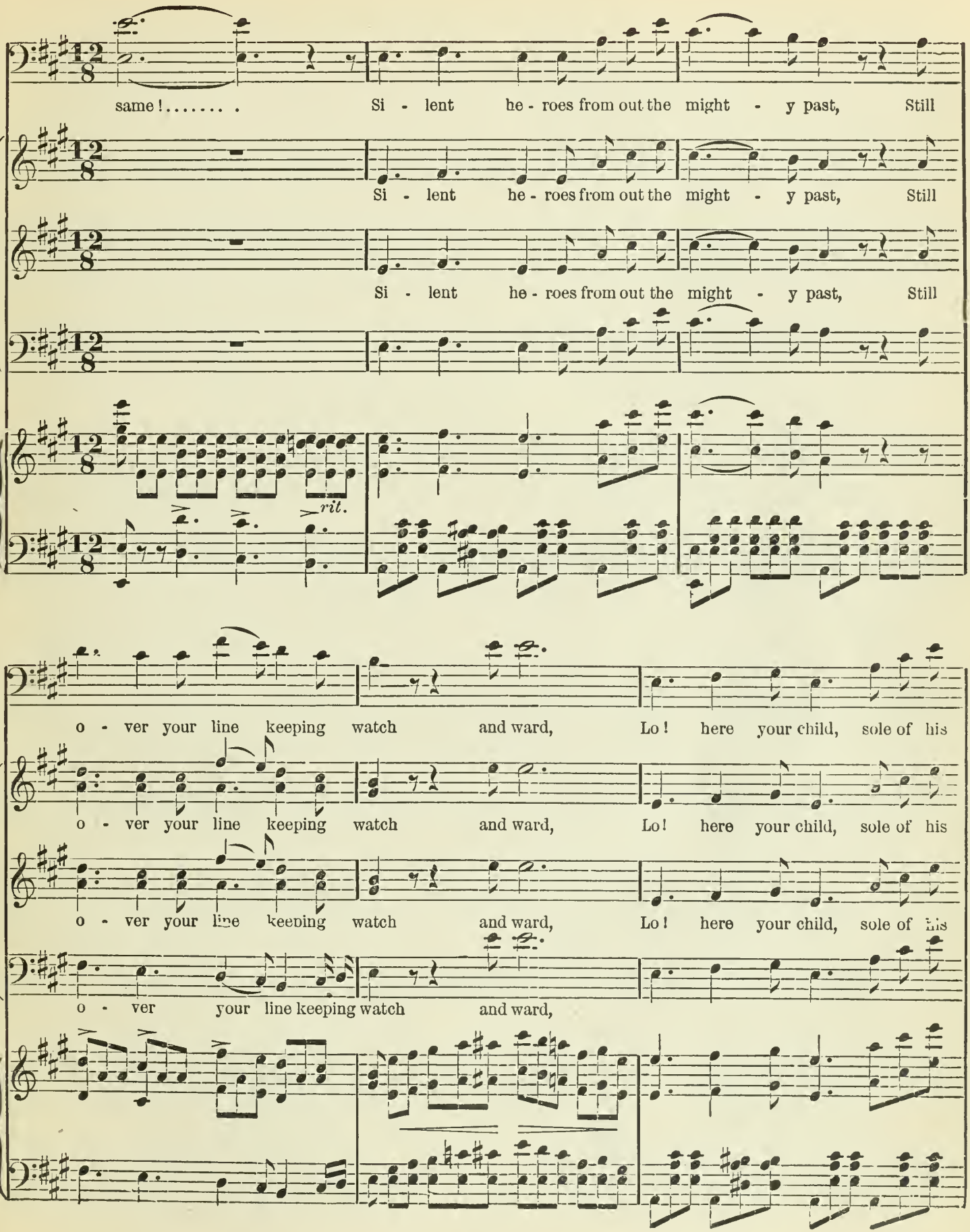


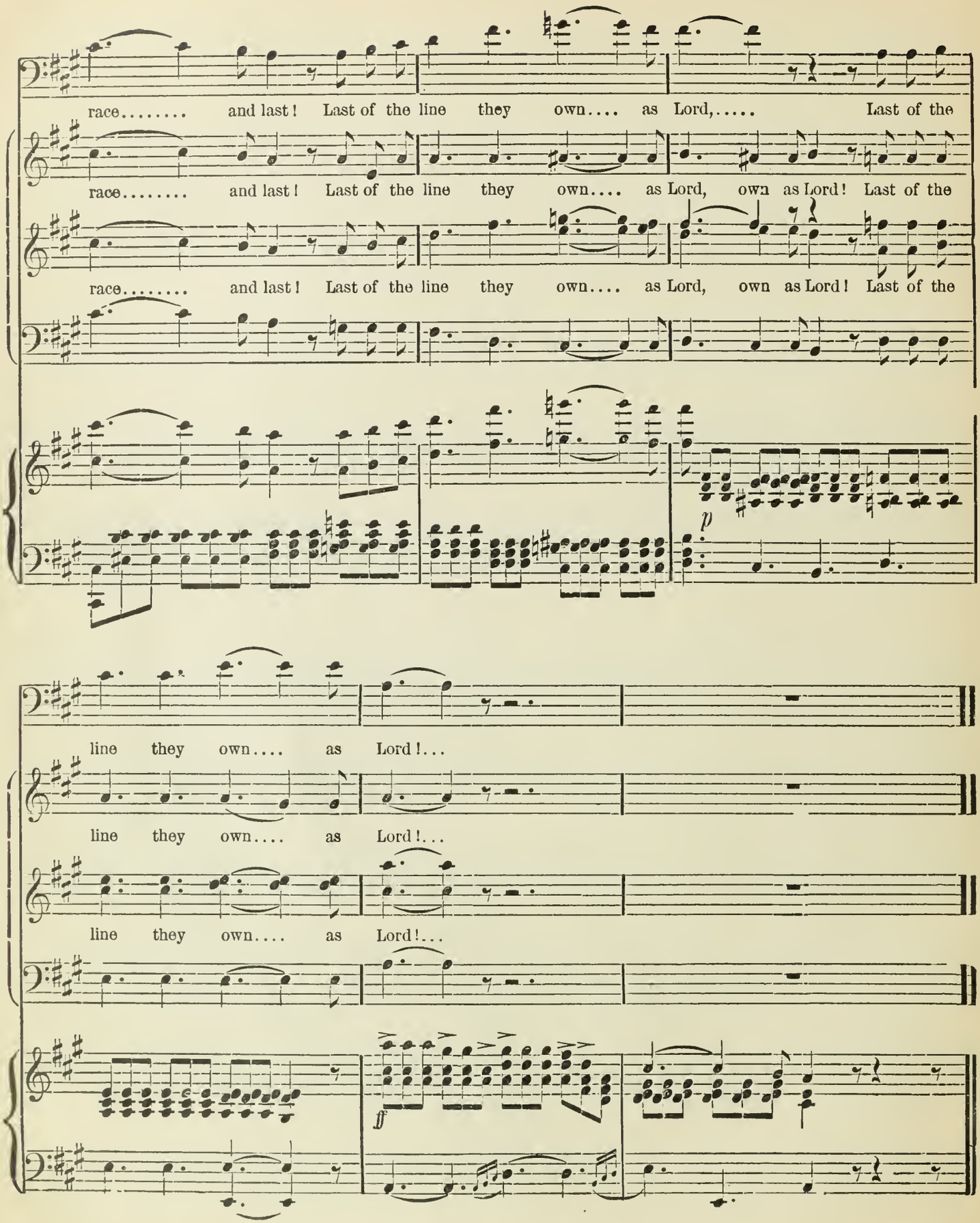

see! their good brands notch'd in bat - tle, Their armor dimm'd by many a field, On each hauberk and
on each shield, Methinks I hear the i - ron rat - tle! Fade - less lau - rel will
be your due, By Hist'ry's muse your praise be spo - ken; For when in fight your mail was
bro - ken, For when in fight your mail was bro - ken, Foes found your heart was i - - ron
rit.


Moderato.
too!.....
Si - lent he - roes from out the might - y past, Still
Sopranos. Serp. Germ.
Si - lent he - roes from out the might - y past, Still
Tenors. Grenicheux.
Si - lent he - roes from out the might - y past, Still
Basses. Le Bailli.
rit.
o - ver your line keeping watch and ward, Lo! here your child, sole of his
o - ver your line keeping watch and ward, Lo! here your child, sole of his
o - ver your line keeping watch and ward, Lo! here your child, sole of his
o - ver your line keeping watch and ward,


race..... and last! Last of the line they own.... as Lord,..... Last of the
race..... and last! Last of the line they own.... as Lord, own as Lord! Last of the
race..... and last! Last of the line they own.... as Lord, own as Lord! Last of the
p
Henri.
line they own.... as Lord!... Your
line they own.... as Lord!...
line they own.... as Lord!...
ff


Risoluto.
good swords rust, your spears are shiver'd; 'Tis oth-er times with us to - day, Than when Paynims in
dis - ar- ray, Be - fore your on - set bent and quiver'd! Tho' we fight not for
love of fame, And chiv - al - ry be now de - part - ed, Oh! trust me, fathers, li - on-
heart - ed, Oh! trust me, fathers, li - on-heart - ed, Your spir - it lives in us the
rit. ad lib.
rit.
12/8
12/8
12/8


same! . . . . . .
Si - lent he - roes from out the might - y past, Still
Si - lent he - roes from out the might - y past, Still
Si - lent he - roes from out the might - y past, Still
rit.
o - ver your line keeping watch and ward, Lo! here your child, sole of his
o - ver your line keeping watch and ward, Lo! here your child, sole of his
o - ver your line keeping watch and ward, Lo! here your child, sole of his
o - ver your line keeping watch and ward,


race..... and last! Last of the line they own.... as Lord,..... Last of the
race..... and last! Last of the line they own.... as Lord, own as Lord! Last of the
race..... and last! Last of the line they own.... as Lord, own as Lord! Last of the
p
line they own.... as Lord!...
line they own.... as Lord!...
line they own.... as Lord!...
ff

HENRI. Pshaw! Here is the explanation of this wonderful mystery. There can be only one entrance for these, so-called, ghosts to my chateau. They come from the river side. No one can know anything about our coming here. We arrived when the moon was hidden behind a cloud. Now let a guard be placed at every door.

GERM. Excuse me, my lord, but here is a door we have not seen before. There is a key in it.

HENRI. Thanks, my dear. Let me investigate the mystery. (*Exit* HENRI.)

SERP. I wonder what kind of ghosts are in there?

BAILLI. I don't believe in ghosts. Where are they?

GREN. Look there! Save me! Save me! (*Enter* HENRI, *covered with a sheet.*)

HENRI. Well, what nonsense! Here is some of your ghostly trumpery. By the way, I found this tin box which may contain some important documents. By Jove, what is this? An official document! Please, Monsieur le Bailli, read it.

BAILLI. (*Reading.*) "My dear Gaspard"——

SERP AND GERM. What! The old miser?

BAILLI. (*Reading.*) "I am obliged to fly from France. My infant daughter I confide to your care. Bring her up as a simple peasant girl, as I fear much that my enemies, were they to know that she was my child, would kill her. My dear Gaspard, do all for her you can, and when I return I shall repay you an hundred fold.

(*Signed.*)

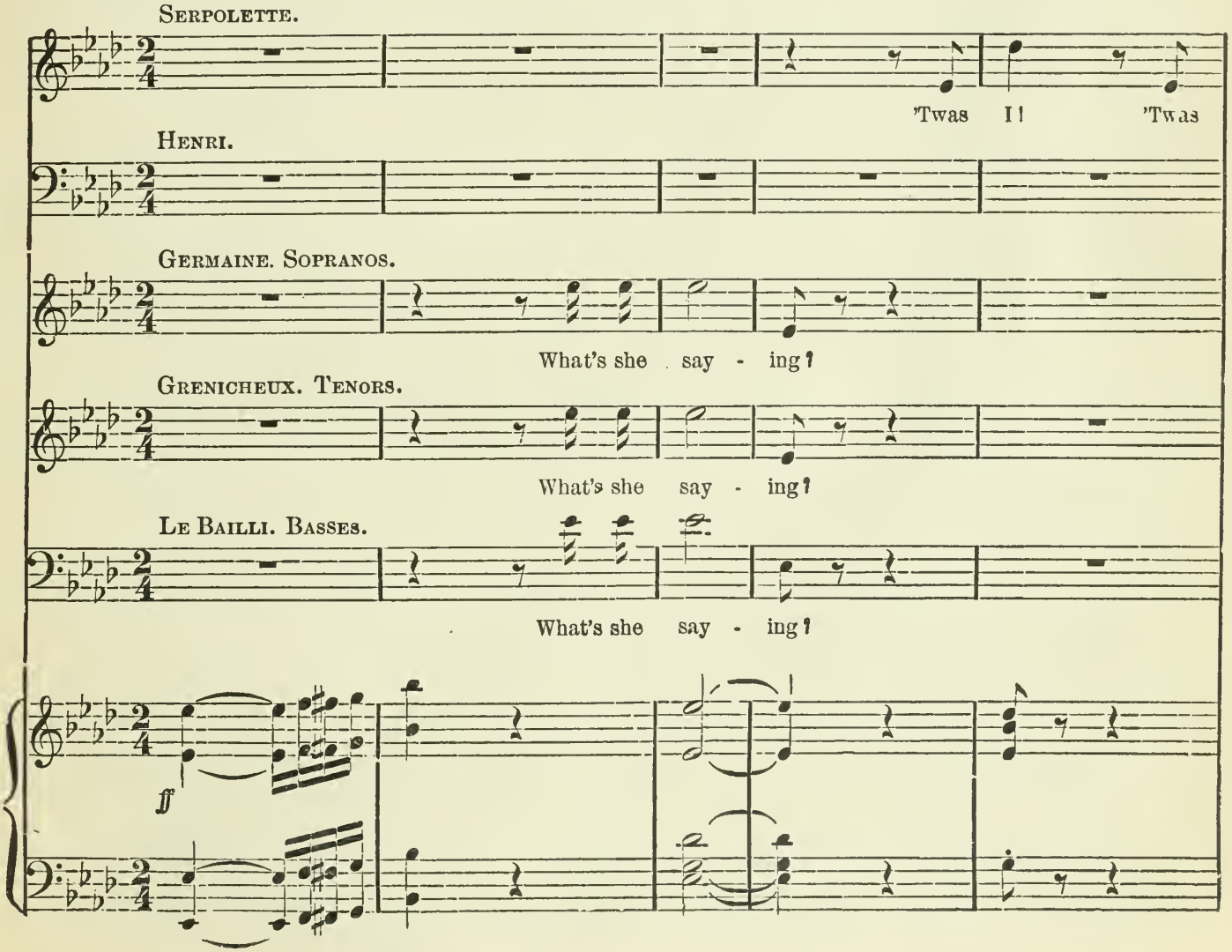
"HENRI, MARQUIS OF LUCENAY.

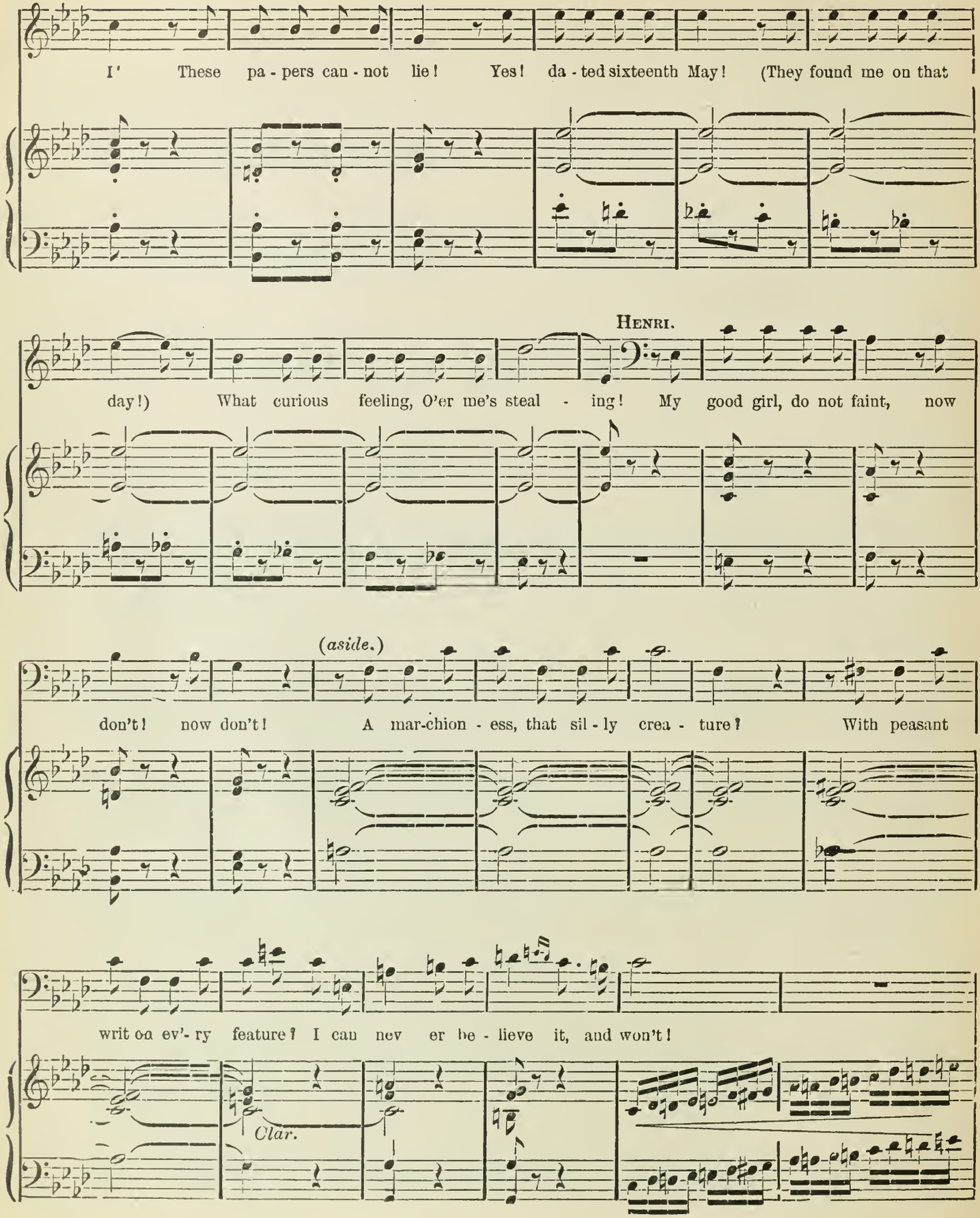
"*May 16th, 1667.*"

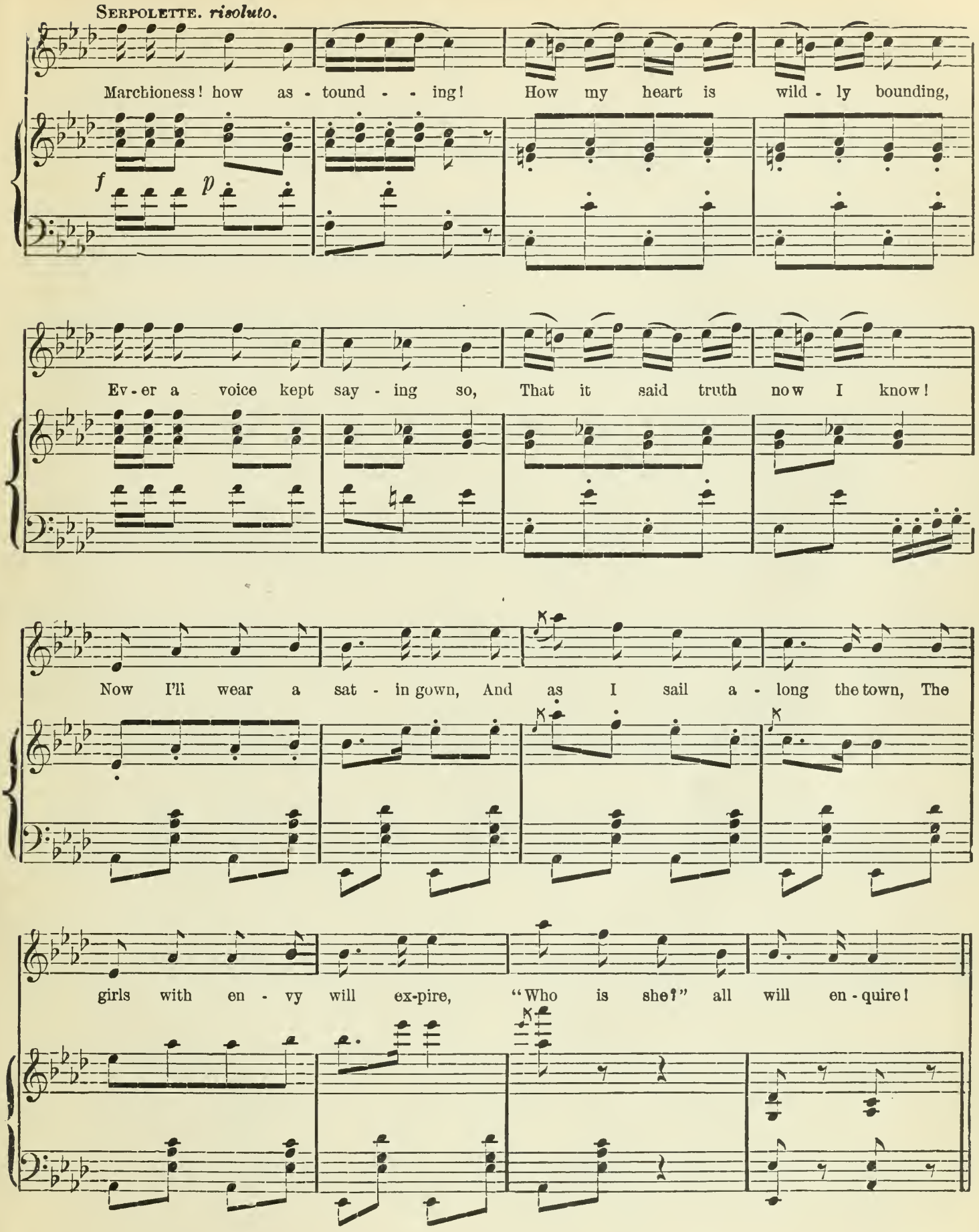
SERP. One moment! I am convinced I am his child! I was found by Gaspard, and the only child he ever found, on the date mentioned. I am the long-lost child. I am the Marchioness. Look at the date.

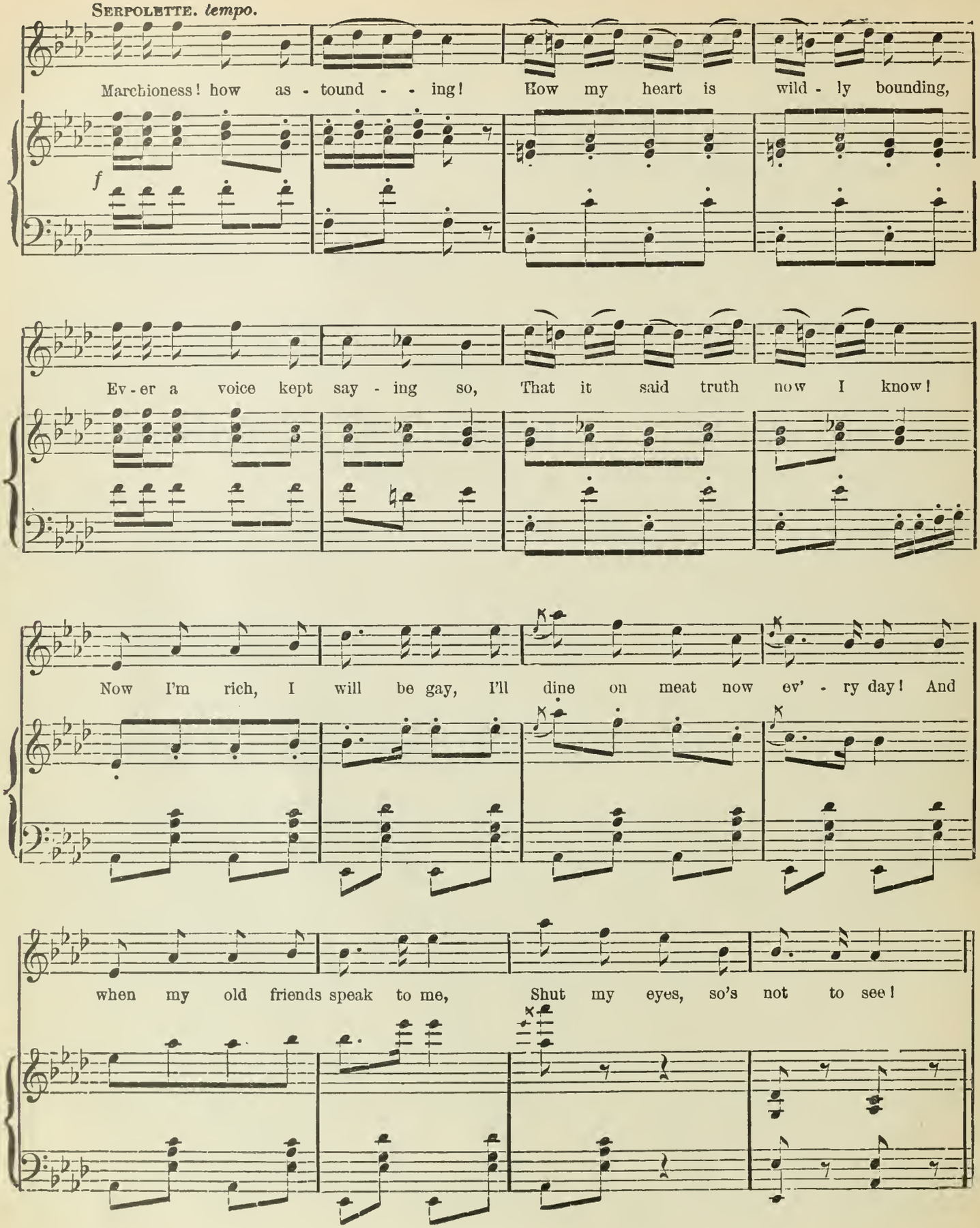
WHAT'S SHE SAYING?

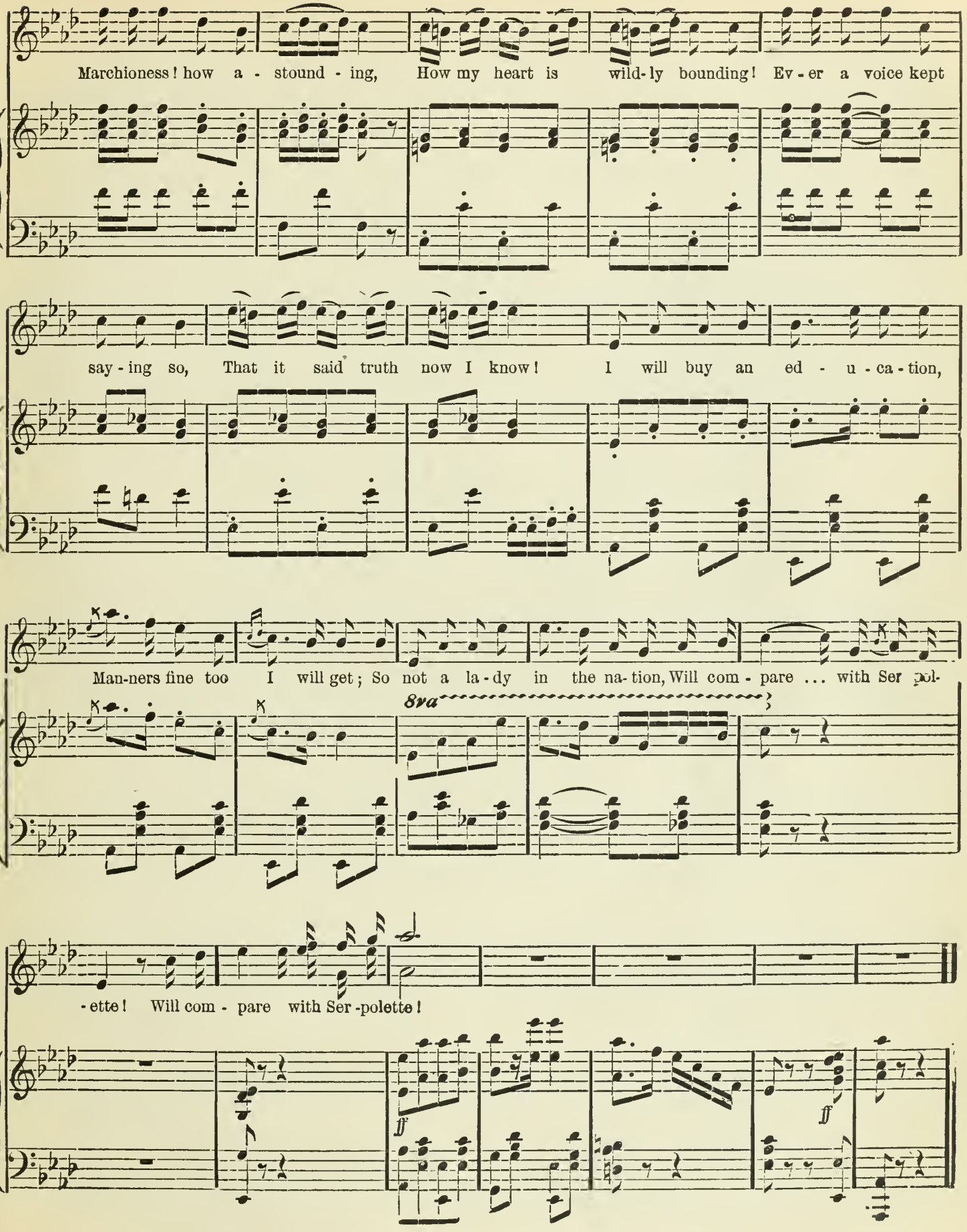
No. 13. ENSEMBLE and COUPLET.




I' These pa - pers can - not lie! Yes! da - ted sixteenth May! (They found me on that
HENRI.
day!) What curious feeling, O'er me's steal - ing! My good girl, do not faint, now
(aside.)
don't! now don't! A mar-chion - ess, that sil - ly crea - ture? With peasant
writ on ev'- ry feature? I can nev er be - lieve it, and won't!
Clar.


SERPOLETTE. *risoluto.*
Marchioness! how as - tound - - ing! How my heart is wild - ly bounding,
f *p*
Ev - er a voice kept say - ing so, That it said truth now I know!
Now I'll wear a sat - in gown, And as I sail a - long the town, The
girls with en - vy will ex-pire, "Who is she?" all will en - quire!


SERPOLETTE. *tempo.*
Marchioness! how as - tound - - ing! How my heart is wild - ly bounding,
f
Ev - er a voice kept say - ing so, That it said truth now I know!
Now I'm rich, I will be gay, I'll dine on meat now ev' - ry day! And
when my old friends speak to me, Shut my eyes, so's not to see!


Marchioness! how a - stound - ing, How my heart is wild-ly bounding! Ev - er a voice kept
say - ing so, That it said truth now I know! I will buy an ed - u - ca - tion,
Man-ners fine too I will get; So not a la-dy in the na-tion, Will com - pare ... with Ser pol-
8va
- ette! Will com - pare with Ser - polette!
ff
ff

HENRI. Well, we'll admit all you say, Serpolette, but your claims must yet be decided upon. There is the evidence of the old miser, Gaspard, to be given.

SERP. Why, how can there be any doubt about the matter? Gaspard never had a baby besides your humble servant.

GREN. For heaven's sake, your Highness, let me go home. I see a ghost in every wave of the curtains.

HENRI. You miserable effigy of a man! Listen, my gallant fellows —take care of this wretched poltroon, and if he utters one cry, pitch him into the river!

GREN. Oh, what a fate is mine!

HENRI. Now, Serpolette. (*Sailors hustle* GRENICHEUX *about, and carry him away.*)

SERP. "Serpolette," my lord! Such undue familiarity! The "Marchioness," probably, you meant to say.

HENRI. Madmoiselle, I stand corrected,—the "Marchioness," of course! Now, would you be so kind as to retire to yonder tapestried room for a few minutes, and look over the records of your family?

SERP. Certainly, my lord,—with you as company.

HENRI. I have other business to attend to.

SERP. But a Marchioness all alone in a haunted room —

HENRI. Armed with the records of your noble birth.

SERP. True; very true. But, suppose some ghost should make love to me?

HENRI. Ask him his pedigree—he will soon vanish.

SERP. Well, then, my lord, I shall retire for the present to read the records of my noble family. I shall leave you here with this young person. I believe, they call her Germaine. "Serpolette," indeed! "Marchioness," I say, and don't you forget it!

(*Exit* SERPOLETTE.)

GERM. Why, my lord, all are gone, and we are all alone.

HENRI. Well, suppose so. A brave little heart like yours fears nothing. Come, tell me about this marriage of yours, with that old, broken-down Bailli.

GERM. It was a false report. Such a marriage could never take place. Besides, there was Jean Grenicheux.

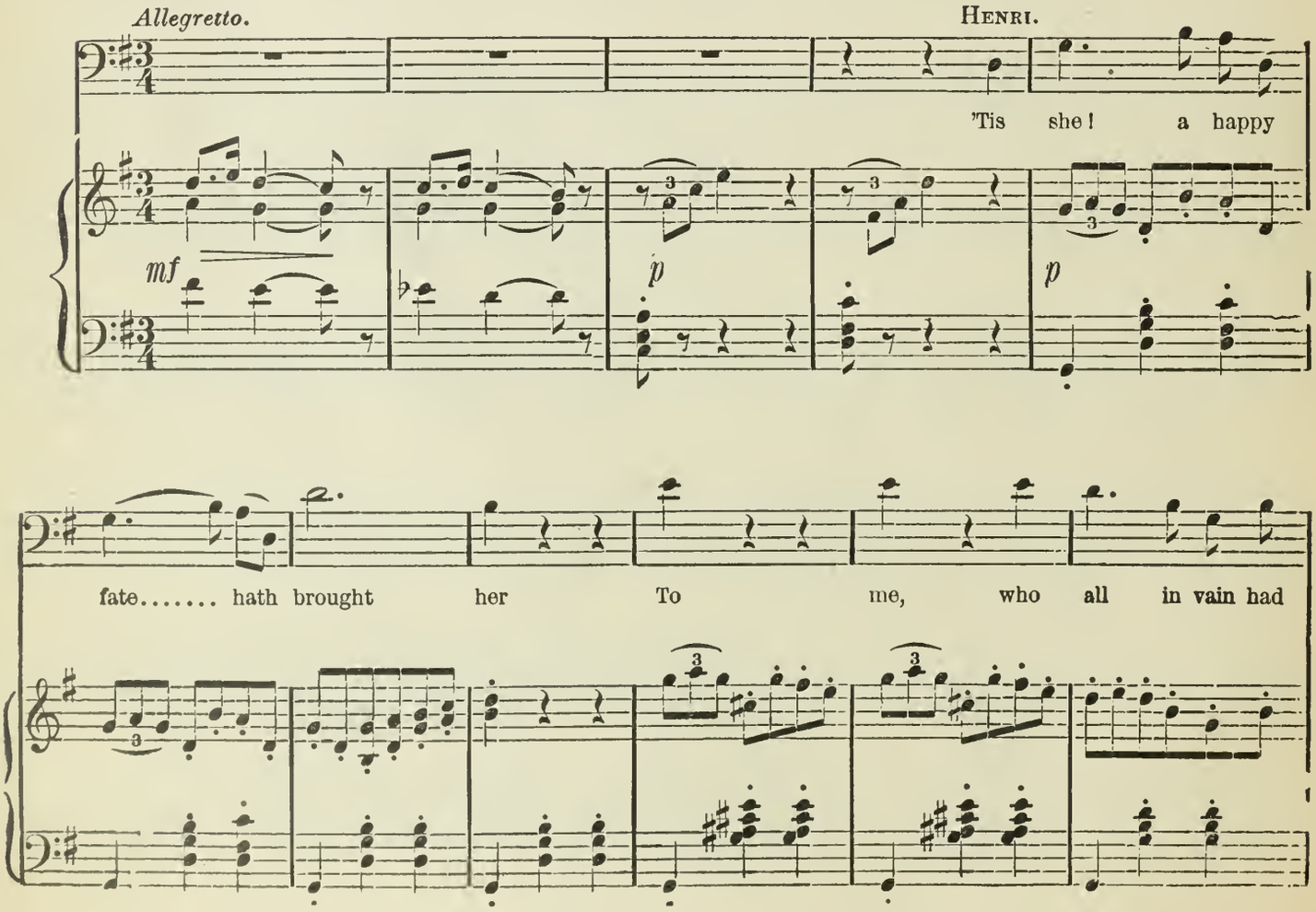
HENRI. What! that booby? For goodness' sake, what right had he to interfere?

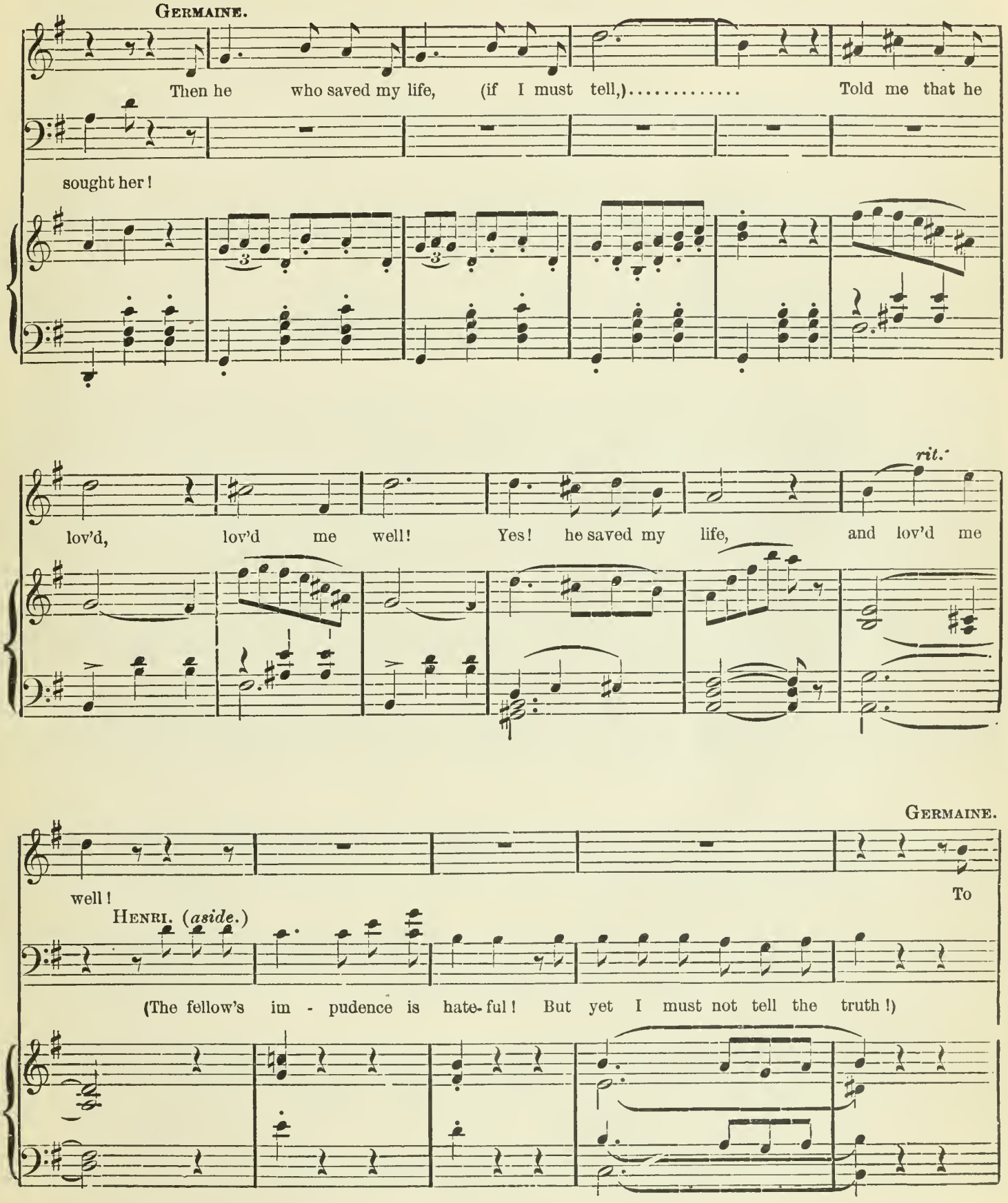
GERM. My lord, he has an influence over me on the score of gratitude. He saved my life once, by rescuing me from the sea, after I fell from the rocks, a mile or so from the village. Although I do not love him, I must be grateful.

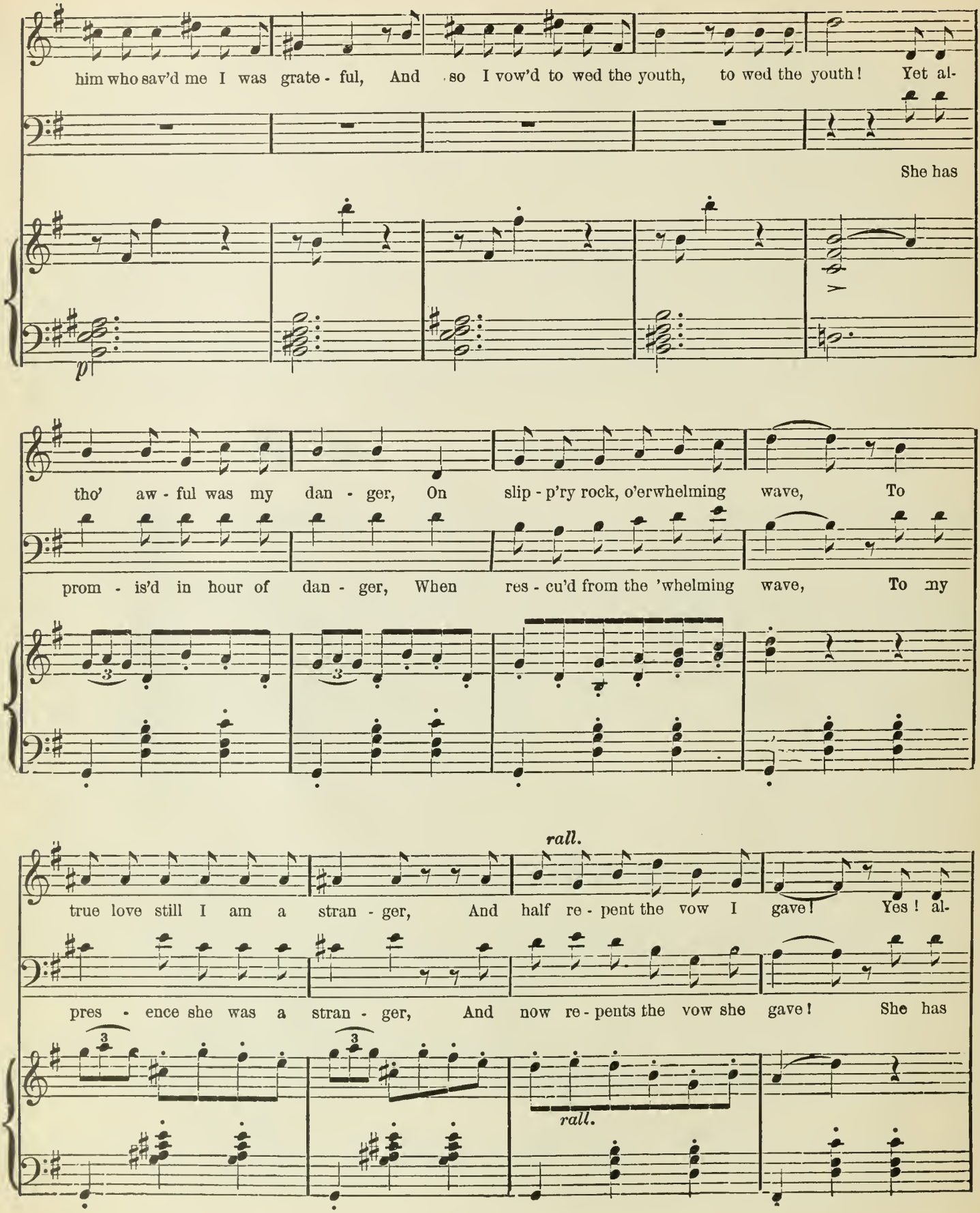
HENRI. (*Aside.*) The unconscionable rascal! To claim the credit of what I have done! (*Aloud.*) Well, I had no idea that I had engaged a coachman who is in the knight-errant business. But your face reminds me of days when, as a youth, I dreamed of such a beautiful being!

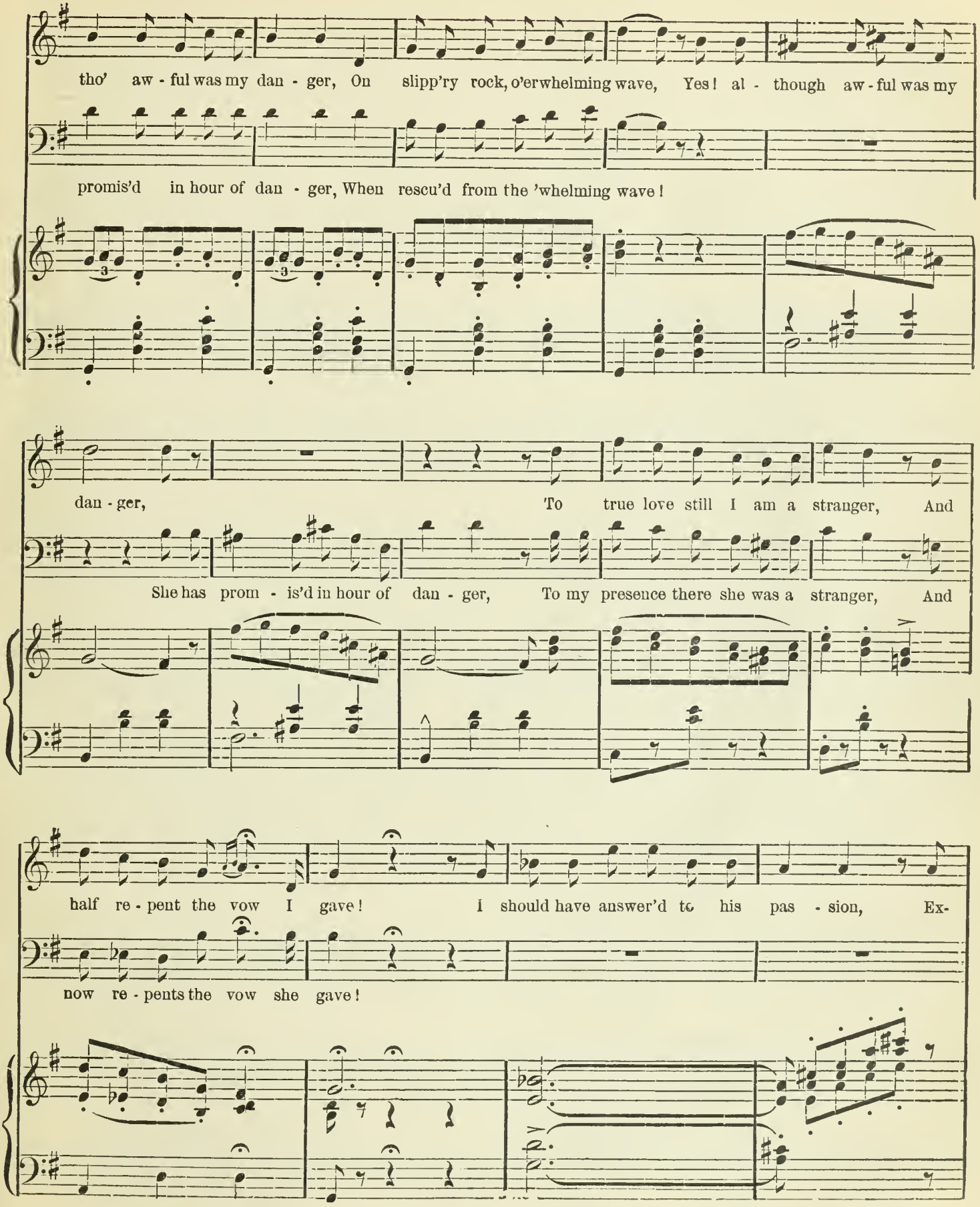
'TIS SHE! A HAPPY FATE.

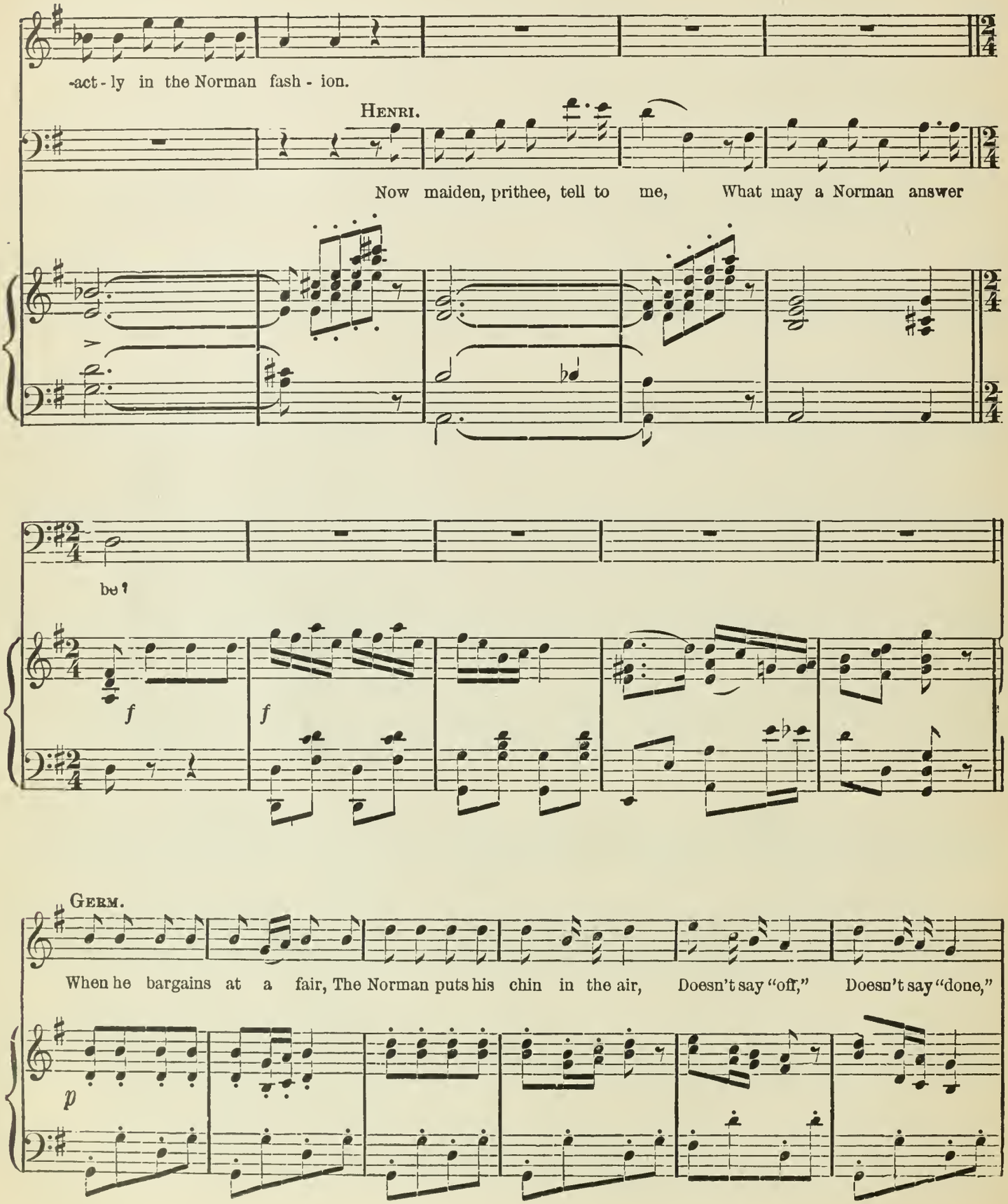
No. 14. DUO.

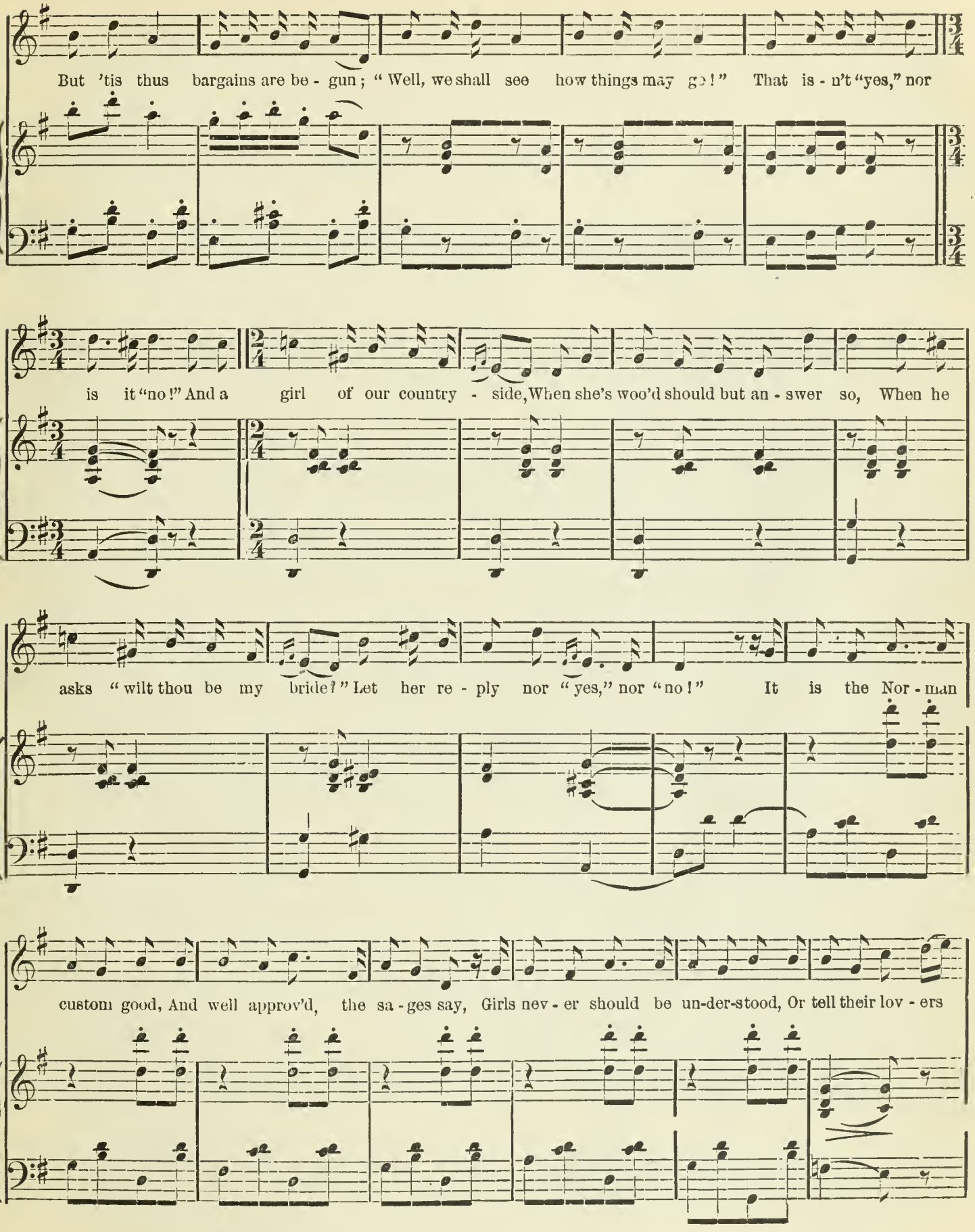


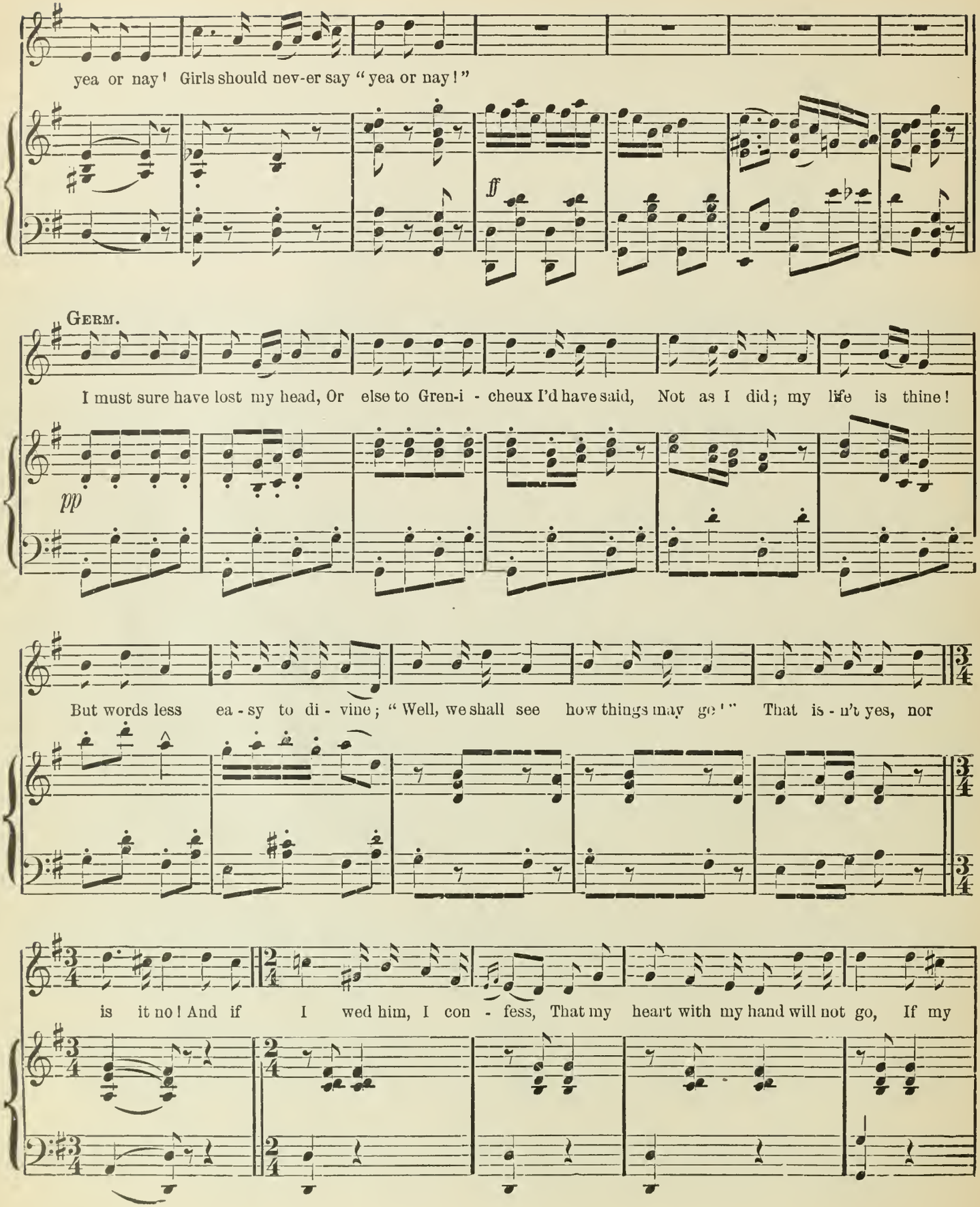

GERMAINE.
Then he who saved my life, (if I must tell,)..... Told me that he
sought her!
lov'd, lov'd me well! Yes! he saved my life, and lov'd me
rit.
GERMAINE.
well!
To
HENRI. (aside.)
(The fellow's im - pudence is hate-ful! But yet I must not tell the truth!)

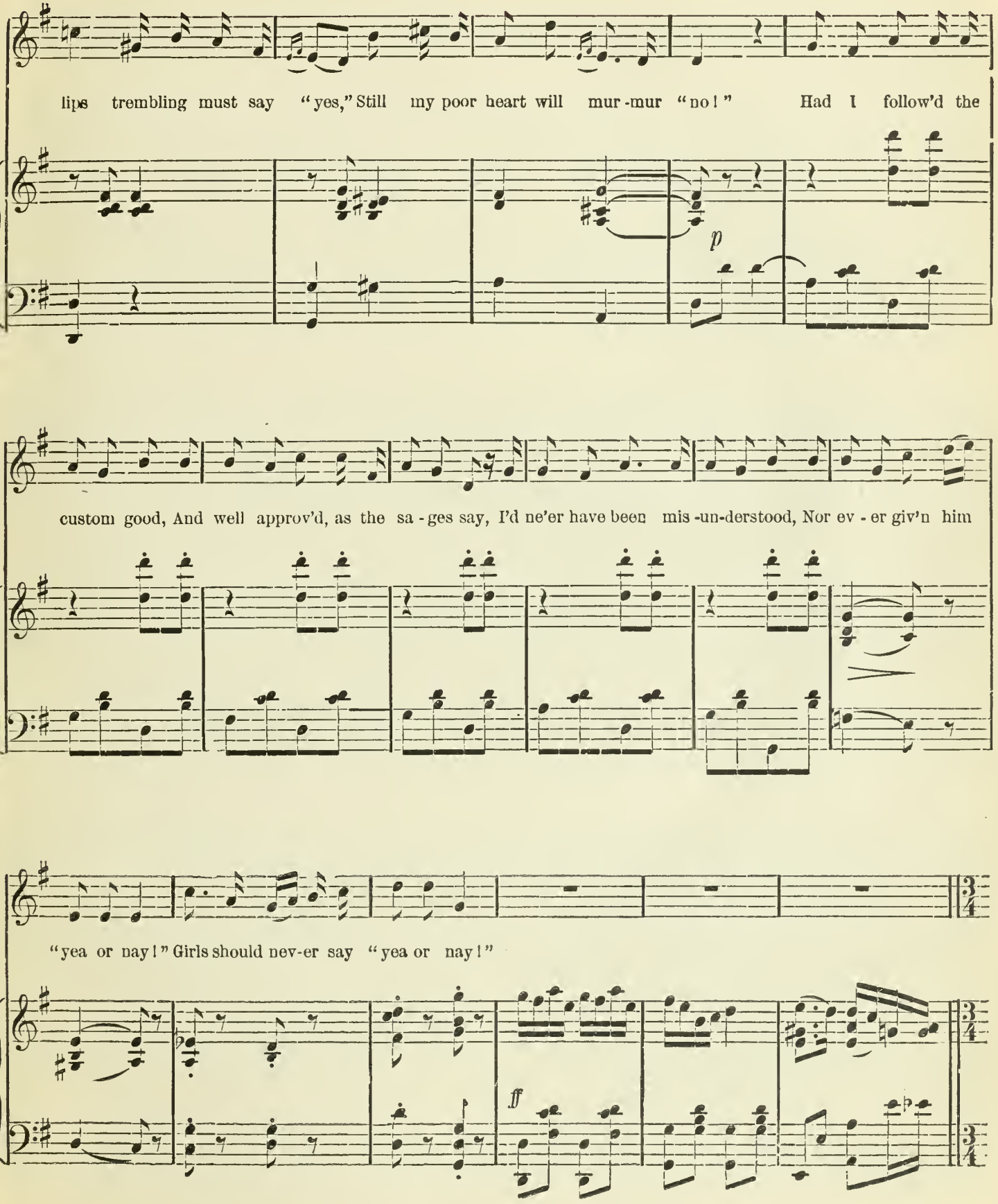

him who sav'd me I was grate - ful, And so I vow'd to wed the youth, to wed the youth! Yet al-
She has
p
tho' aw - ful was my dan - ger, On slip - p'ry rock, o'erwhelming wave, To
prom - is'd in hour of dan - ger, When res - cu'd from the 'whelming wave, To my
rall.
true love still I am a stran - ger, And half re - pent the vow I gave! Yes! al-
pres - ence she was a stran - ger, And now re - pents the vow she gave! She has
rall.

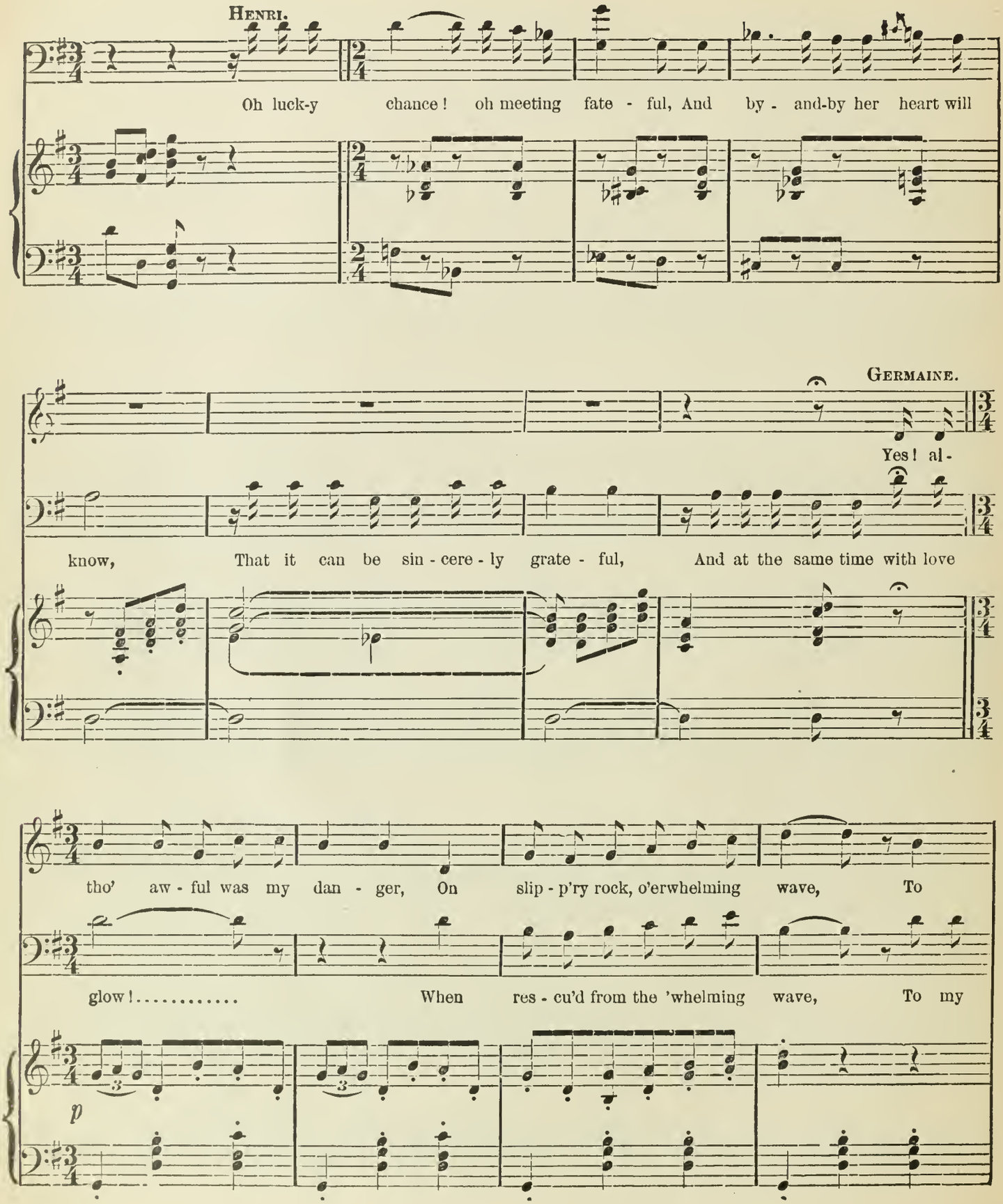

tho' aw - ful was my dan - ger, On slipp'ry rock, o'erwhelming wave, Yes! al - though aw - ful was my
promis'd in hour of dan - ger, When rescu'd from the 'whelming wave!
dan - ger, To true love still I am a stranger, And
She has prom - is'd in hour of dan - ger, To my presence there she was a stranger, And
half re - pent the vow I gave! I should have answer'd to his pas - sion, Ex-
now re - pents the vow she gave!

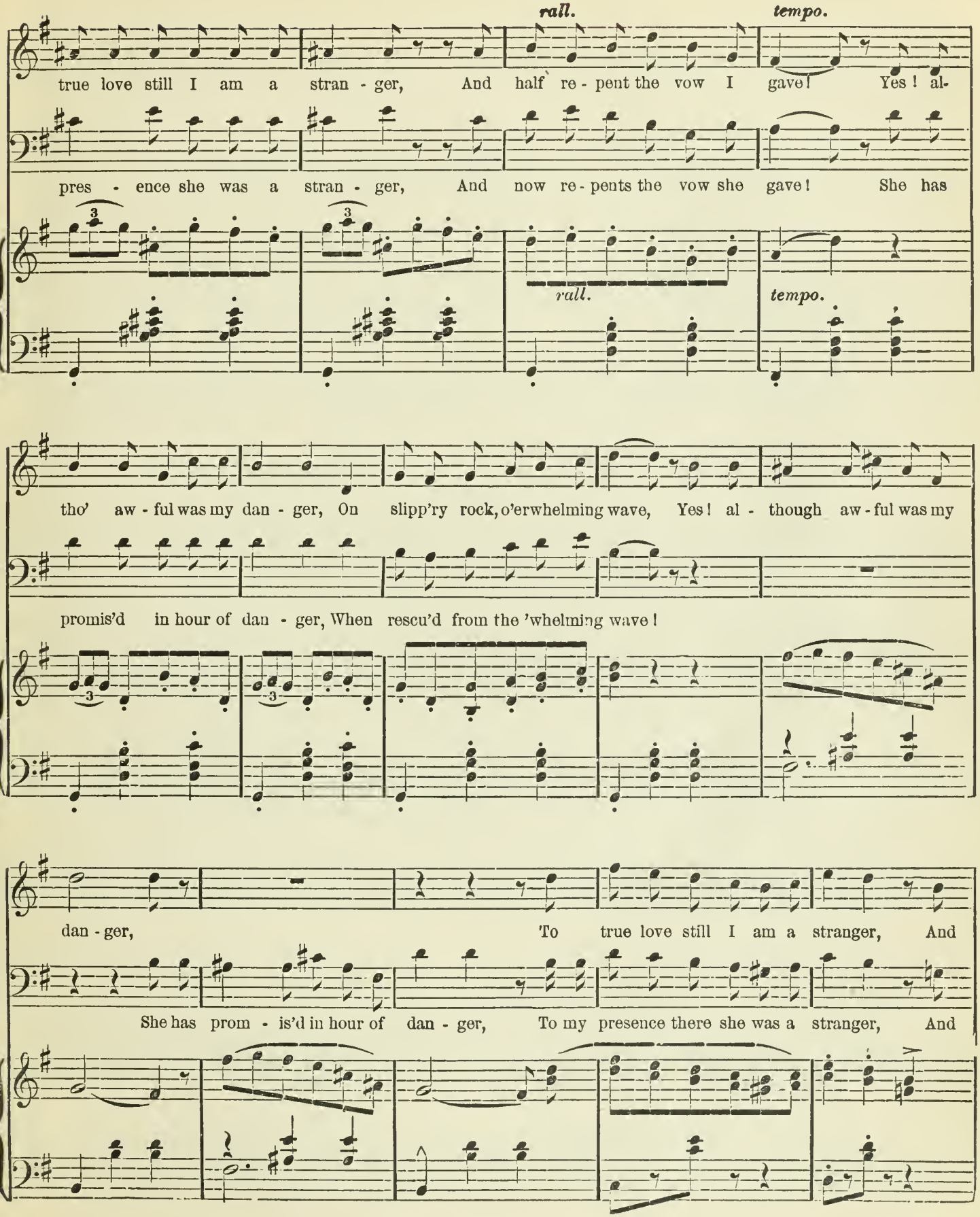

-act - ly in the Norman fash - ion.
HENRI.
Now maiden, prithee, tell to me, What may a Norman answer
be?
f
f
GERM.
When he bargains at a fair, The Norman puts his chin in the air, Doesn't say "off," Doesn't say "done,"
p

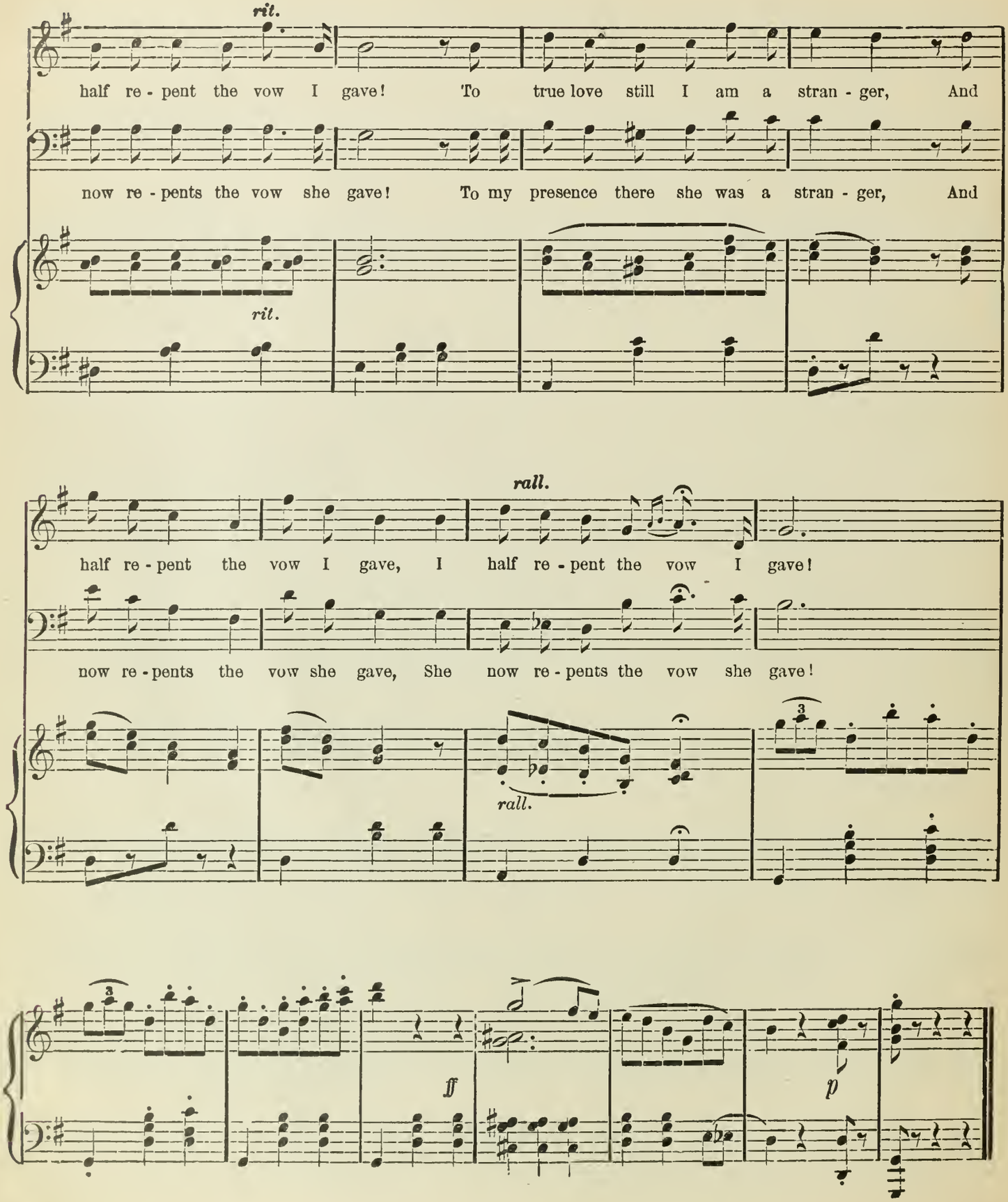

But 'tis thus bargains are be - gun; "Well, we shall see how things may go!" That is - n't "yes," nor
is it "no!" And a girl of our country - side, When she's woo'd should but an - swer so, When he
asks "wilt thou be my bride?" Let her re - ply nor "yes," nor "no!" It is the Nor - man
custom good, And well approv'd, the sa - ges say, Girls nev - er should be un-der-stood, Or tell their lov - ers


yea or nay! Girls should nev-er say "yea or nay!"
ff
Germ.
I must sure have lost my head, Or else to Gren-i - cheux I'd have said, Not as I did; my life is thine!
pp
But words less ea - sy to di - vine; "Well, we shall see how things may go!" That is - n't yes, nor
is it no! And if I wed him, I con - fess, That my heart with my hand will not go, If my


lips trembling must say "yes," Still my poor heart will mur-mur "no!" Had I follow'd the
p
custom good, And well approv'd, as the sa-ges say, I'd ne'er have been mis-un-derstood, Nor ev-er giv'n him
"yea or nay!" Girls should nev-er say "yea or nay!"
ff


HENRI.
Oh luck-y chance! oh meeting fate - ful, And by - and-by her heart will
GERMAINE.
Yes! al-
know, That it can be sin - cere - ly grate - ful, And at the same time with love
tho' aw - ful was my dan - ger, On slip - p'ry rock, o'erwhelming wave, To
glow!..... When res - cu'd from the 'whelming wave, To my
p


rall.
tempo.
true love still I am a stran - ger, And half re - pent the vow I gave! Yes! al-
pres - ence she was a stran - ger, And now re - pents the vow she gave! She has
rall.
tempo.
tho' aw - ful was my dan - ger, On slipp'ry rock, o'erwhelming wave, Yes! al - though aw - ful was my
promis'd in hour of dan - ger, When rescu'd from the 'whelming wave!
dan - ger, To true love still I am a stranger, And
She has prom - is'd in hour of dan - ger, To my presence there she was a stranger, And


rit.
half re - pent the vow I gave! To true love still I am a stran - ger, And
now re - pents the vow she gave! To my presence there she was a stran - ger, And
rit.
rall.
half re - pent the vow I gave, I half re - pent the vow I gave!
now re - pents the vow she gave, She now re - pents the vow she gave!
rall.
3
3
ff
p

(*Knocking heard within.*)

HENRI. Ah! the signal. Now, for an interview with the ghosts. They won't like it, I am sure. Serpolette! Serpolette! Oh! pardon me—Marchioness! Marchioness!

(*Enter* SERPOLETTE.)

SERP. That name, Marchioness, my lord, must meet a ready response.

HENRI. I merely wished to advise your ladyship that our expected visitors, the ghosts, are about to put in an appearance.

SERP. Oh, save me, my lord! I don't want to meet them.

HENRI. Fear in the breast of the Marchioness De Lucenay? Why, I am surprised!

SERP. Right, my lord; I am once more on my dignity. Marchioness, if you please; don't you forget it. But then, is there nothing more substantial for a Marchioness than ghosts? (*Cries within.*) Here they come! Here they come? Ah, save me! Help! The Marchioness is going to faint!

HENRI. Why, you silly creature! these are only my men! Look at this staunch little craft here, Germaine, who fears no man!

GERM. My Lord, a ghost and a man are very different things!

(*Enter* GRENICHEUX, BAILLI, & SAILORS.)

HENRI. Now, Monsieur Le Bailli, we shall very soon have an opportunity of interviewing those precious ghosts of yours.

BAILLI. Your Excellency, one of your crew informs me that there is a boat on the river approaching the chateau, and that one man alone is in it.

GREN. Help! Help! Look at that phantom!

SERP. You donkey! It is only the curtain which I was pulling back

GREN. A pull back? Oh, that is a very different thing.

HENRI. (*Aside.*) That miserable liar. Grenicheux! Won't I make him smart for his intolerable falsehoods. (*Aloud*) My men, this hall will be the first place where the ghosts will come. We must hide, so as to intercept them. Now some one must remain here on guard. Who shall it be?

A VERY SMALL SAILOR (*steps forward*). I, captain.

HENRI. Oh, no! You wouldn't be a mouthful for a ghost. Let me see—I want the bravest man in the crew. Who is he? Ah! here he is! (*Claps* GRENICHEUX *on the back.*) Come, boys, put him in yonder armor.

GREN. Oh, please your highness, I am scared out of my wits!

HENRI. So much the better. They are not of much use to you. Put him in the armor on wheels.

GREN. I shall die of fright!

HENRI. So much the better for the ghosts, and the worse for you.

GREN. Let me go this time, my lord, and I promise never to come here again!

HENRI. Nonsense! You are just the man for the situation. Clap him in the armor! (*The sailors place* GRENICHEUX *in armor.*)

AS HE'S LOOKING SOMEWHAT PALE.

No. 15. CHORUS and QUINTETTE.

Allegro.

TENORS.

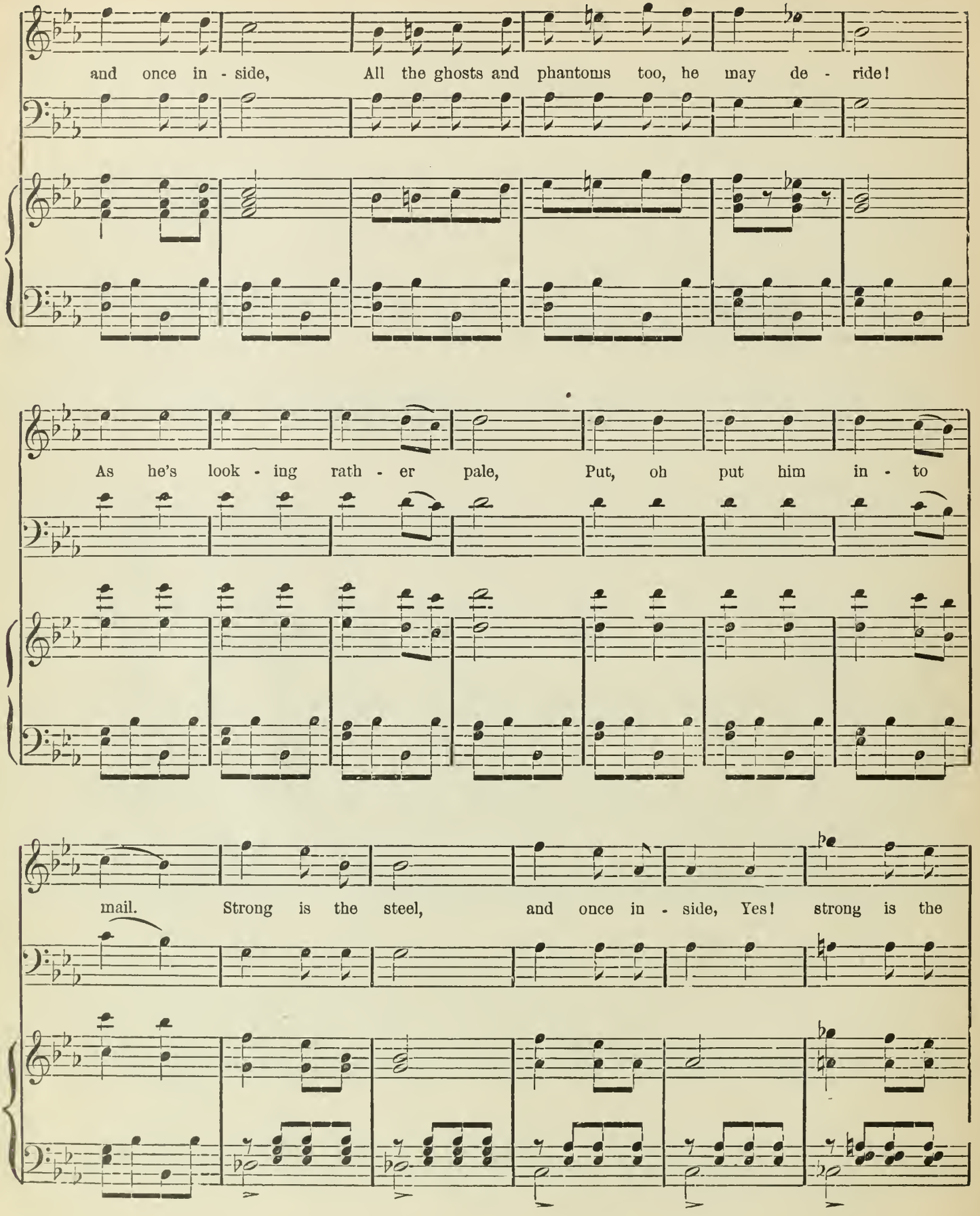
As he's look - ing some - what

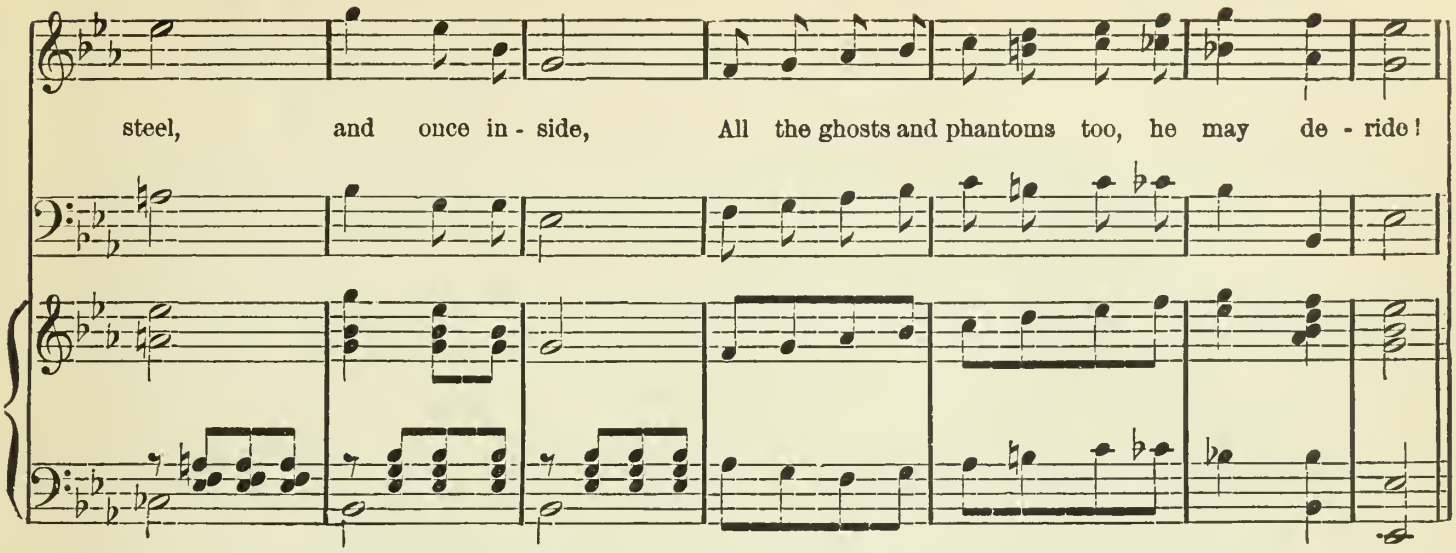
BASSES.

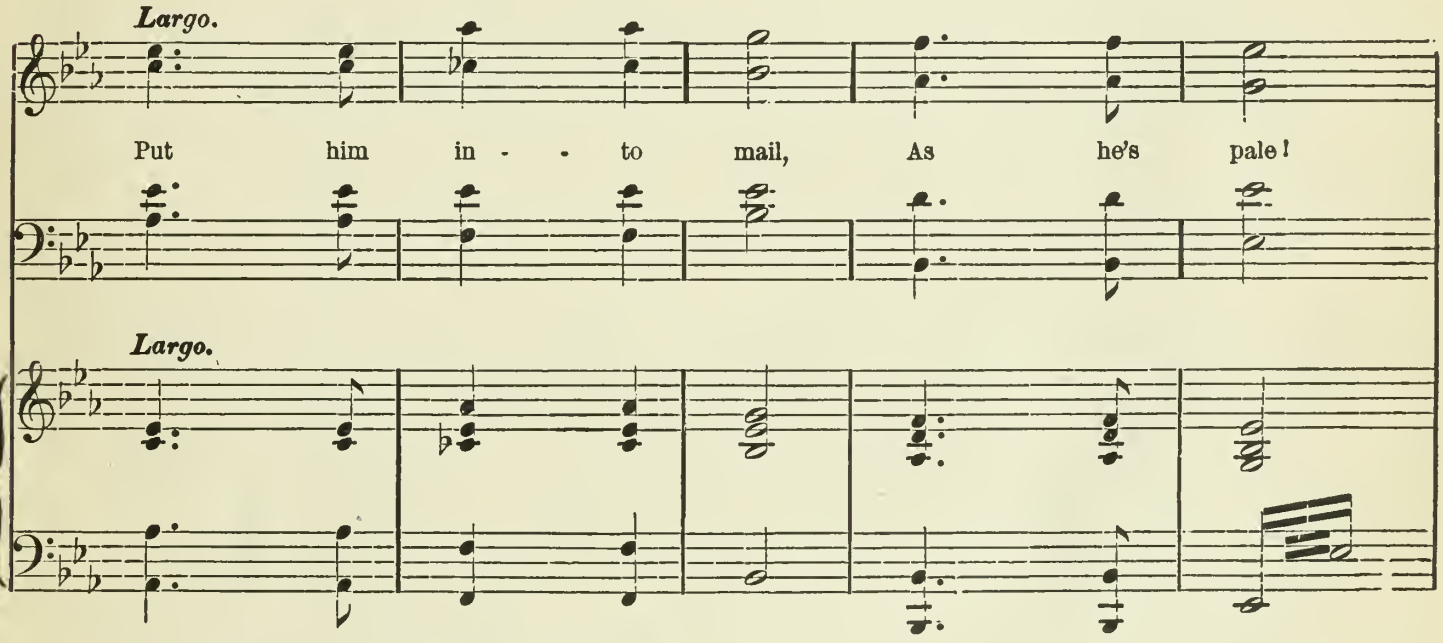
Allegro.

ff

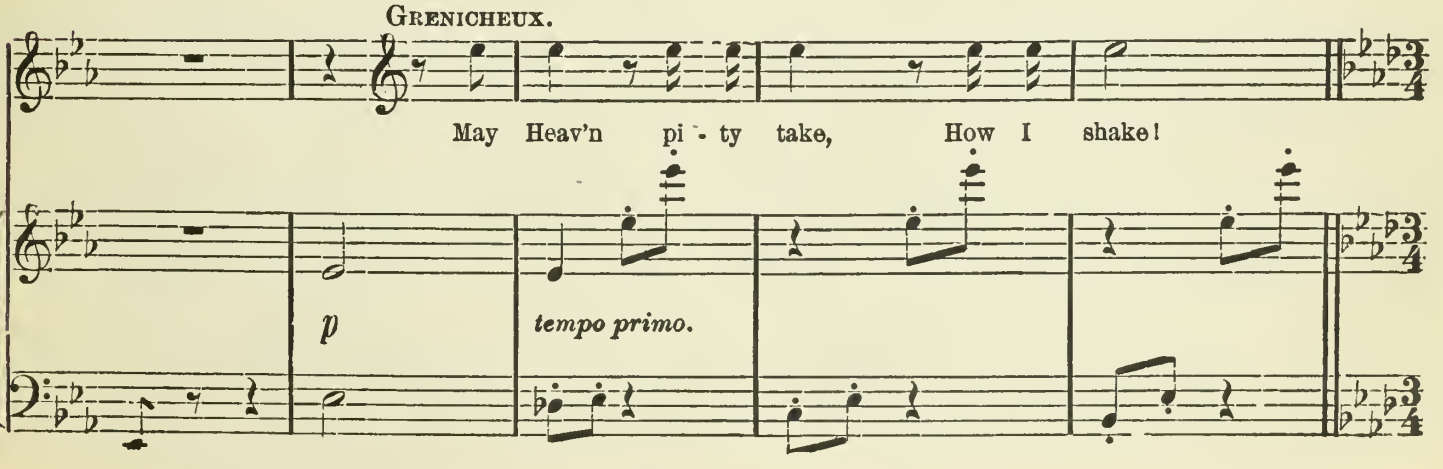
pale, Put, oh put him in - to mail! Strong is the steel.

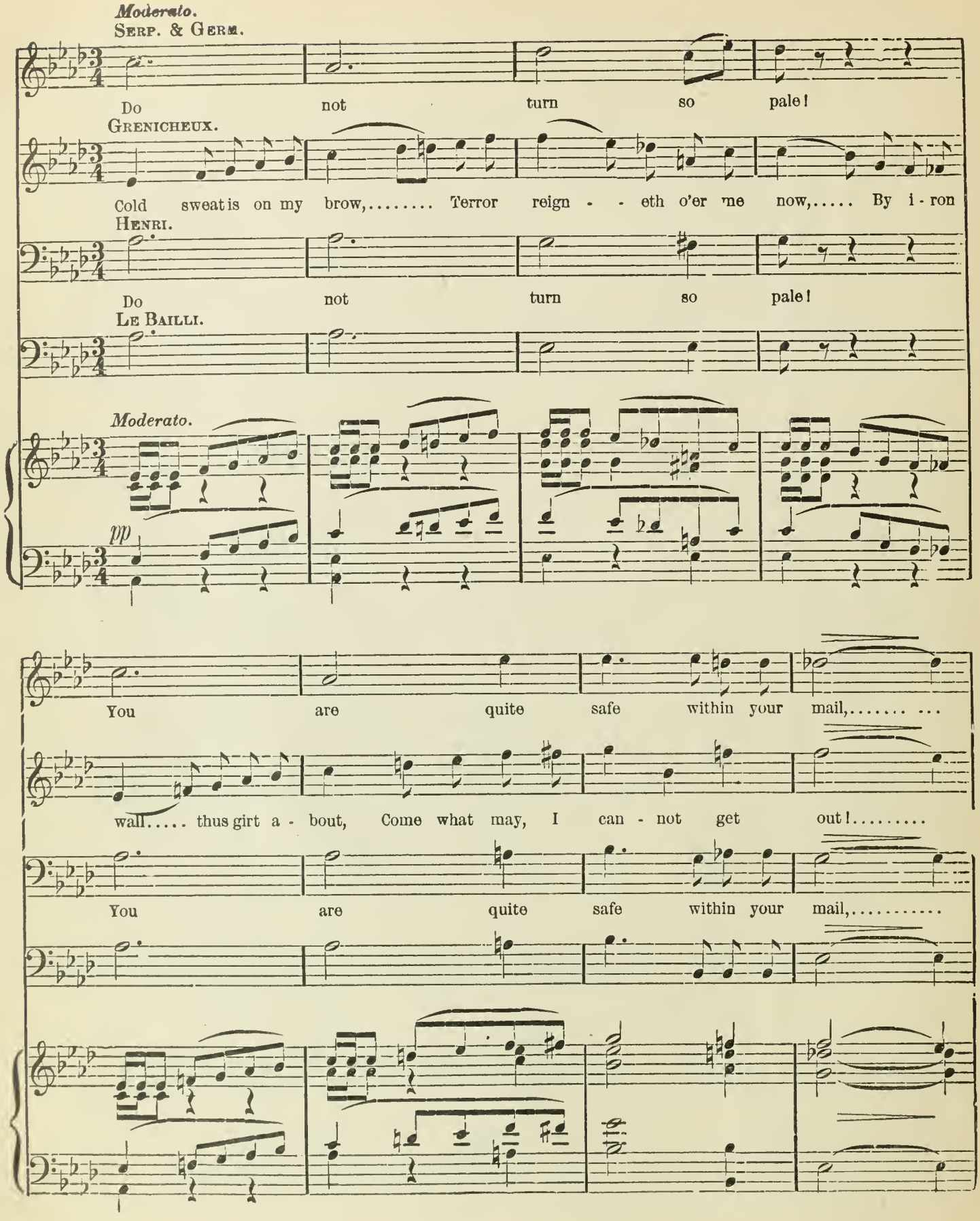

and once in - side, All the ghosts and phantoms too, he may de - ride!
As he's look - ing rath - er pale, Put, oh put him in - to
mail. Strong is the steel, and once in - side, Yes! strong is the

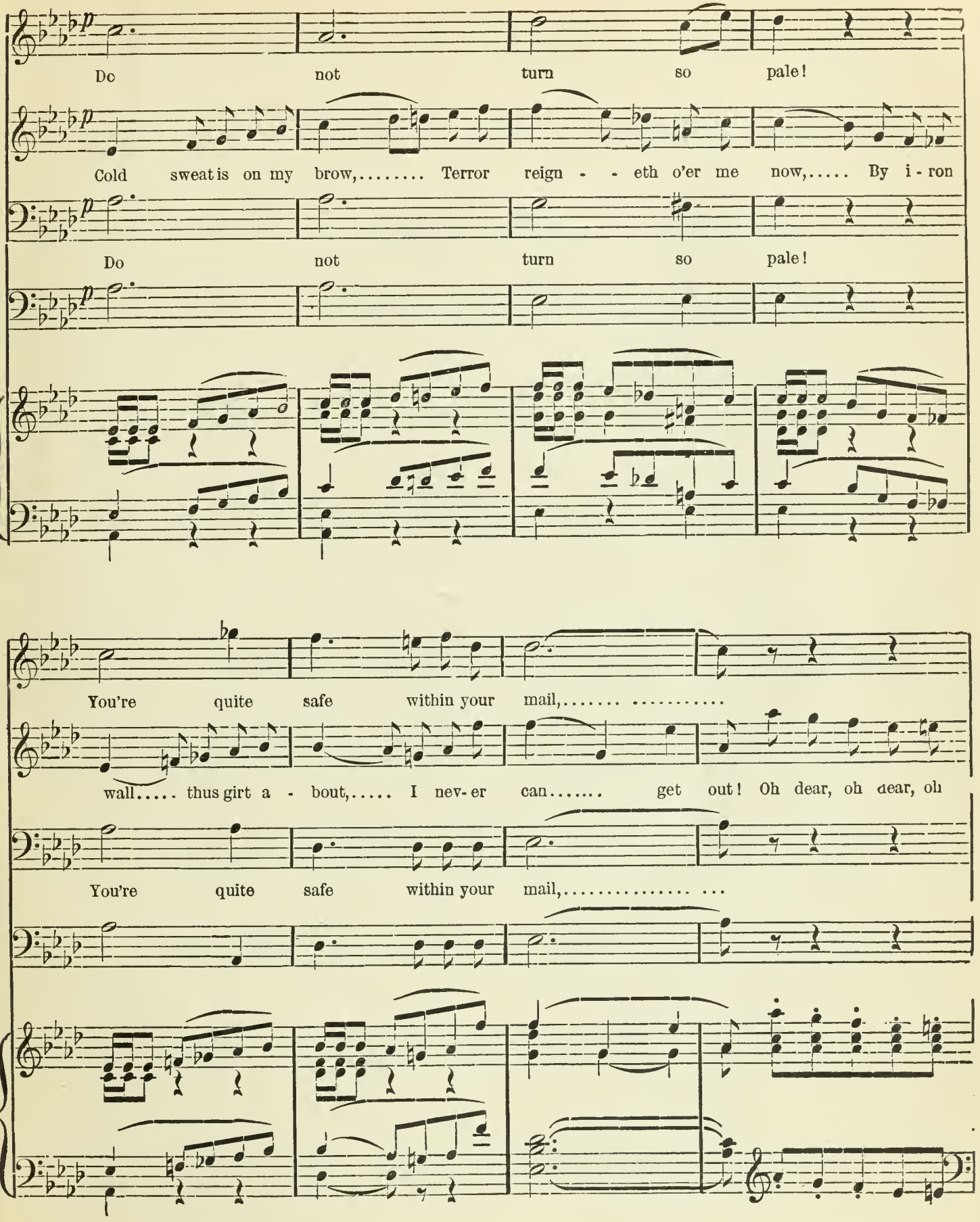


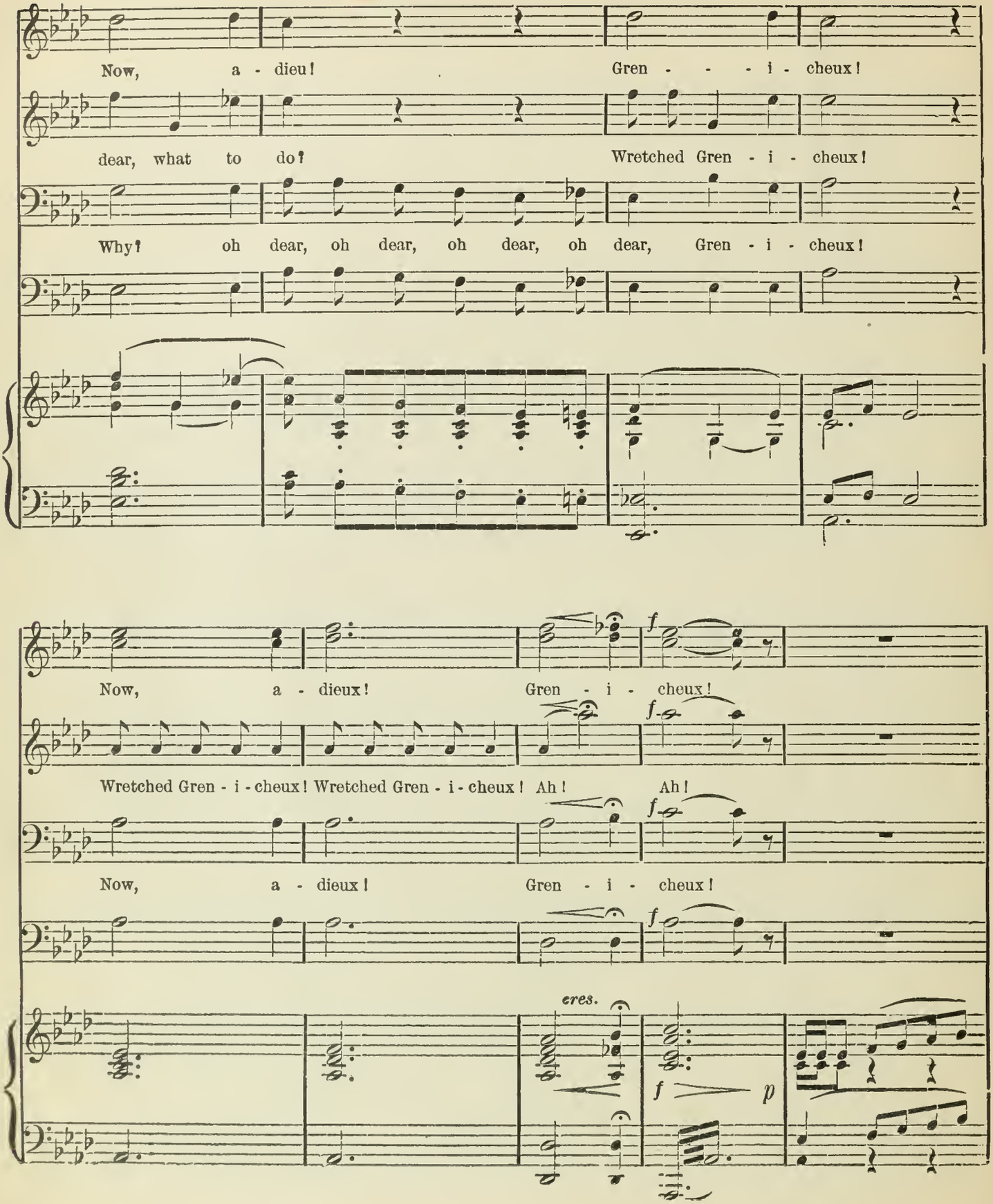


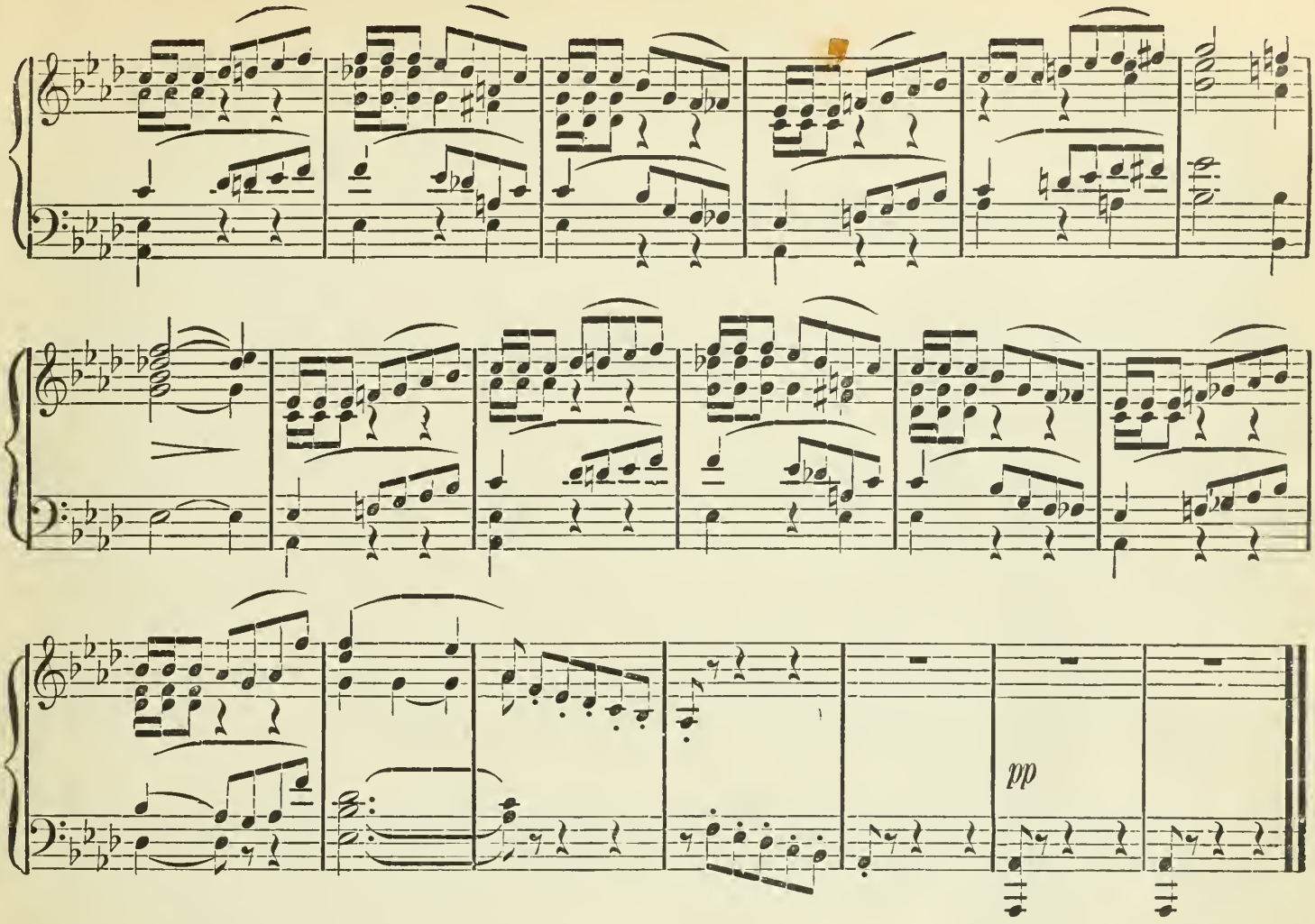
HENRI. (*Spoken.*) *Stir, and you are a dead man!*




Moderato.
SERP. & GERM.
Do not turn so pale!
GRENICHEUX.
Cold sweat is on my brow,..... Terror reign - - eth o'er me now,..... By i - ron
HENRI.
Do not turn so pale!
LE BAILLI.
Moderato.
pp
You are quite safe within your mail,..... ...
wall..... thus girt a - bout, Come what may, I can - not get out!.....
You are quite safe within your mail,.....


Do not turn so pale!
Cold sweat is on my brow,..... Terror reign - - eth o'er me now,..... By i - ron
Do not turn so pale!
You're quite safe within your mail,..... .....
wall..... thus girt a - bout,..... I nev- er can..... get out! Oh dear, oh dear, oh
You're quite safe within your mail,..... ...


Now, a - dieu! Gren - - - i - cheux!
dear, what to do! Wretched Gren - i - cheux!
Why! oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, Gren - i - cheux!
Now, a - dieux! Gren - i - cheux!
Wretched Gren - i - cheux! Wretched Gren - i - cheux! Ah! Ah!
Now, a - dieux! Gren - i - cheux!
cres.
f
p



(*Exeunt Omnes except* GRENICHEUX.,

GREN. Well, this is a nice fix! Mailed, and waiting for a ghost to put a postage stamp on me! What shall I do? I'd sink down, if this confounded armor would only permit me. What is that? A light, and coming this way! Who is it, or rather what is it? I must shut my eyes and pray, if I can, for protection.

(*Enter* GASPARD *carrying a lantern.*)

GASP. I wonder what has come over me to-night. I feel as if something was going to happen. What can it be? Pshaw, Gaspard! courage! Courage, man! Leave such idle fears to the boobies of yonder village!

GREN. (*Aside.* I am afraid to look at it, whatever it is.

GASP. Idle fears! Why, Gaspard, old man, you are a fool! No one dare venture in this neighborhood after dark.

GREN. (*Aside.*) Here is one poor devil who has gone and done it!

GASP. And that old Bailli—what did he mean by his hints to-day? Can he suspect? No, no! And yet he seemed so positive! Bah! Cheer up, Gaspard! No one knows where you keep your savings bank. The old chateau of Corneville—what a hiding-place! No absconding cashier, no speculative president. (*Rolls armor with* GRENICHEUX *up and down.*)

GREN. Mercy! Mercy!

GASP. What's the matter with you? Did you speak? Pshaw! An old armor that has rusted here for ages. Gaspard, if you go on like this, you will soon be as big a fool as any of the bumpkins of yonder village. (*Places lantern and money bags on table.*)

GREN. What a narrow escape! Now I'm only an old rusty armor.

GASP. What did that old fool of a Bailli mean by his questions about the former Marquis and my administration of his affairs?

GREN. (*Aside.*) I think, upon my word, that I am going to faint!

GASP. (*Lighting candles.*) And only think of it—Germaine gone off with that foreign captain, when I had everything arranged for her wedding with the Bailli; but I shall have her back—I shall have her back! There is law in this country, even if it is Normandy; and the Bailli shall have his bride, and I shall be then rid of him and her. She has been such a charge! Little did her father, the Marquis De Lucenay, think what a responsibility he placed on my shoulders, when he committed this child to my care. But I shall make a good thing out of it. (*Lights candles.*)

GREN. (*Aside.*) It is lighting up—now I am gone! Let me say my prayers.

GASP. My plans are too well laid to be discovered, unless one Marquis should come back to claim his inheritance, and the other to claim his daughter.

GREN. (*Aside.*) Why does it light so many candles?

GASP. What an ugly dream I have had! I thought that the Marquis De Lucenay came back and claimed his daughter from me.

GREN. (*Aside.*) What an ugly face this ghost has!

GASP. (*Unlocking door and entering small room.*) And now, for my precious gold, my darling treasure! Let me see it once again and add to it. My darling gold! My mistress that ever smiles on me!

GREN. Why, as I live, it is old Gaspard, that wretch of a miser! Heavens! he would kill me, if he should recognize me! Now, I must be wary in dealing with such an old scoundrel!

GASP. (*Entering with bags of gold.*) Oh, my darling gold! My darling gold! Mistress of my heart! (*wrapping himself in a sheet.*) By the way, I must not forget my ghost business. Here is a spiritual medium of the first water—terms moderate. Now, then, to perplex the boors of the village. Oh, confound this old armor (*Pushes* GRENICHEUX *before him.*)

GREN. Help! Help!

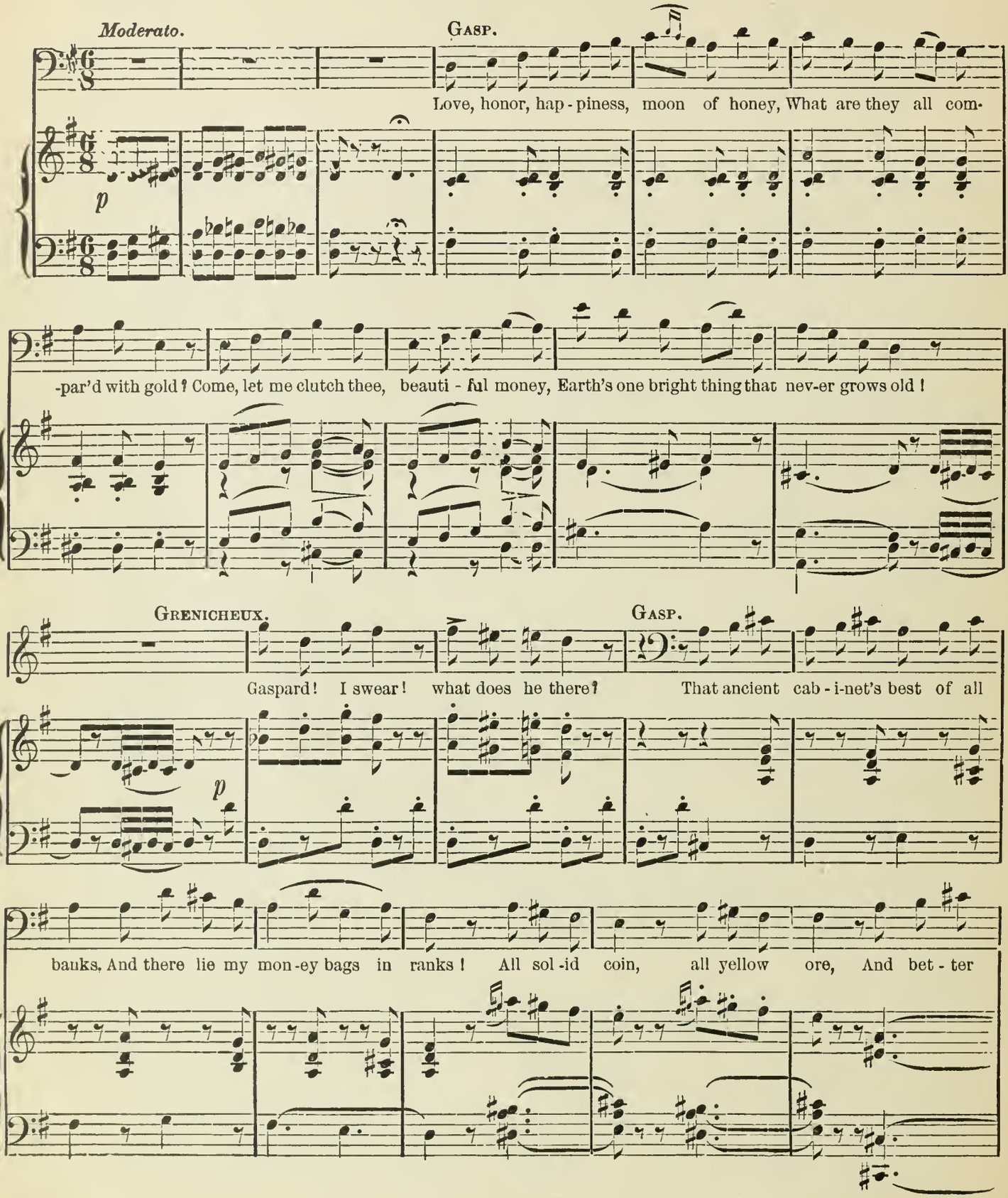
GASP. What did you say? Gaspard, you are an ass! Only a piece of rusty armor! Do you wish to be afraid of your own ghosts (*Goes to window and waves sheet.*) There now, if any country bumpkin sees me, he will rush home and tell his folks that the devils are holding high carnival in the chateau of Corneville! By the way, if ever I catch that miserable fisherman, Grenicheux, I'll kill him! (*Runs armor up and down.*)

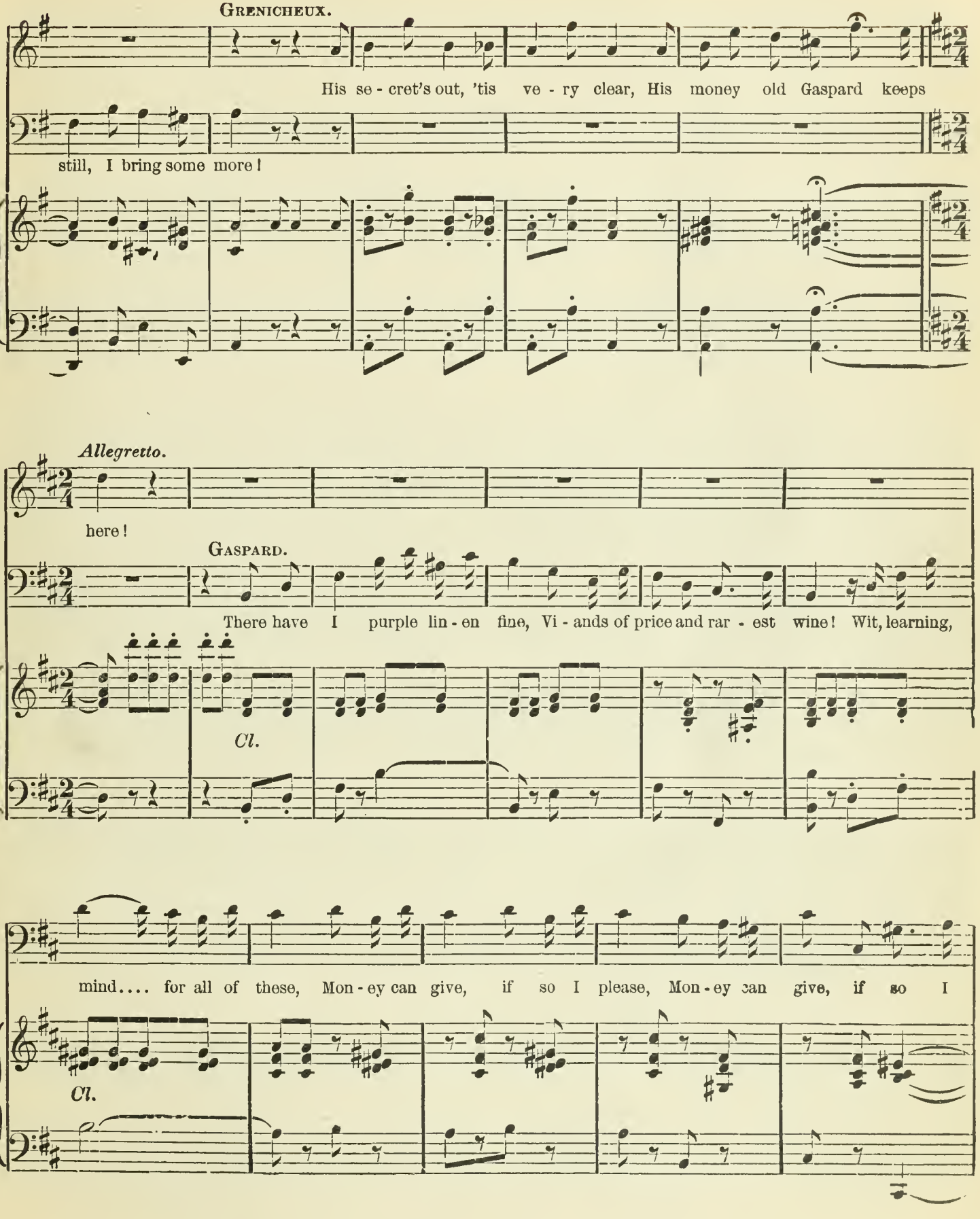
GREN. Police! Police!

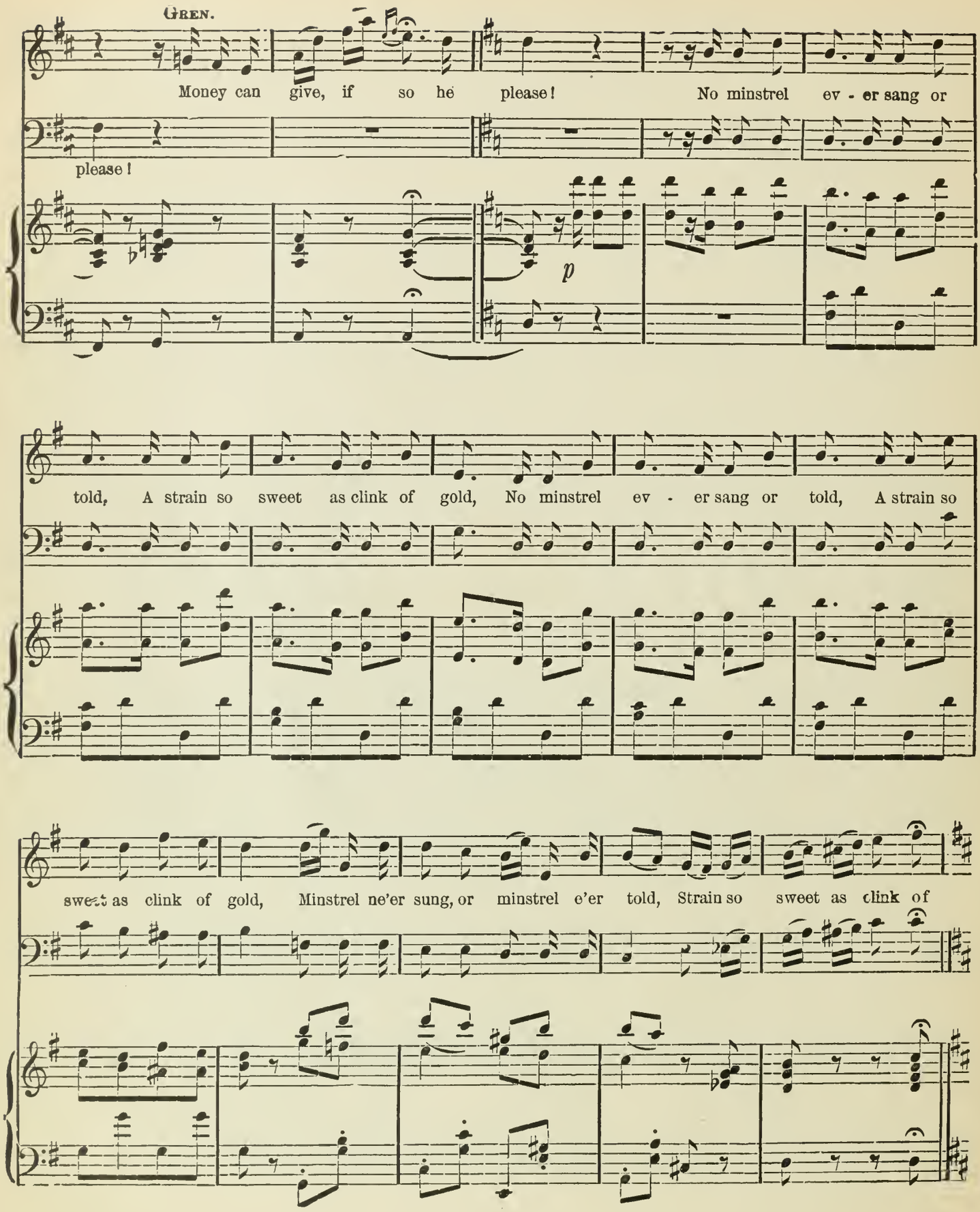
GASP. What's that you say? Pshaw!—only imagination! Now only think of it—the Bailli, Germaine, the Marquis and the accounts. Ah, here is something to console me! My gold! my gold! my darling gold! (*Sits down to table, opens bags of gold and counts his money.*)

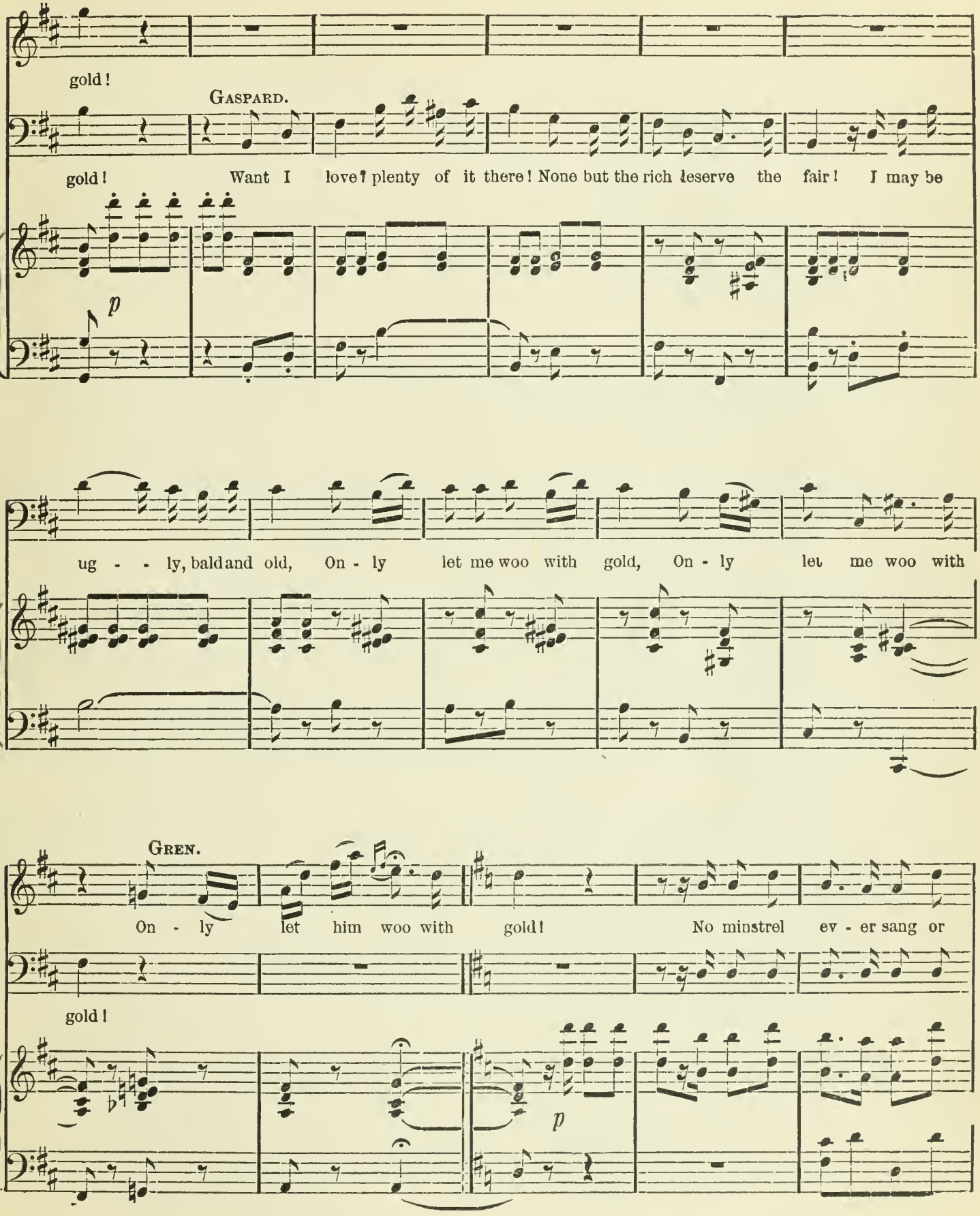
LOVE, HONOR, HAPPINESS.

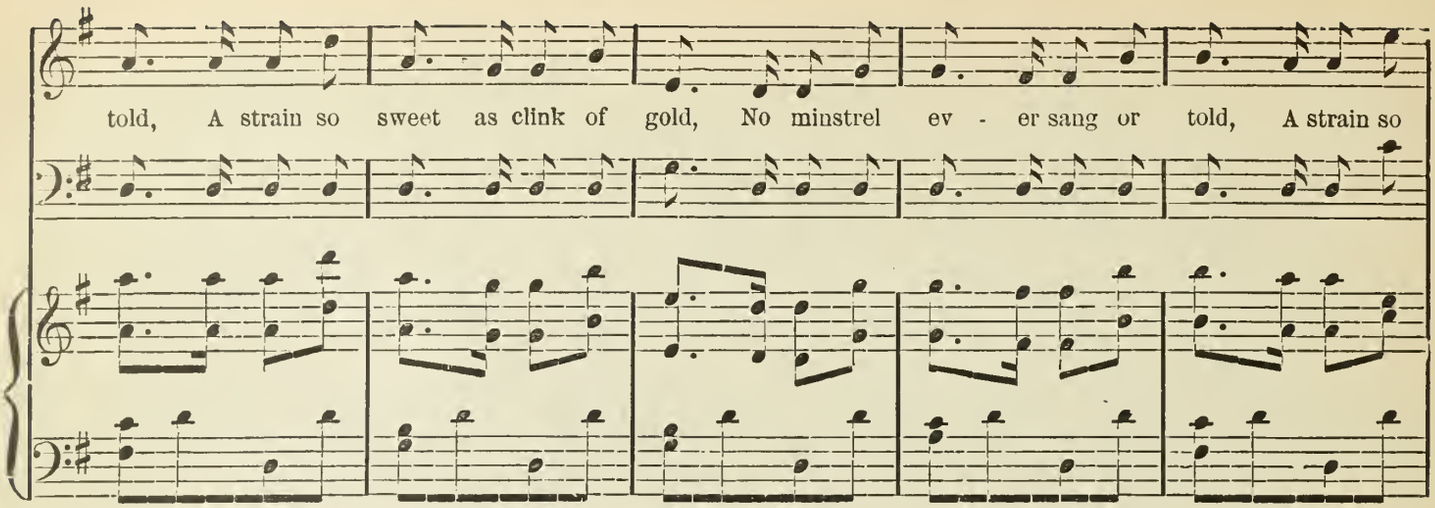
No. 16. FINALE.

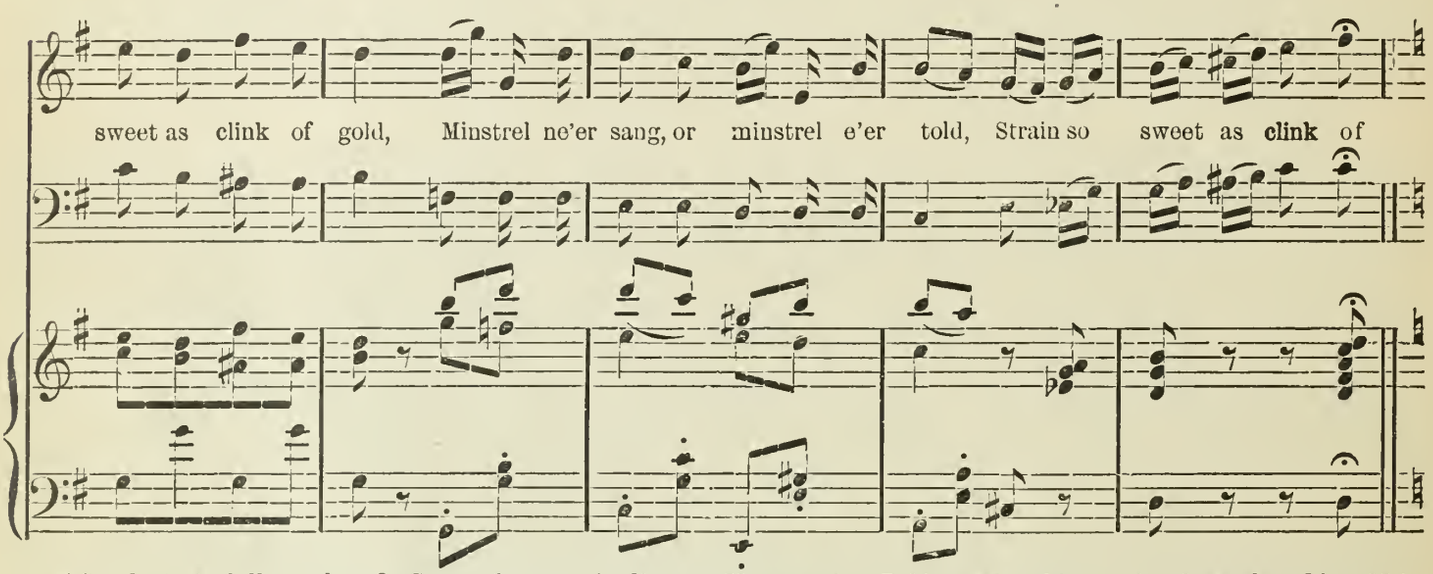



GRENICHEUX.
His se - cret's out, 'tis ve - ry clear, His money old Gaspard keeps
still, I bring some more!
Allegretto.
here!
GASPARD.
There have I purple lin - en fine, Vi - ands of price and rar - est wine! Wit, learning,
Cl.
mind.... for all of these, Mon - ey can give, if so I please, Mon - ey can give, if so I
Cl.

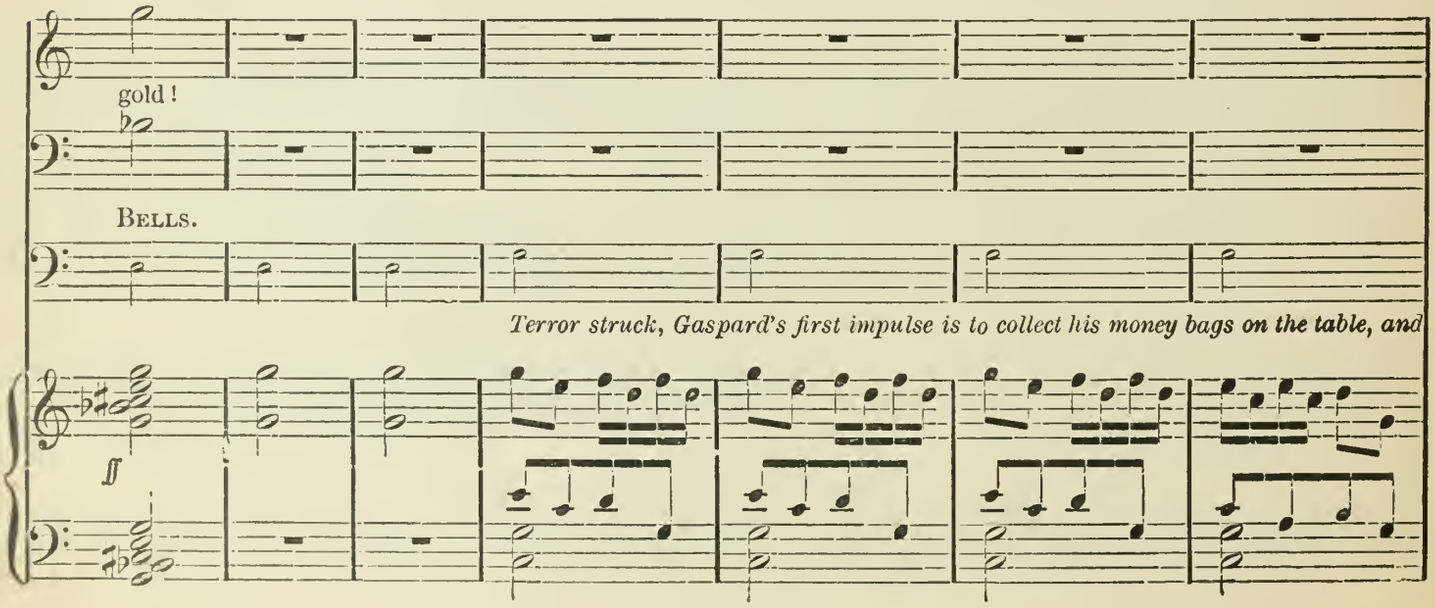

GREN.
Money can give, if so he please! No minstrel ev - er sang or
please!
p
told, A strain so sweet as clink of gold, No minstrel ev - er sang or told, A strain so
sweet as clink of gold, Minstrel ne'er sung, or minstrel e'er told, Strain so sweet as clink of

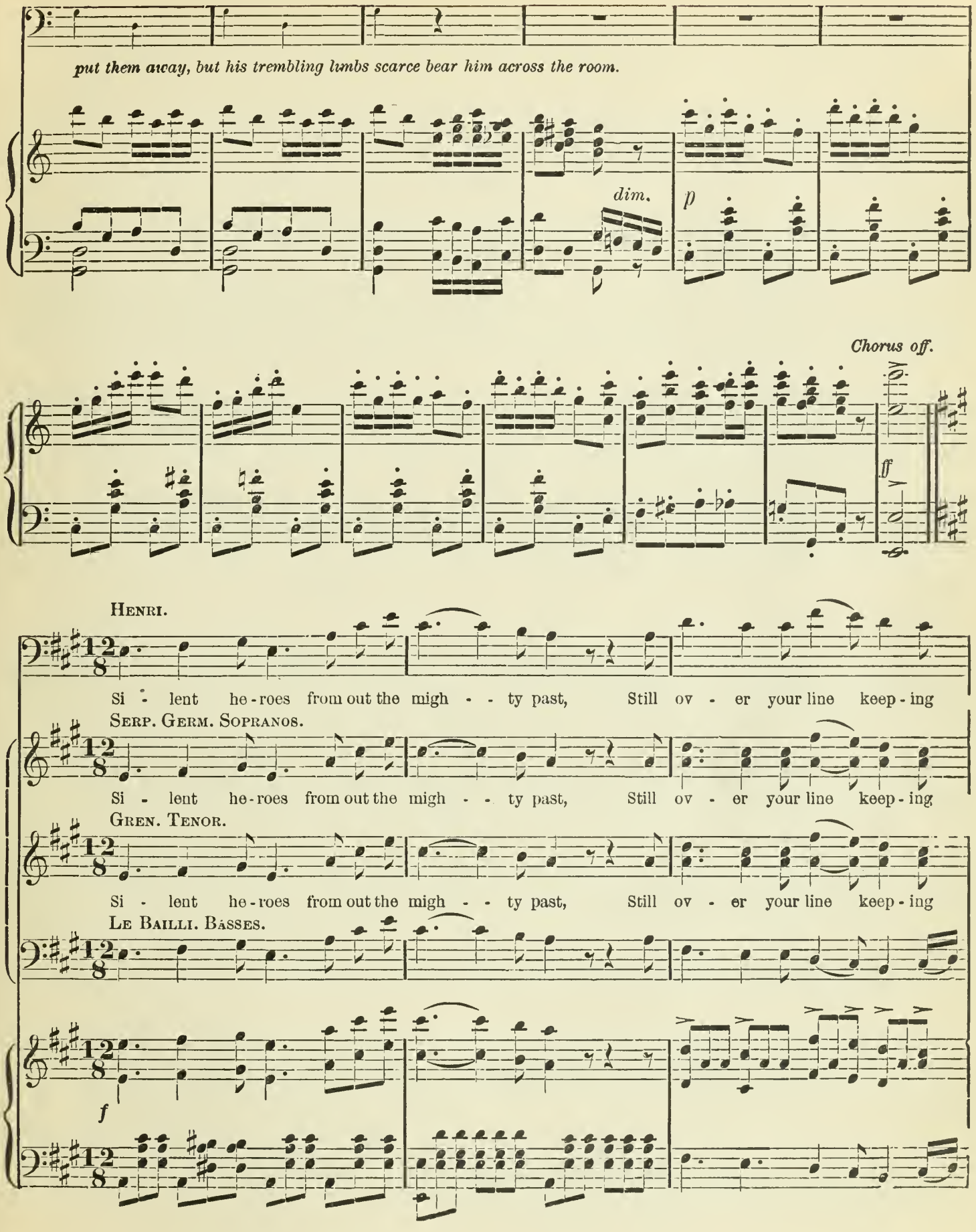

gold!
GASPARD.
gold! Want I love? plenty of it there! None but the rich deserve the fair! I may be
p
ug - - ly, bald and old, On - ly let me woo with gold, On - ly let me woo with
GREN.
On - ly let him woo with gold! No minstrel ev - er sang or
gold!
p

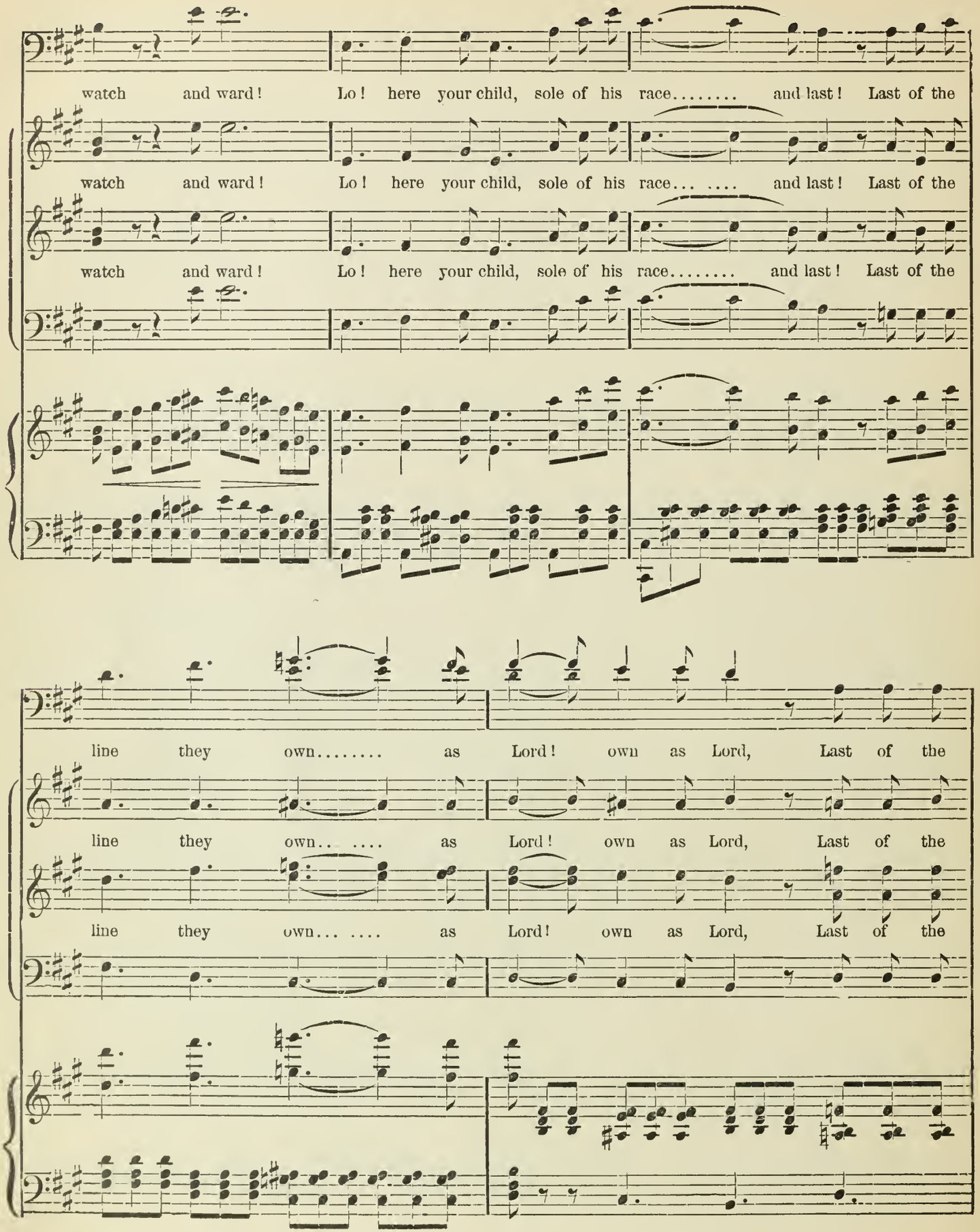




After duet, the bells are heard. Gaspard pauses in dismay. He recognizes Robin, and rushing to the place where his gold is concealed, he throws himself on it as it were to protect it. The curtain at back rises and all enter. A guard unbinds Robin and he also confronts Gaspard.




put them away, but his trembling limbs scarce bear him across the room.
dim.
p
Chorus off.
ff
Henri.
Si - lent he-roes from out the migh - - ty past, Still ov - er your line keep-ing
Serp. Germ. Sopranos.
Si - lent he-roes from out the migh - - ty past, Still ov - er your line keep-ing
Gren. Tenor.
Si - lent he-roes from out the migh - - ty past, Still ov - er your line keep-ing
Le Bailli. Basses.
f


watch and ward! Lo! here your child, sole of his race..... and last! Last of the
watch and ward! Lo! here your child, sole of his race... .... and last! Last of the
watch and ward! Lo! here your child, sole of his race..... and last! Last of the
line they own..... as Lord! own as Lord, Last of the
line they own.. .... as Lord! own as Lord, Last of the
line they own... .... as Lord! own as Lord, Last of the

line they own..... as Lord!

line they own..... as Lord!

line they own..... as Lord! *Gaspard.* *"The Ghosts! the Ghosts!"*

ff

SERP.

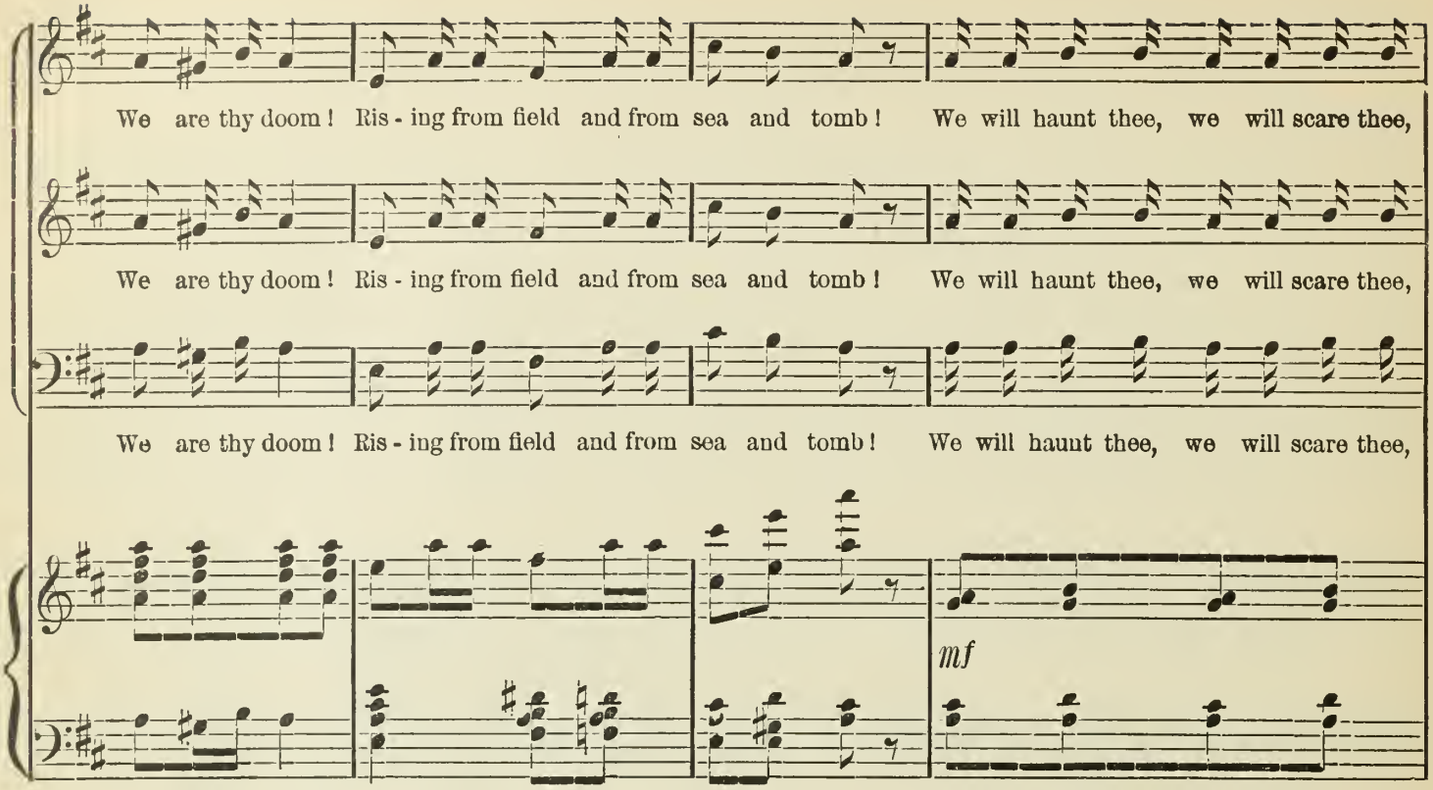
Yes, we are ghosts! vengeance is sped, And lights now on your wick-ed head! So tremble, old man,

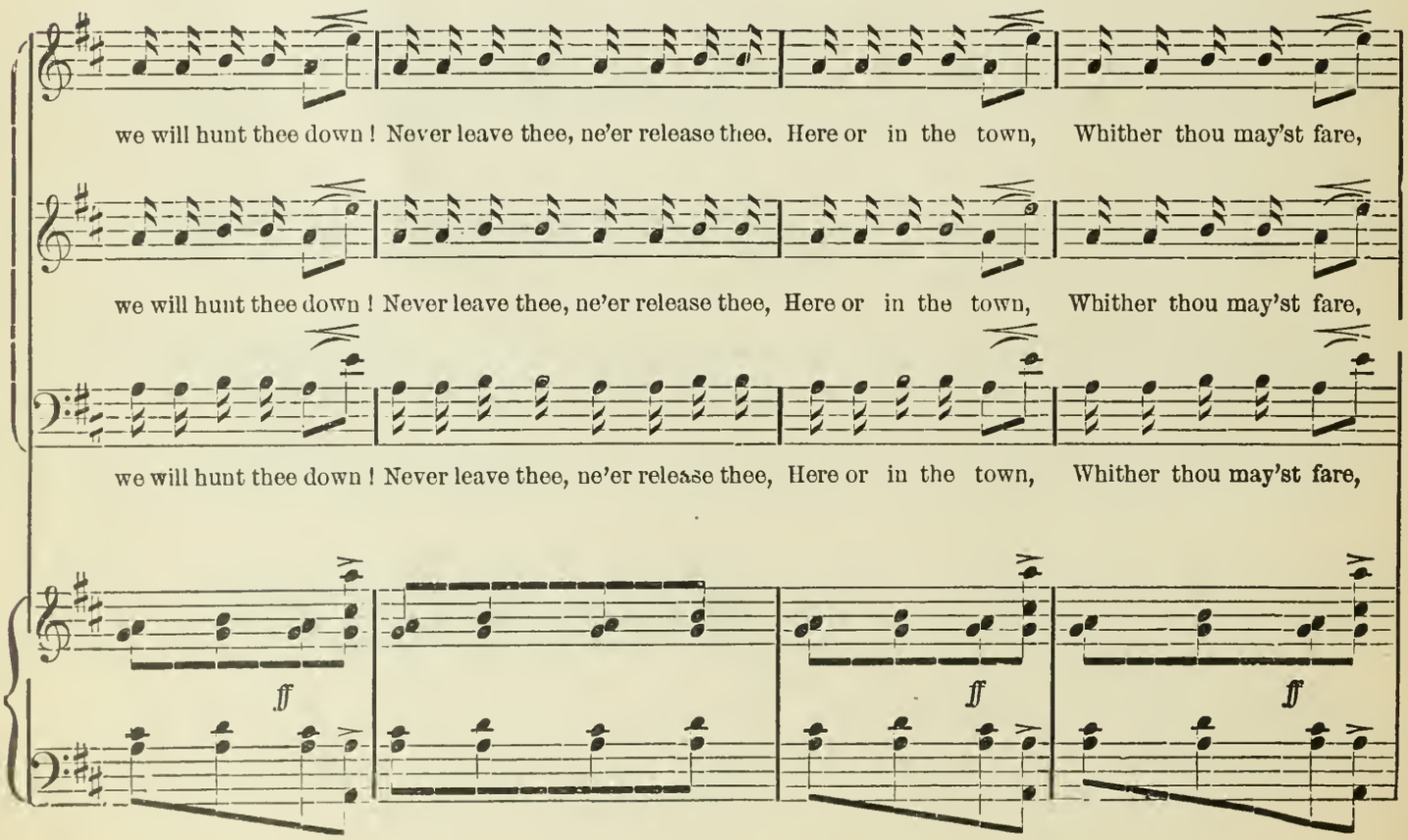
TENORS.

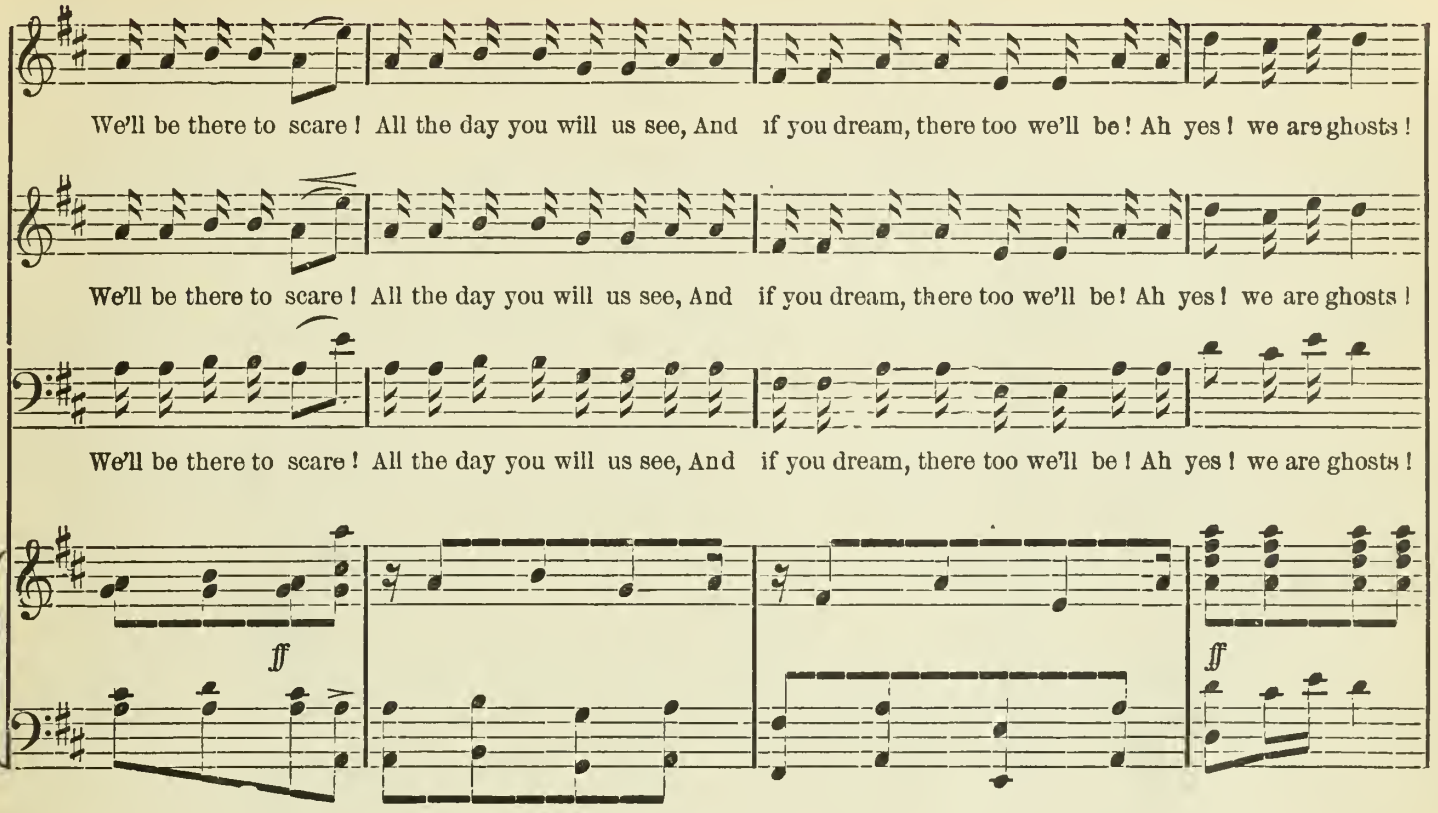
Yes, we are ghosts! vengeance is sped, And lights now on your wick-ed head! So tremble, old man,

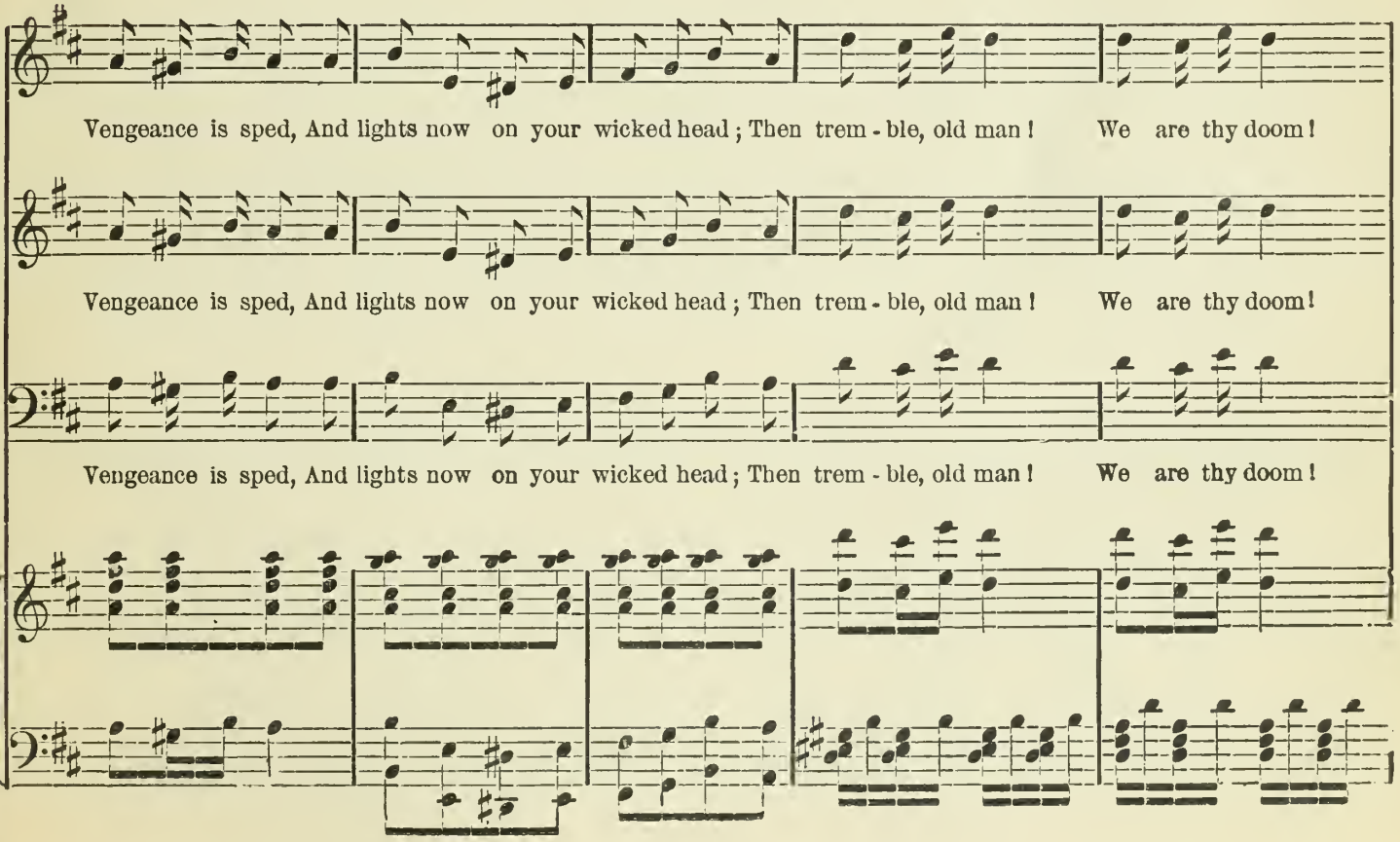
BAILLI.

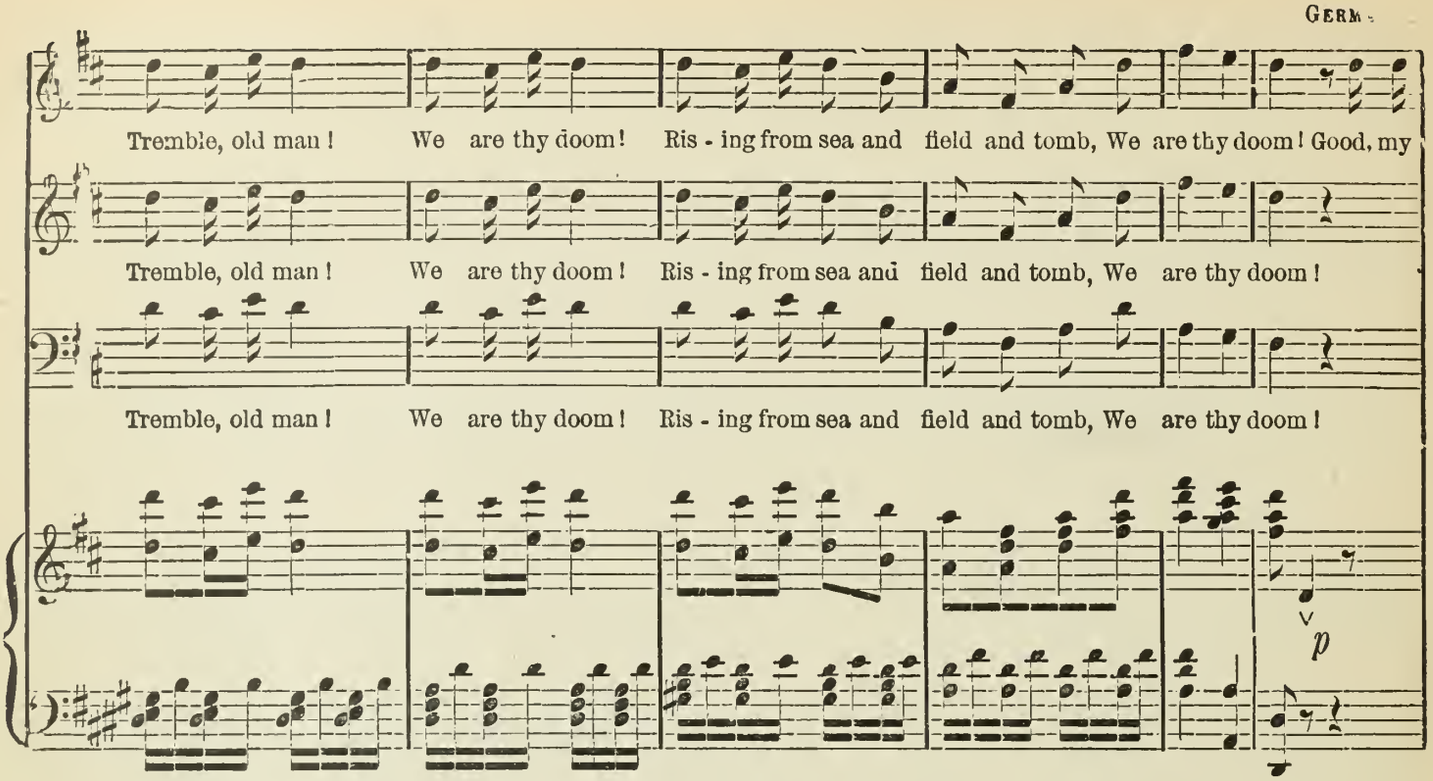
Yes, we are ghosts! vengeance is sped, And lights now on your wick-ed head! So tremble, old man,


We are thy doom! Ris - ing from field and from sea and tomb! We will haunt thee, we will scare thee,
We are thy doom! Ris - ing from field and from sea and tomb! We will haunt thee, we will scare thee,
We are thy doom! Ris - ing from field and from sea and tomb! We will haunt thee, we will scare thee,
mf


we will hunt thee down! Never leave thee, ne'er release thee. Here or in the town, Whither thou may'st fare,
we will hunt thee down! Never leave thee, ne'er release thee, Here or in the town, Whither thou may'st fare,
we will hunt thee down! Never leave thee, ne'er release thee, Here or in the town, Whither thou may'st fare,
ff
ff
ff

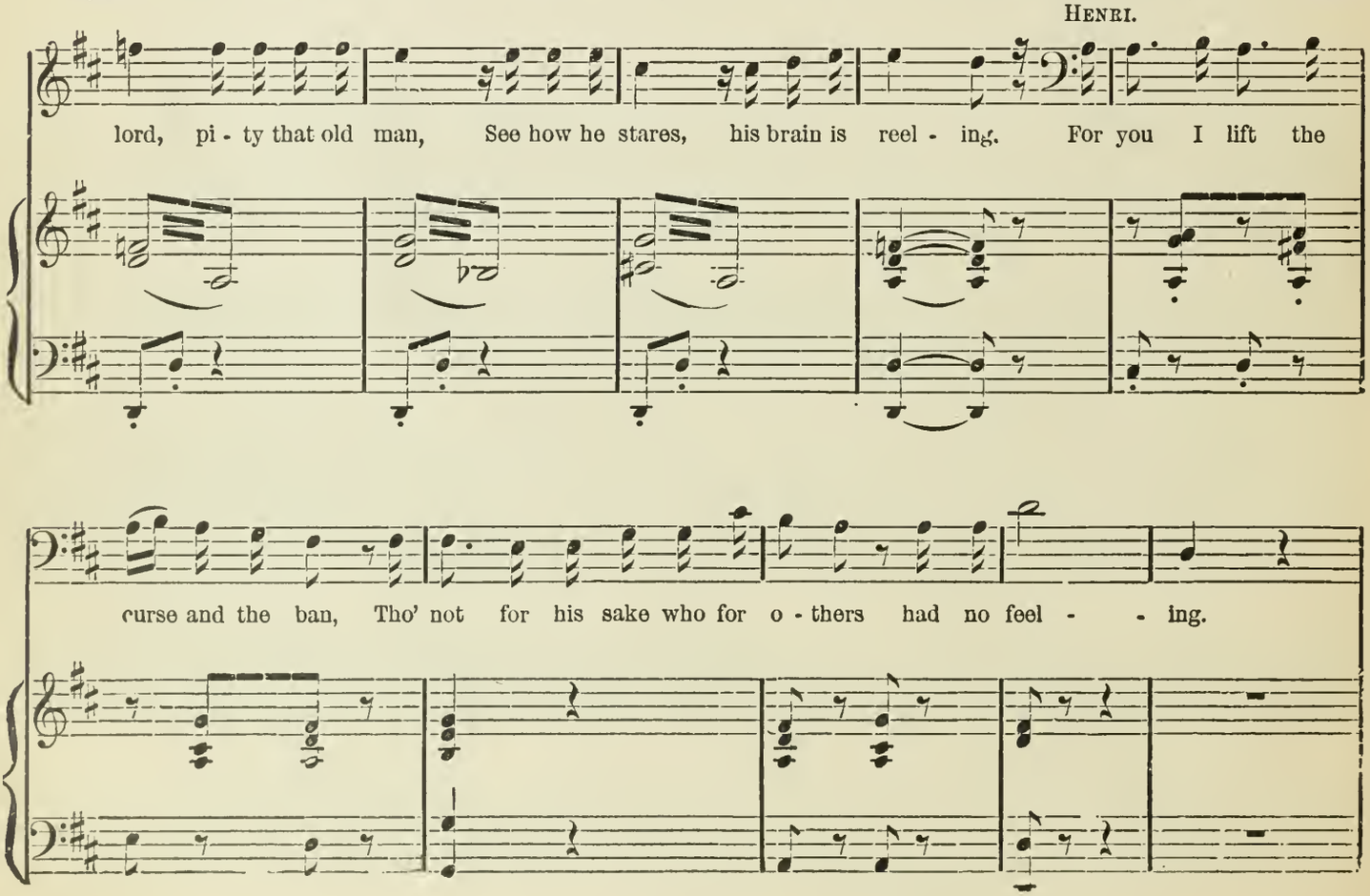

We'll be there to scare! All the day you will us see, And if you dream, there too we'll be! Ah yes! we are ghosts!
We'll be there to scare! All the day you will us see, And if you dream, there too we'll be! Ah yes! we are ghosts!
We'll be there to scare! All the day you will us see, And if you dream, there too we'll be! Ah yes! we are ghosts!
ff
ff


Vengeance is sped, And lights now on your wicked head; Then trem - ble, old man! We are thy doom!
Vengeance is sped, And lights now on your wicked head; Then trem - ble, old man! We are thy doom!
Vengeance is sped, And lights now on your wicked head; Then trem - ble, old man! We are thy doom!



Again the bells chime, and old Gaspard, believing the legend to be true, and that his hour of doom is come, loses his head.

HENRI.



BELLS.

Gaspard rises, with an imbecile smile as the bells sound, saying, " ***The Bells!*** *Yes!*

f

I know—I know—for the marriage of Germaine and the Bailli!"

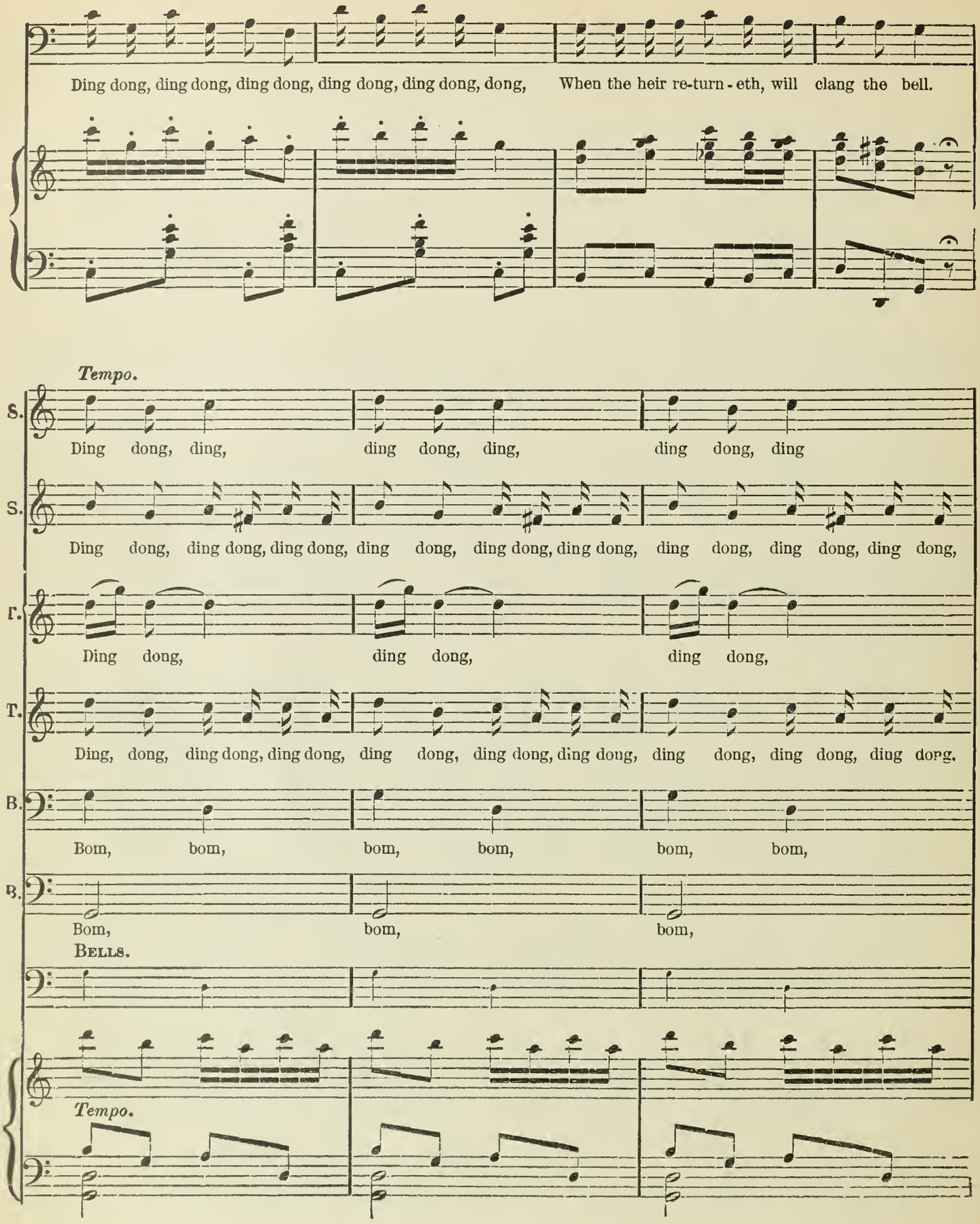
pp

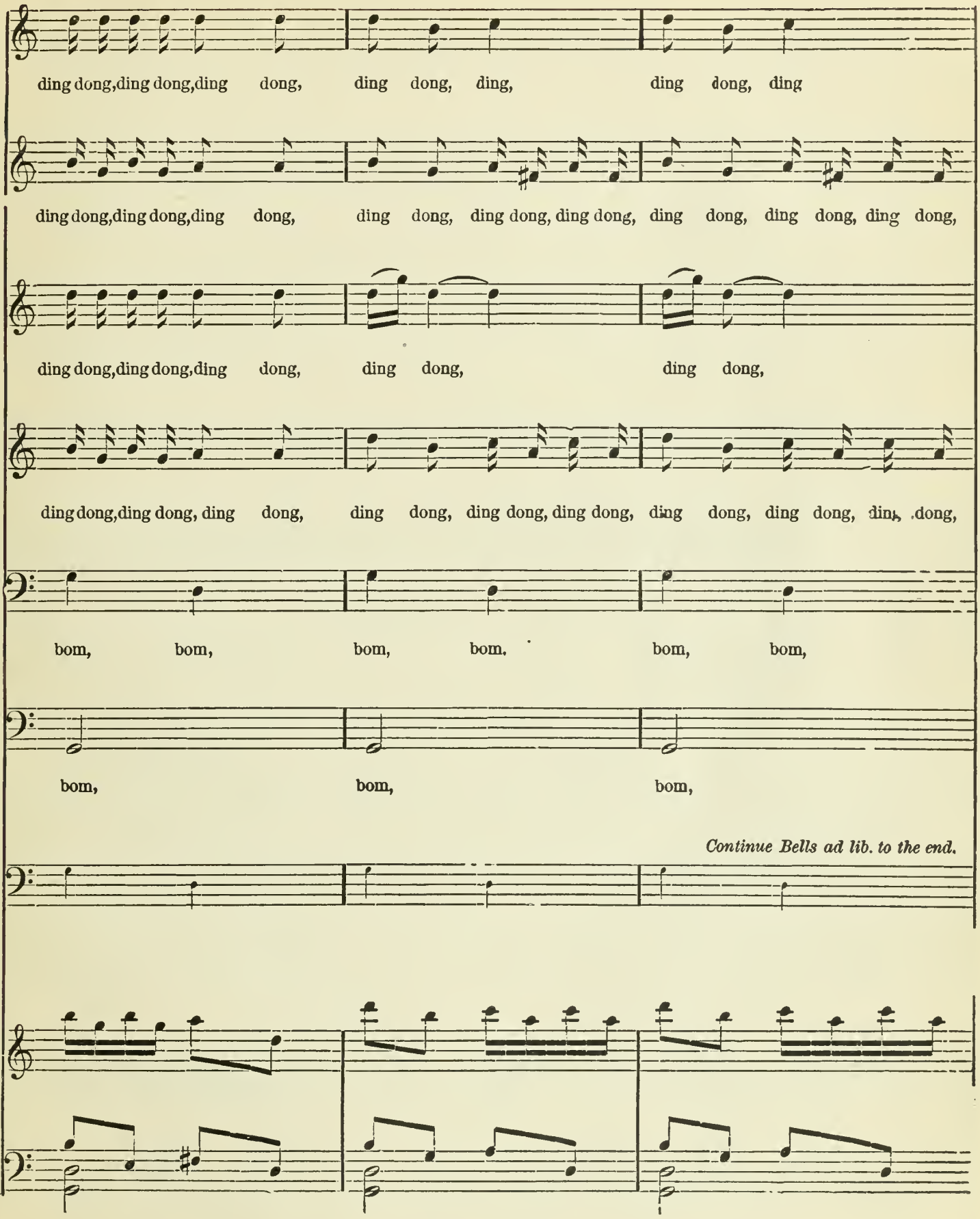
GASPARD.

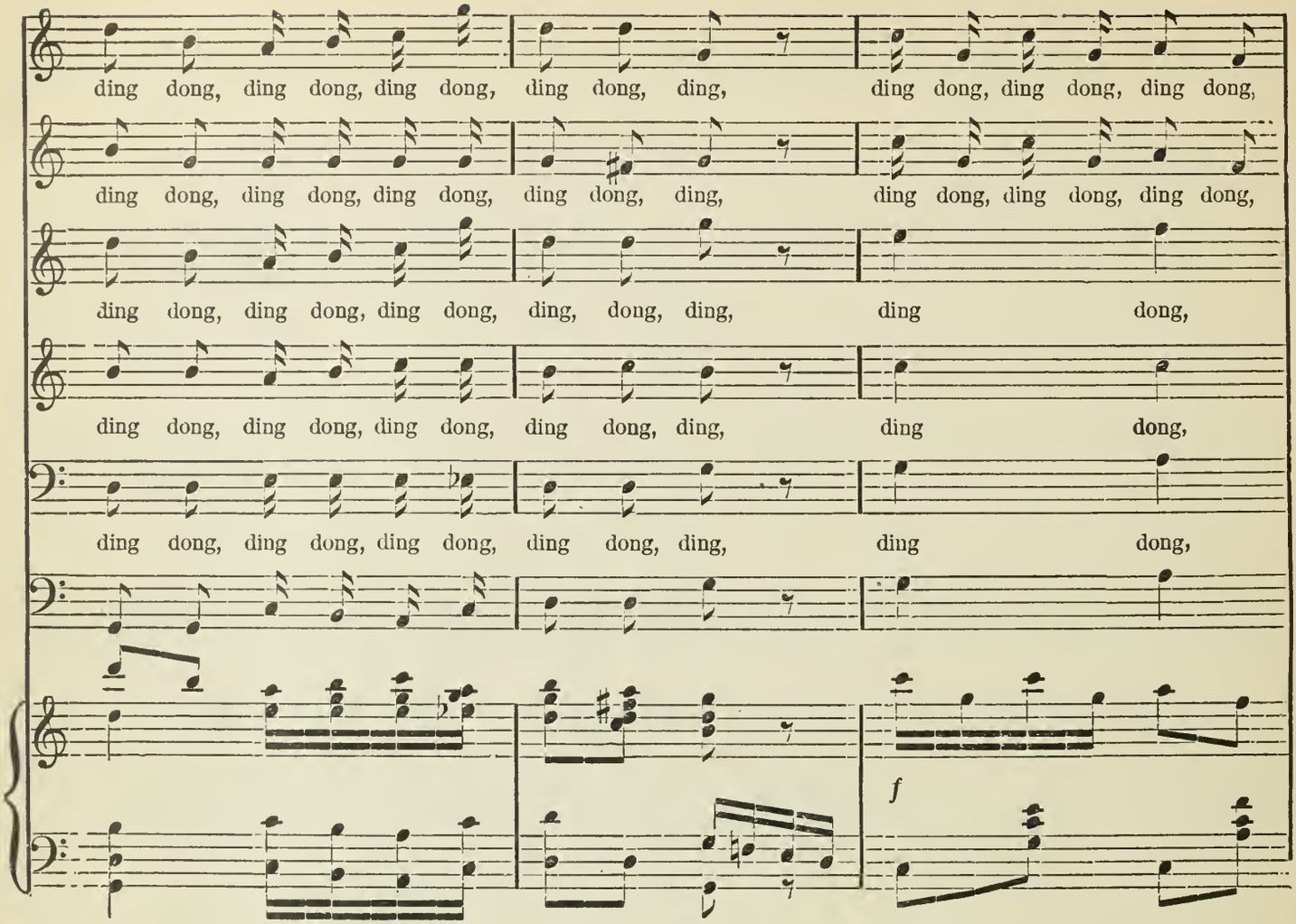
Lento.

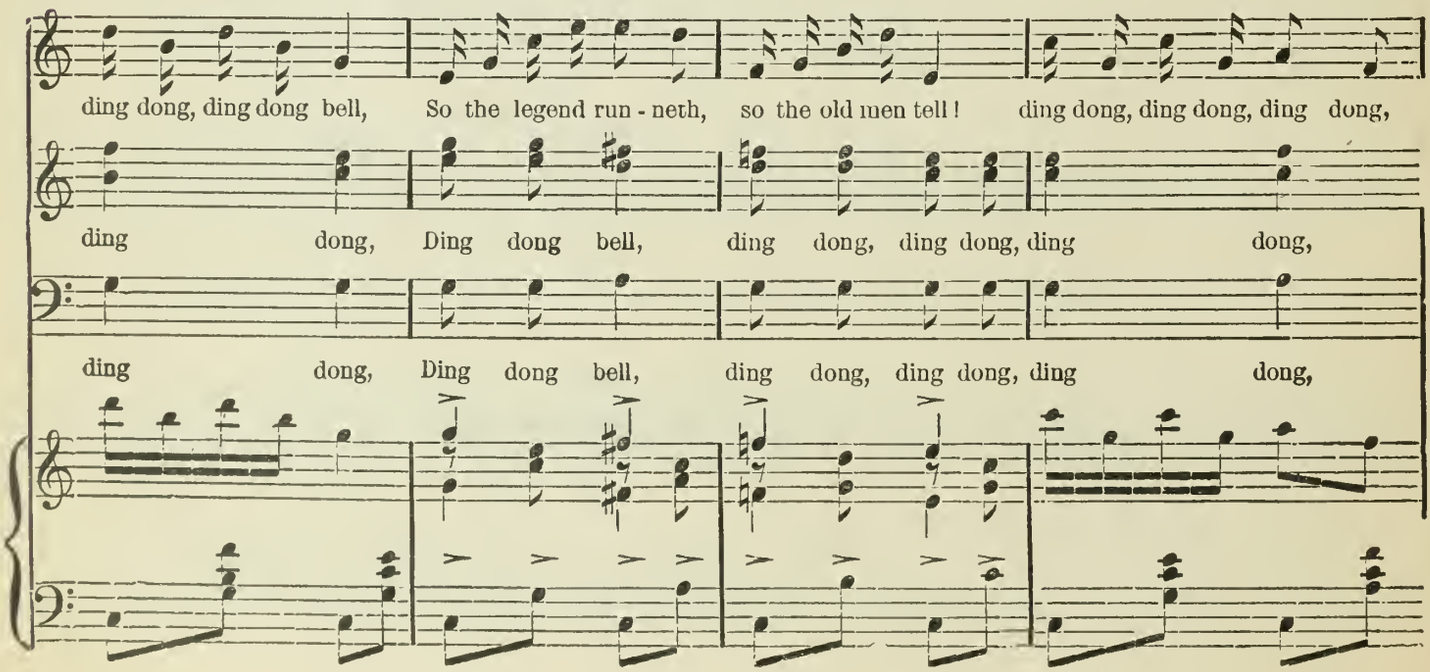
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, dong, So the le-gend runneth, so the old men tell!

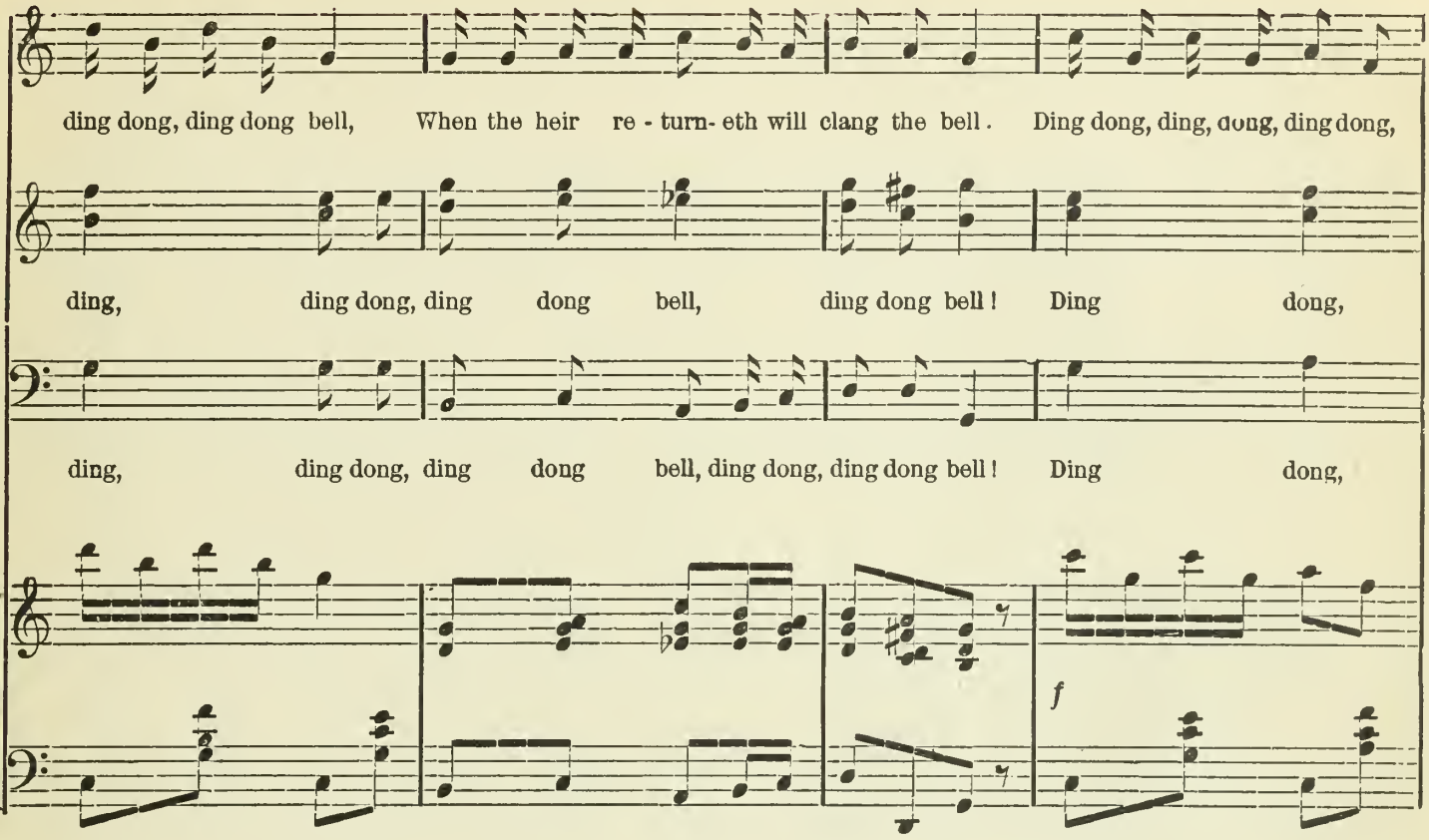
pp

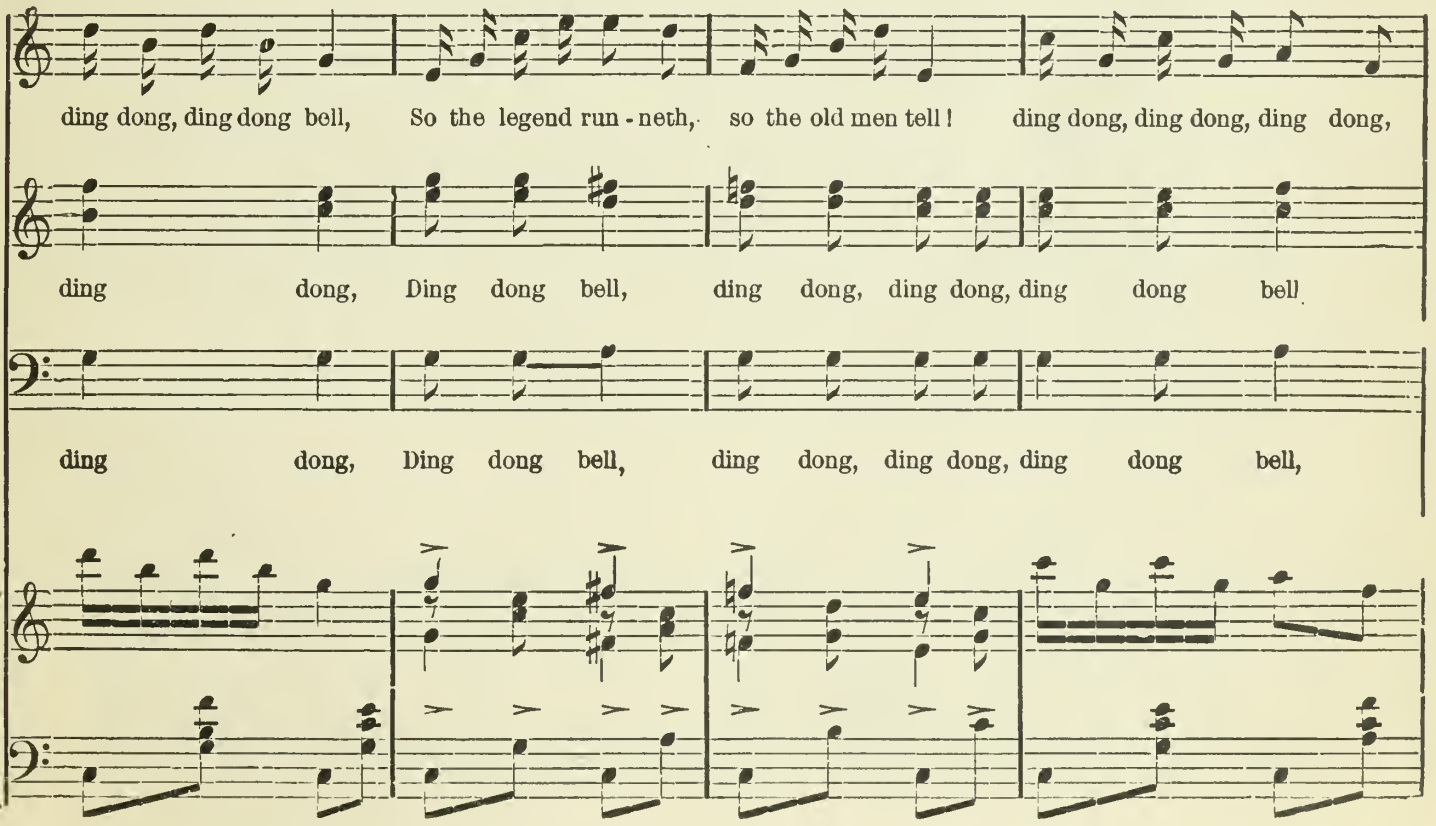

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, dong, When the heir re-turn-eth, will clang the bell.
Tempo.
S.
Ding dong, ding, ding dong, ding, ding dong, ding
S.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
T.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
T.
Ding, dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.
B.
Bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom,
B.
Bom, bom, bom,
Bells.
Tempo.

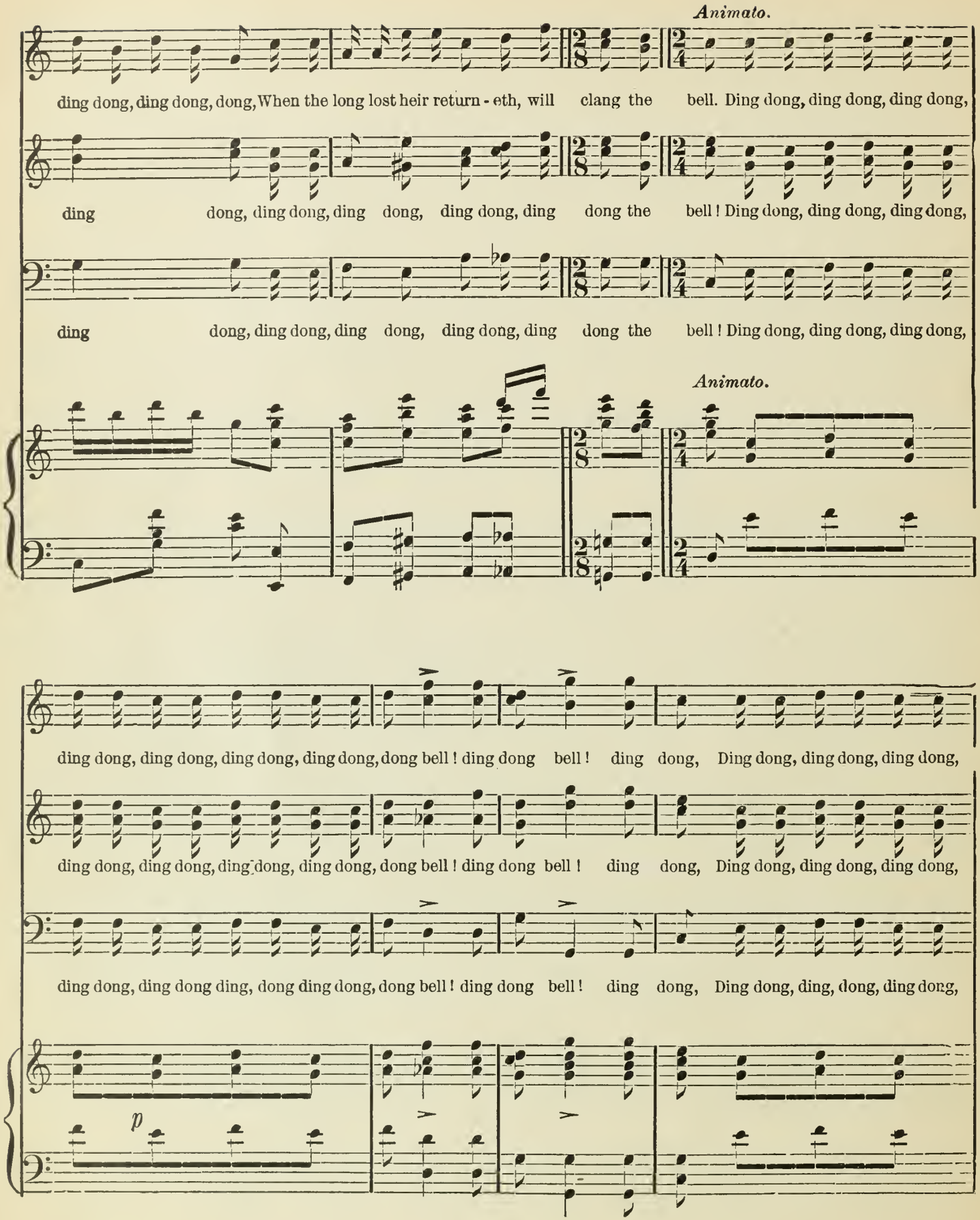

ding dong,ding dong,ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding dong, ding
ding dong,ding dong,ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong,ding dong,ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong,ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
bom, bom, bom, bom. bom, bom,
bom, bom, bom,
Continue Bells ad lib. to the end.

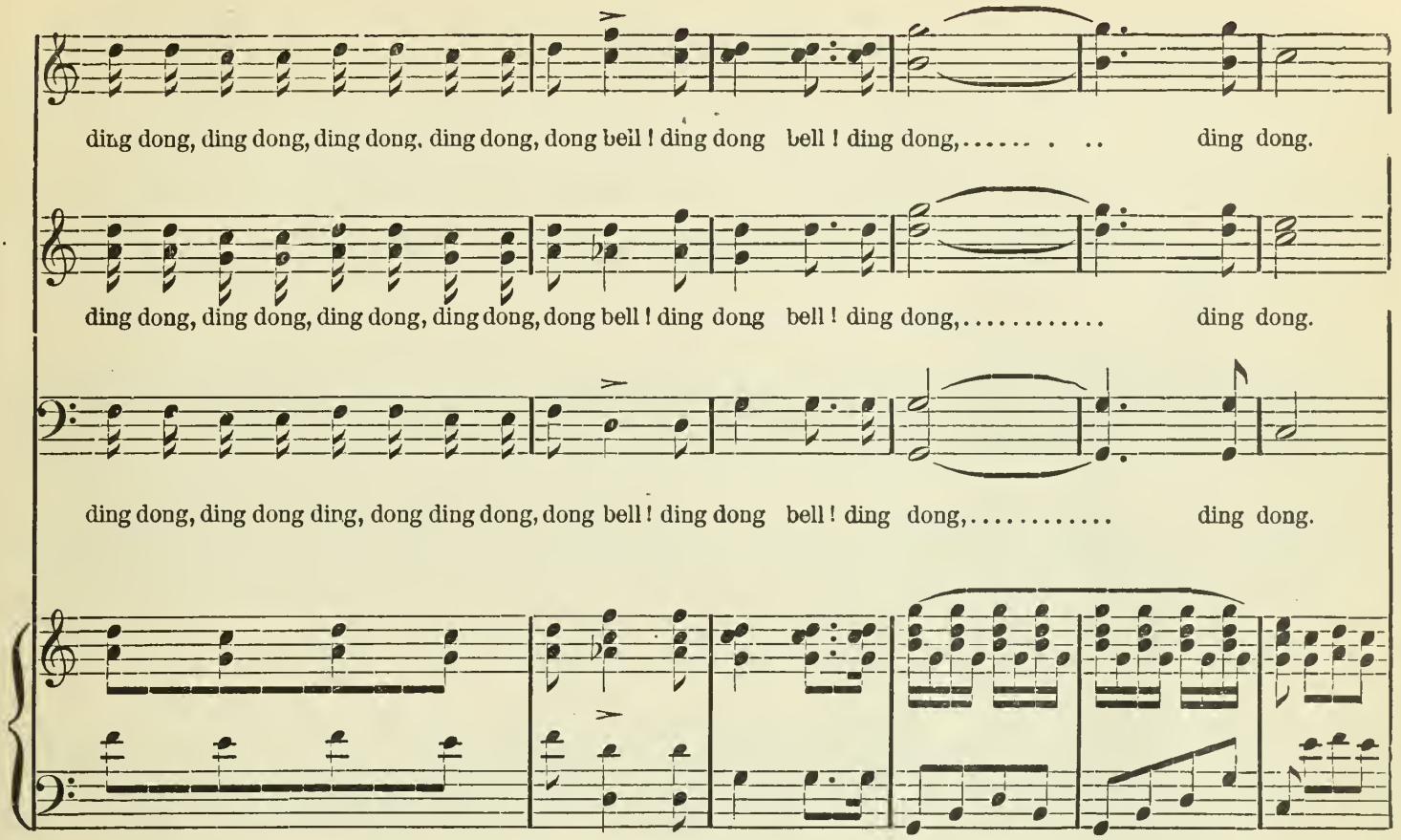

ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding, dong, ding, ding dong,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding dong
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding dong,
f


ding dong, ding dong bell, So the legend run - neth, so the old men tell! ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong, Ding dong bell, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong, Ding dong bell, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

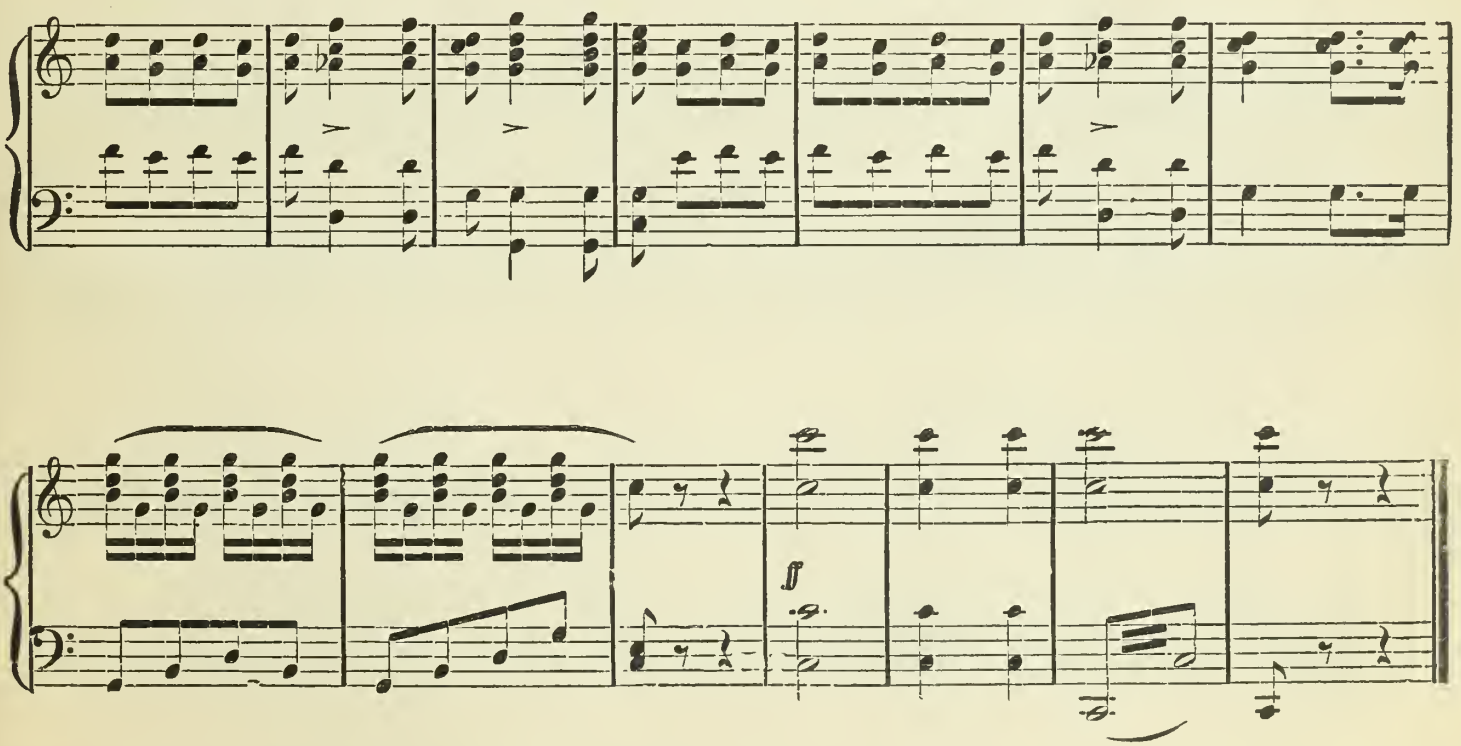

ding dong, ding dong bell, When the heir re - turn- eth will clang the bell. Ding dong, ding, dong, ding dong,
ding, ding dong, ding dong bell, ding dong bell! Ding dong,
ding, ding dong, ding dong bell, ding dong, ding dong bell! Ding dong,
f


ding dong, ding dong bell, So the legend run - neth, so the old men tell! ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong, Ding dong bell, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell
ding dong, Ding dong bell, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell,


Animato.
ding dong, ding dong, dong, When the long lost heir return - eth, will clang the bell. Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong the bell ! Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong the bell ! Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
Animato.
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, dong bell ! ding dong bell ! ding dong, Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, dong bell ! ding dong bell ! ding dong, Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong, ding dong ding, dong ding dong, dong bell ! ding dong bell ! ding dong, Ding dong, ding, dong, ding dong,
p

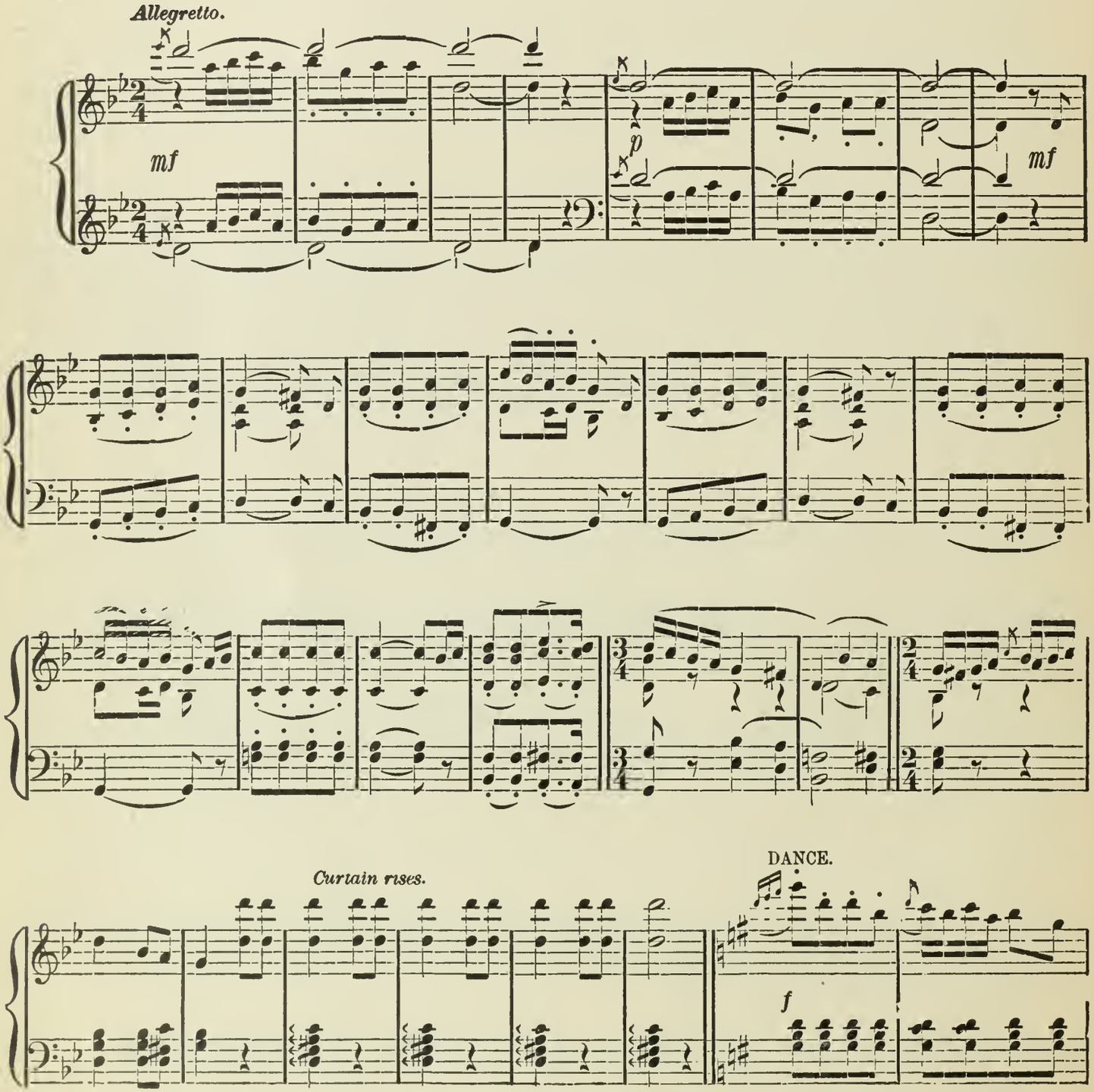


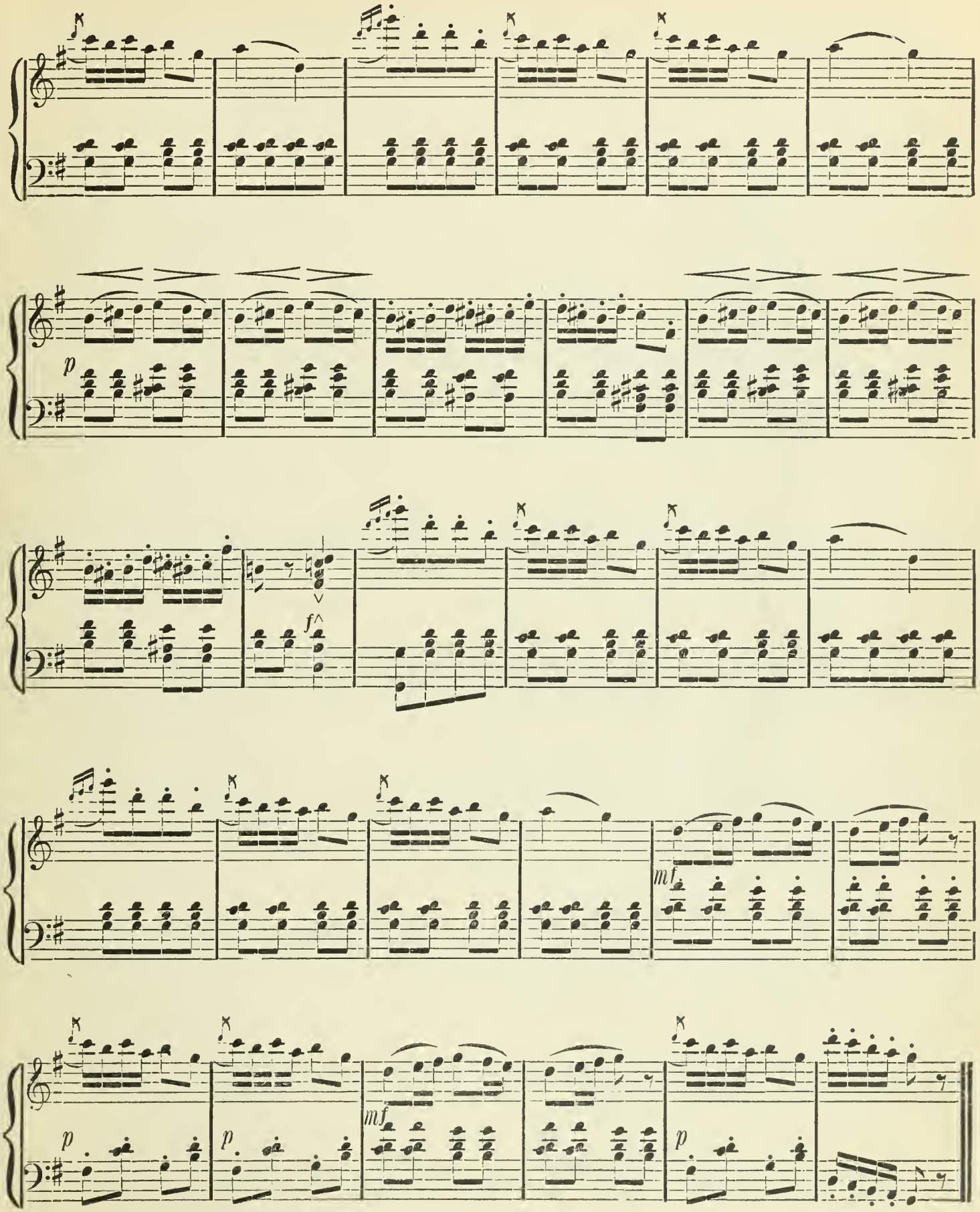
Gaspard staggers to the table and falls senseless on his gold. Picture. Curtain slow.



ACT III.

ENTR'ACTE AND DANCE.




p
f
mf
mf
p
p
p

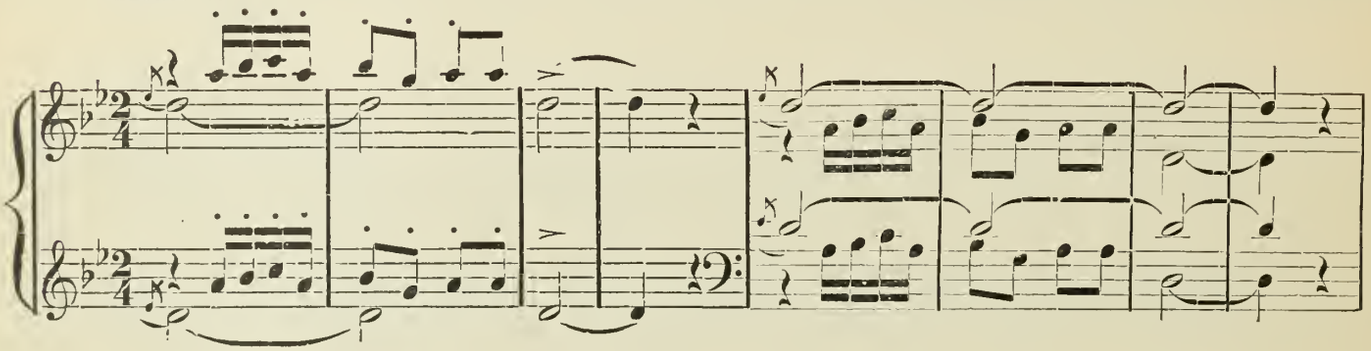
SCENE. — *The stage, to its full extent, represents a park, with statue and shrubbery. This scene is as gay and brilliant as possible. Grand Tableau of Dancing. Gaspard wanders about insane. All make fun of him.*

GERTRUDE. Poor old Gaspard! he is insane beyond all hope.
ALL THE GIRLS. A madman! he may injure us.
GERTRUDE. Don't be afraid. He cannot do any harm. He is simply an imbecile ever since he heard the bells of Corneville, which astonishd him. Let him alone.

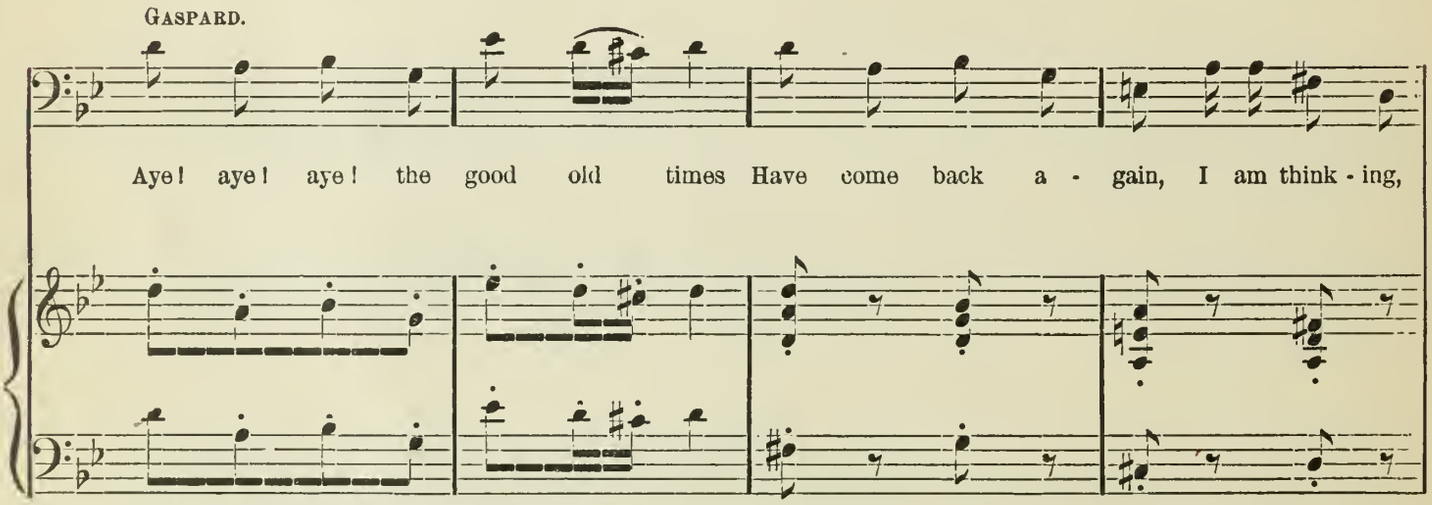
SONG OF THE BEGGARS.

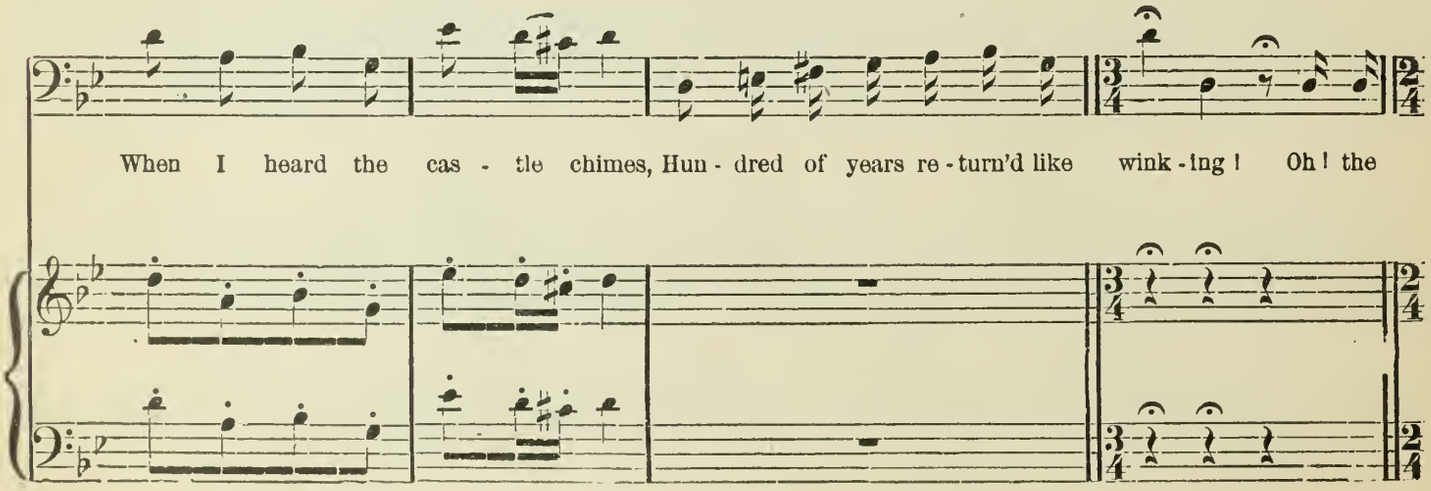
No. 17.

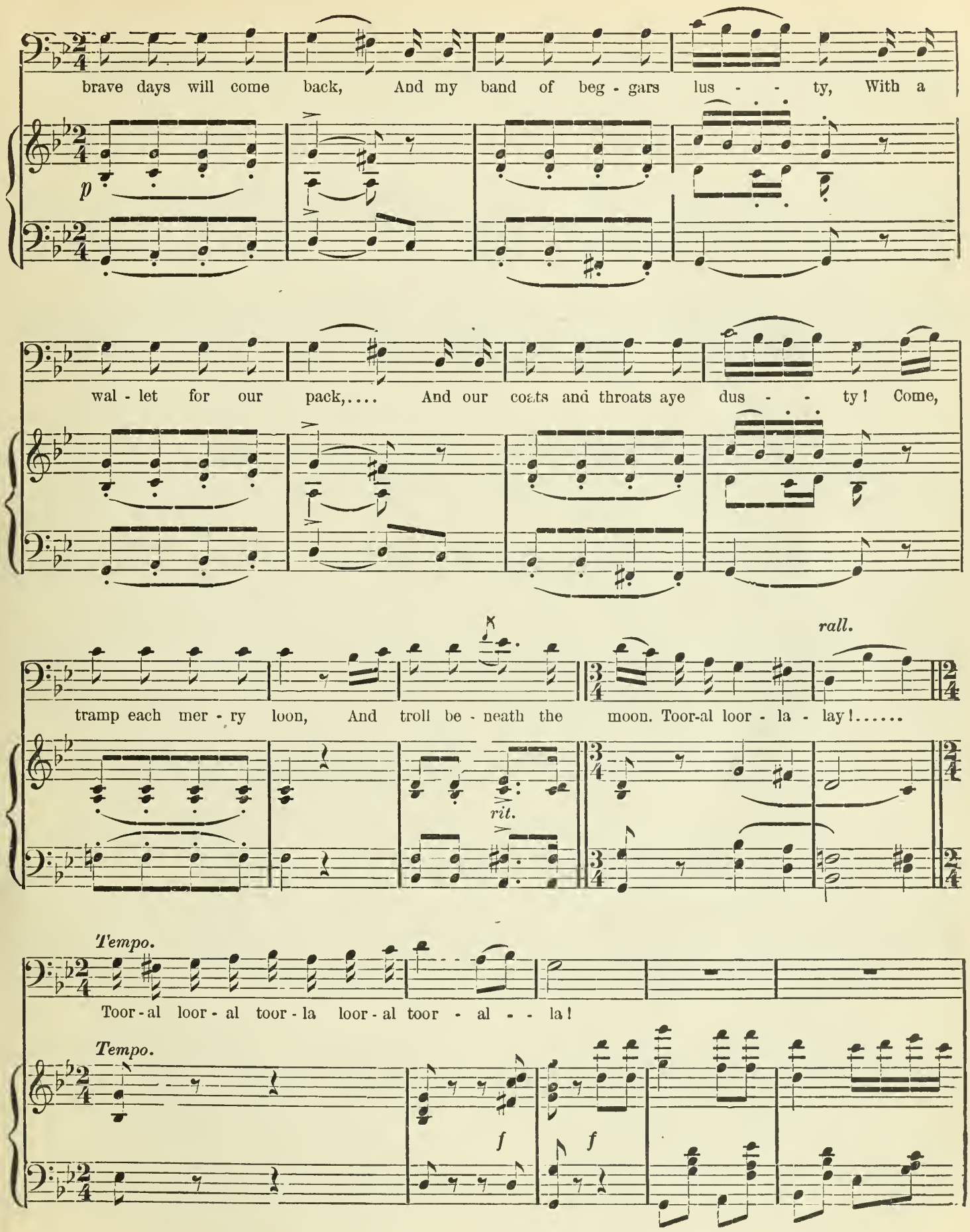
Moderato.

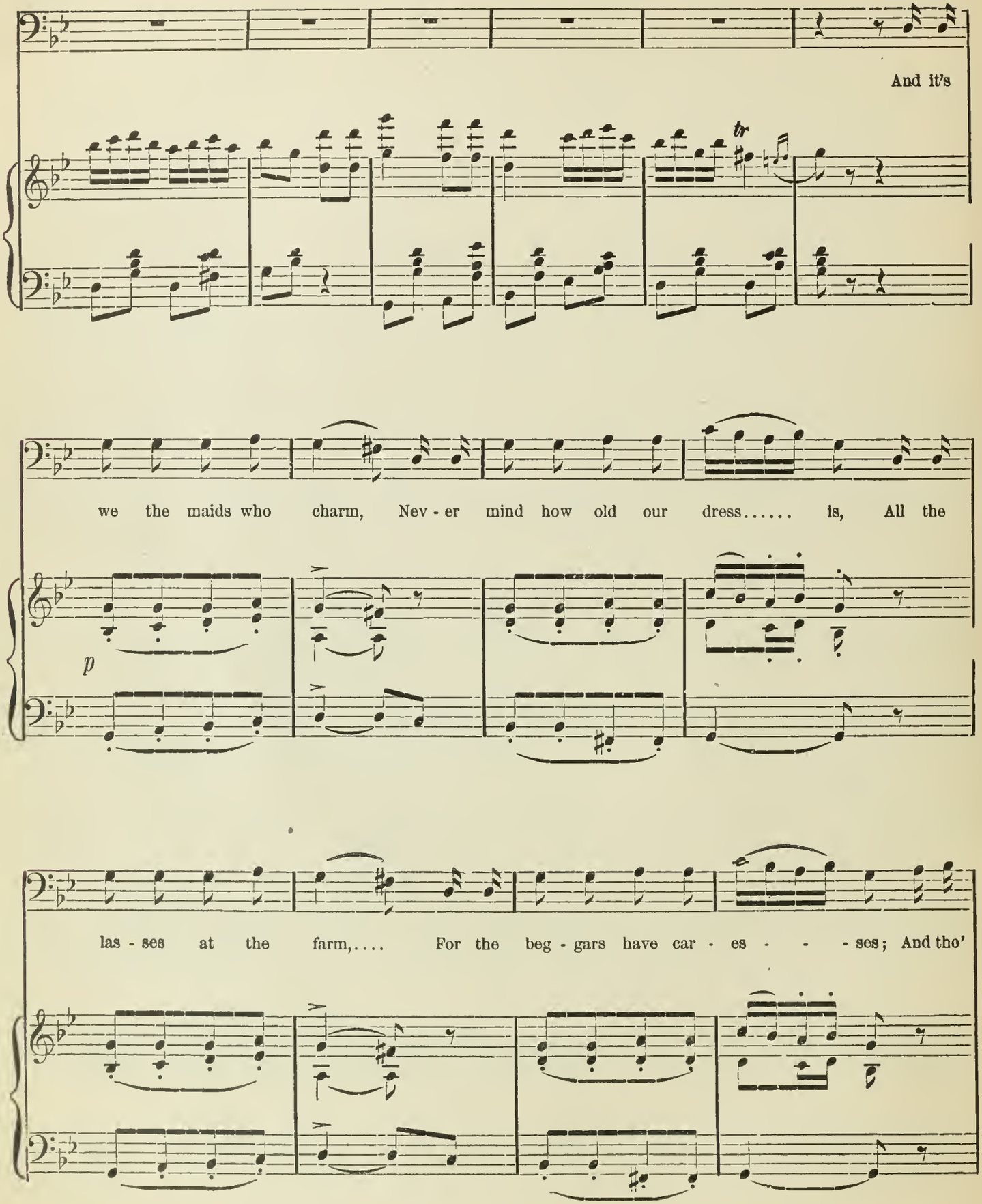


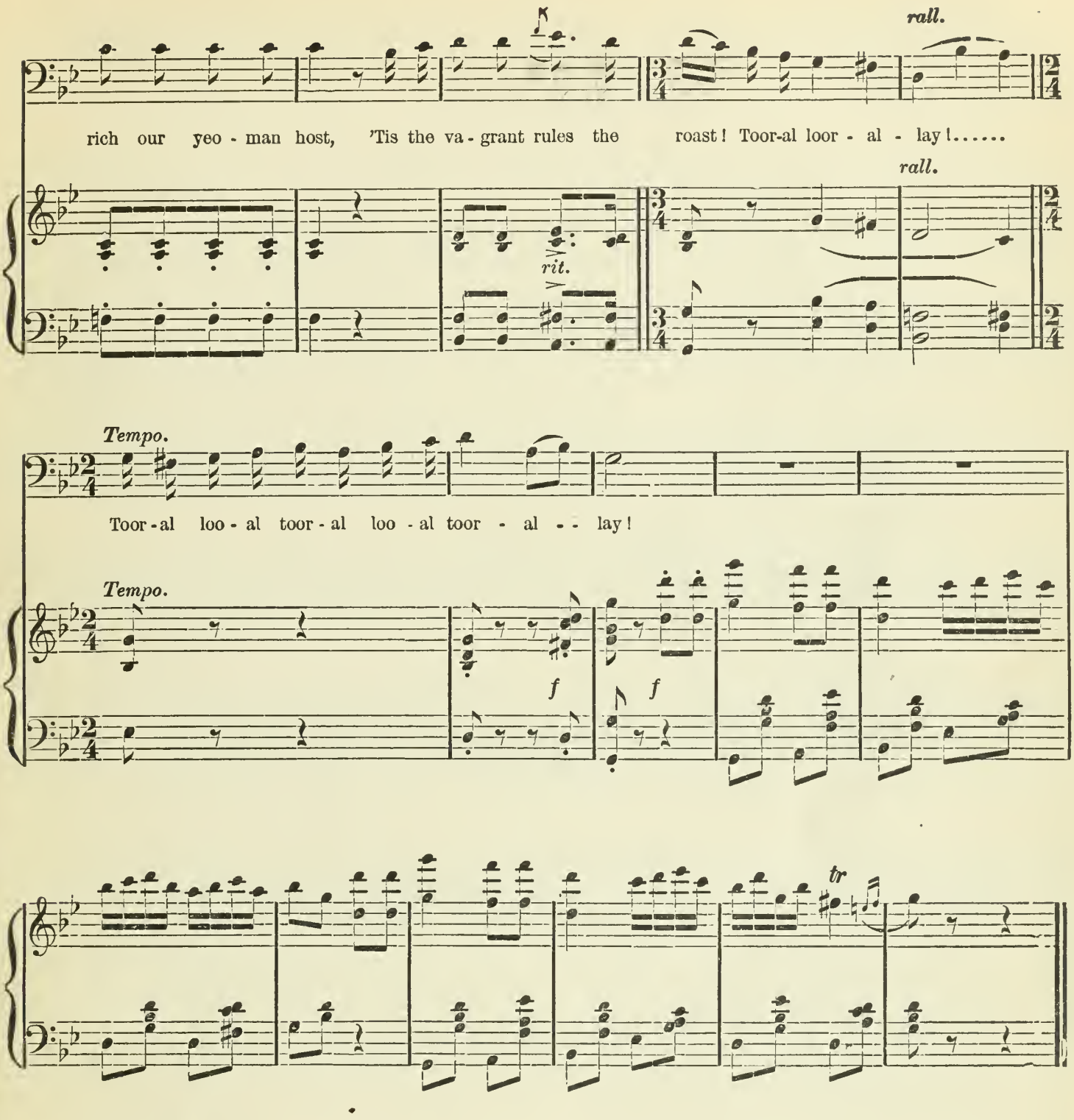
GASPARD.






brave days will come back, And my band of beg - gars lus - - ty, With a
p
wal - let for our pack,.... And our coats and throats aye dus - - ty! Come,
tramp each mer - ry loon, And troll be - neath the moon. Toor-al loor - la - lay!.....
rall.
rit.
Tempo.
Toor - al loor - al toor - la loor - al toor - al - - la!
Tempo.
f
f


And it's
we the maids who charm, Nev - er mind how old our dress..... is, All the
p
las - ses at the farm,.... For the beg - gars have car - es - - - ses; And tho'



(GASPARD *sinks into a chair. Enter* BAILLI, *Peasant Girls surrounding him.*)

PEASANT GIRLS. My dear Bailli! Why, how well you look! Where have you been? You seem worried. What has become of the bride? How about the honeymoon? Have you brought her back, or has she given you the slip?

BALLI. Be quiet, for goodness' sake. Never, in my life, have I had such a succession of queer adventures. Bells, ghosts, the return of the Marquis, crazy Gaspard, and the grand transformation of everything, have well nigh turned my head. Then, only think of little Serpolette and that fisherman, Grenicheux.

ALL. Please, tell us about them.

BAILLI. Well, the court has examined into the question of Serpolette's claim. They found that the page was removed from the register, at the date of the 16th of May, 1667. But the proofs are in favor of Serpolette, and show that she is the daughter of the Marquis De Lucenay. Therefore, the court decides in her favor

GREN. (*Within.*) Here comes her Serene Highness, the Marchioness De Lucenay, and her noble factotum, the Honorable Jean Grenicheux.

BAILLI. Only listen to that scoundrel!

ALL. Oh, what a magnificent turnout! What a grand lady!

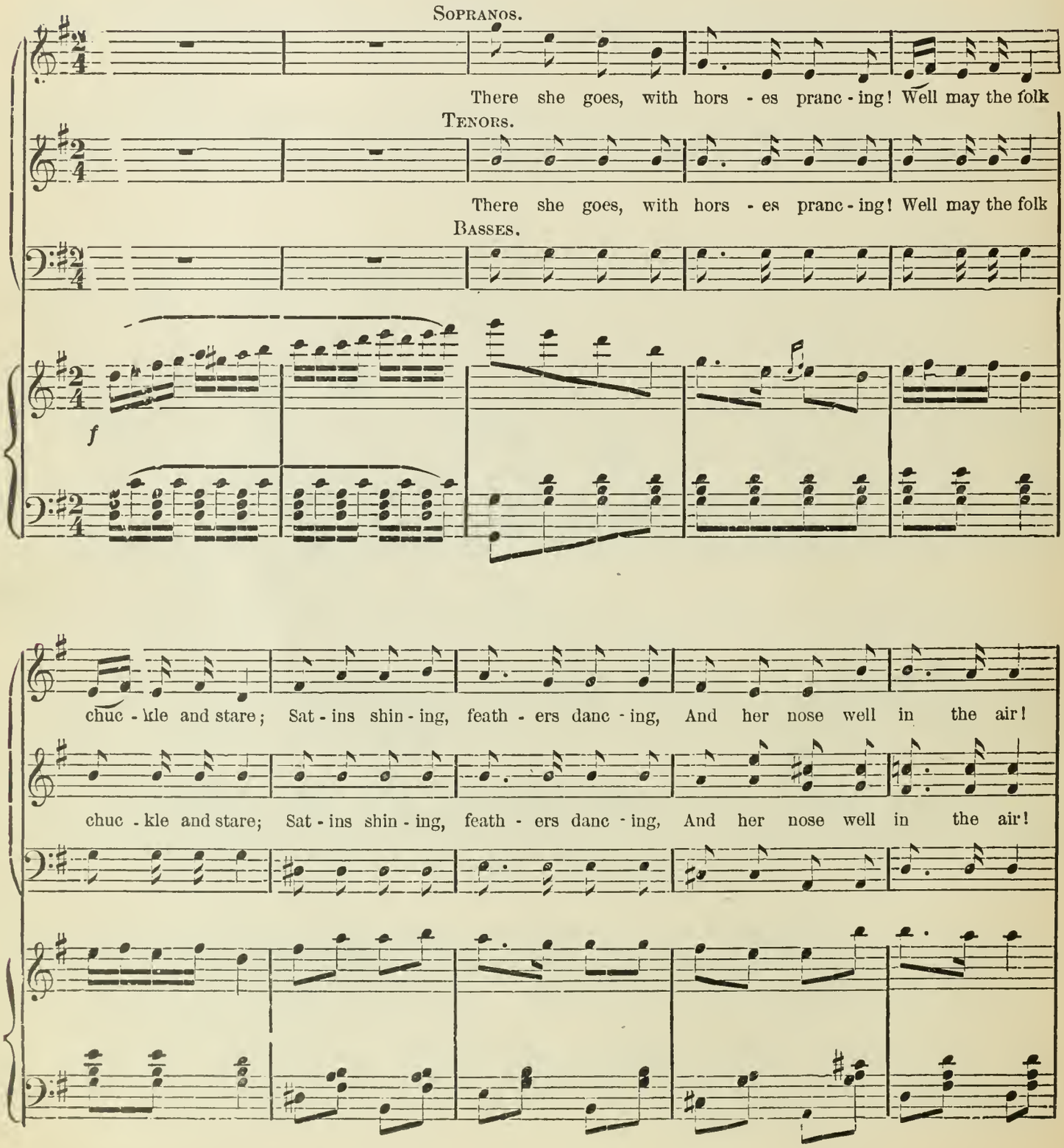
GERT. Why, girls, it is our Serpolette!

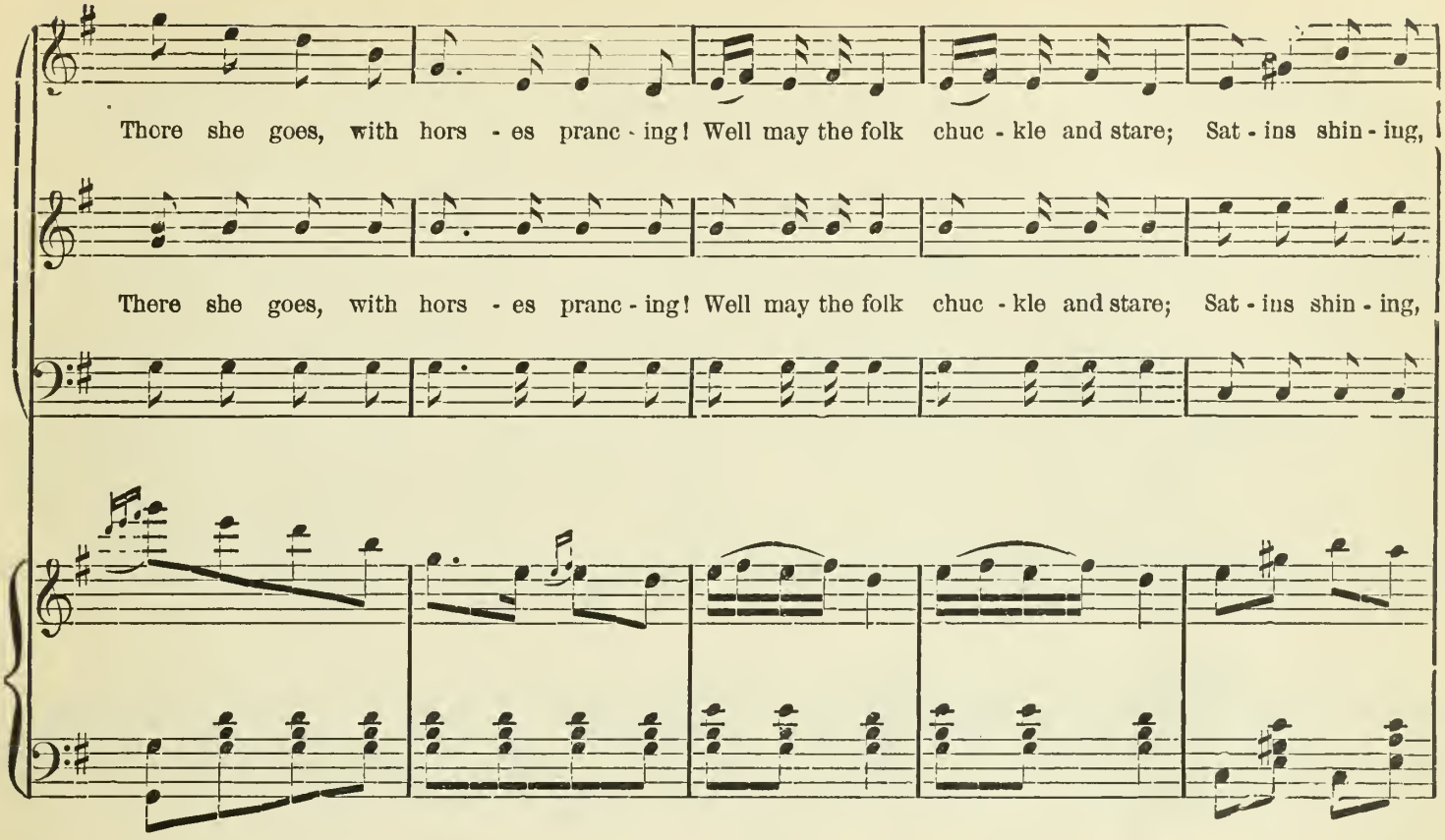
(*Enter* SERPOLETTE *and* GRENICHEUX.)

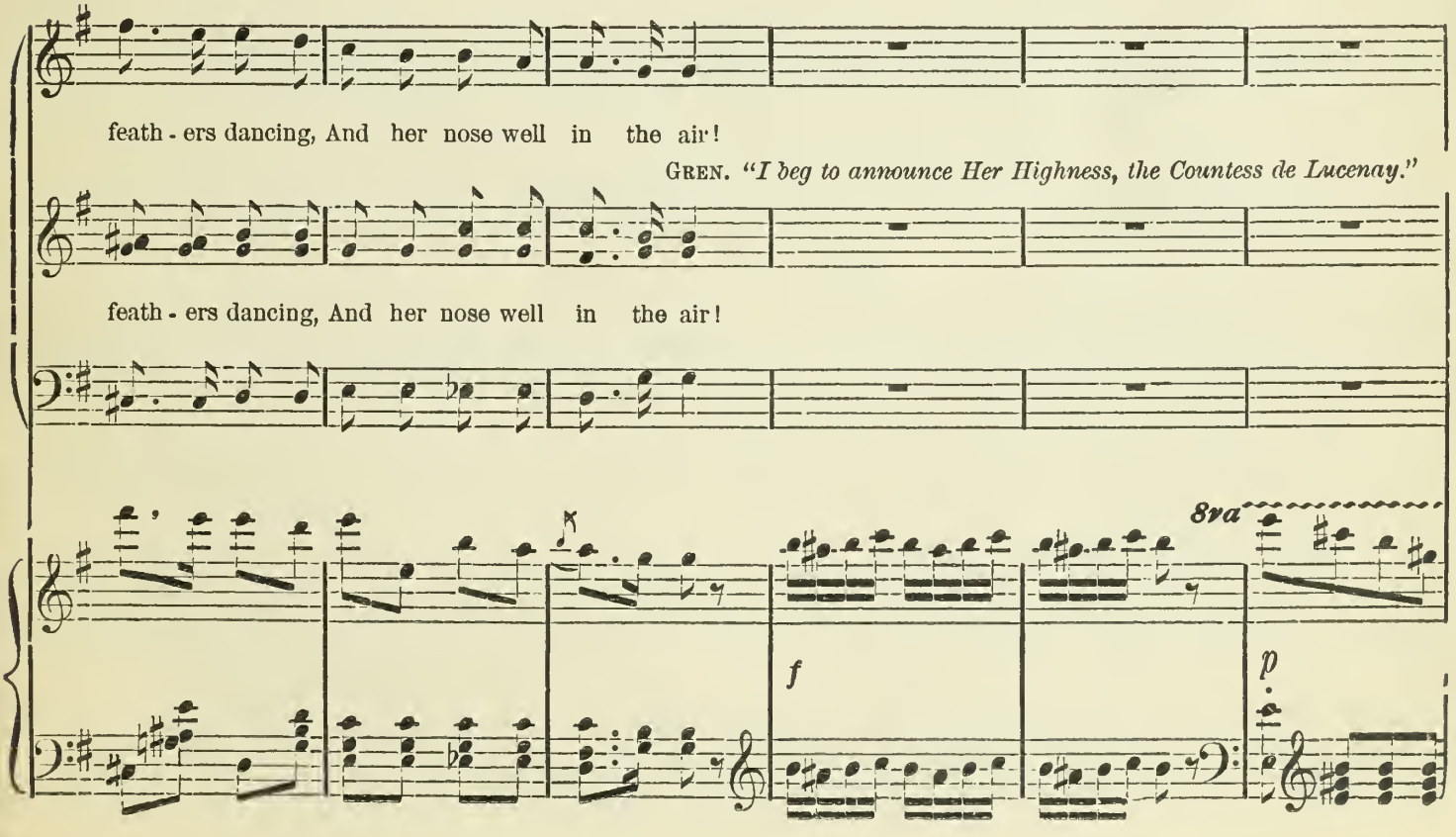
THERE SHE GOES, WITH HORSES PRANCING.

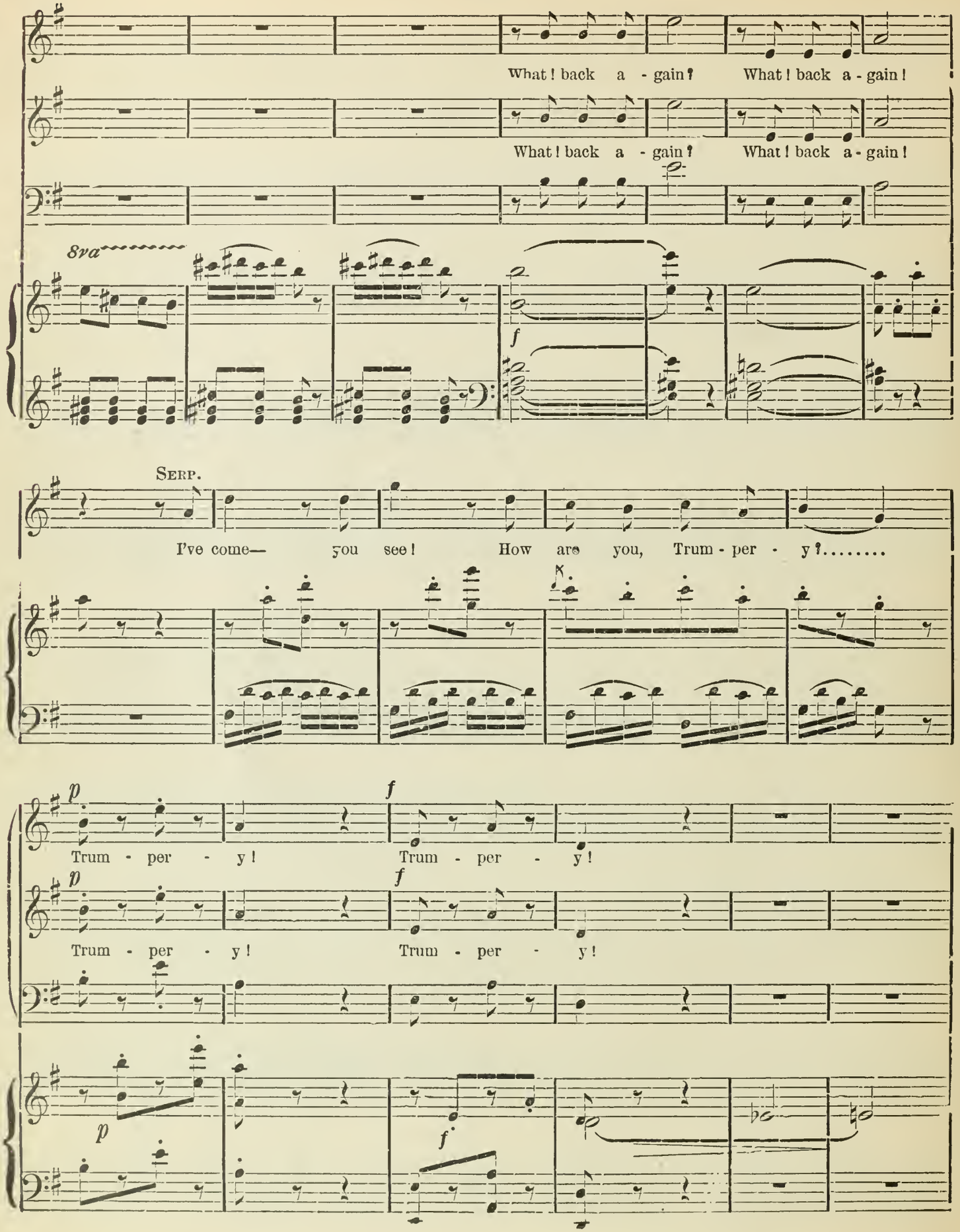
No. 18. CHORUS & SONG.

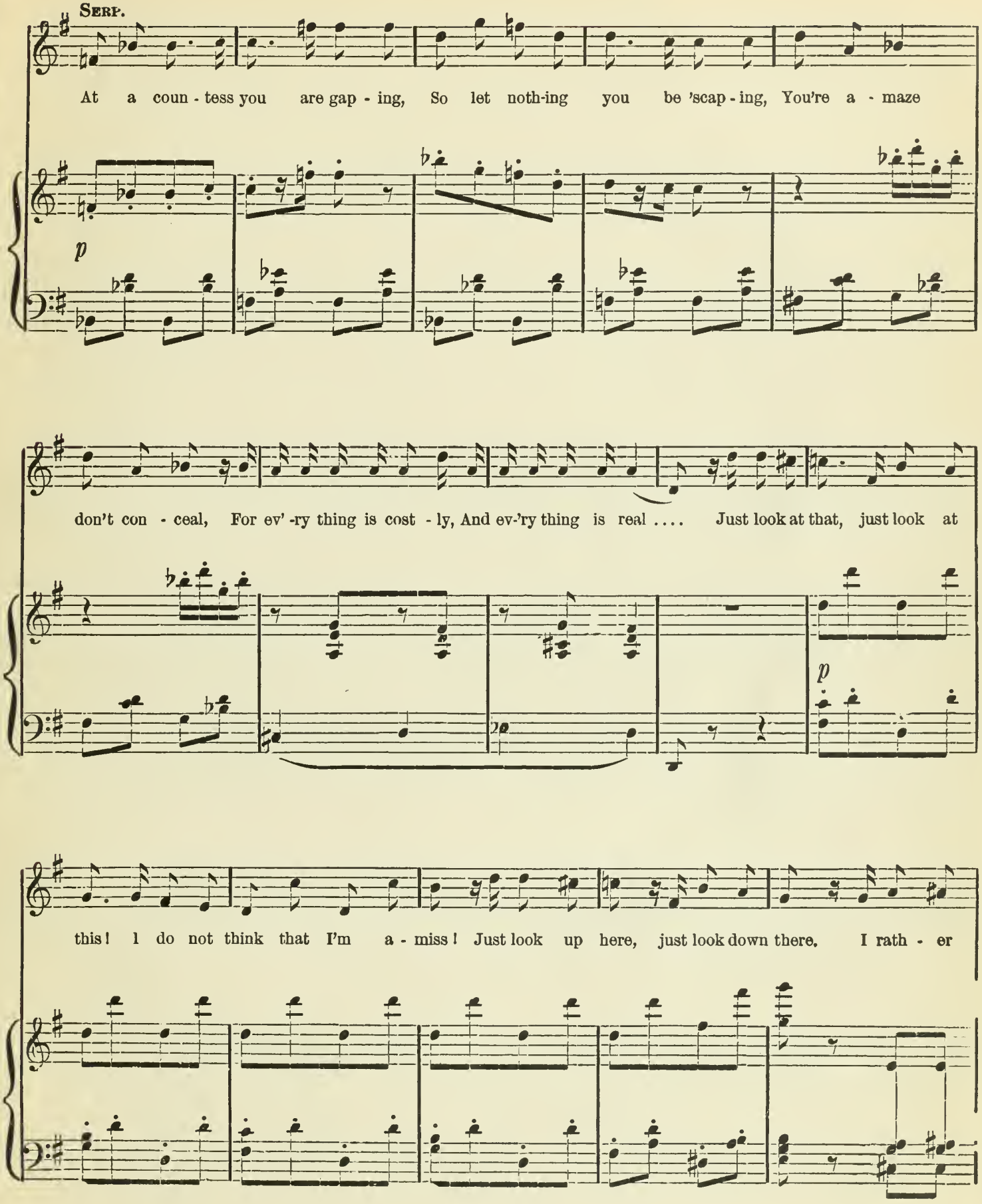
SERPOLETTE, GENICHEUX & CHORUS.

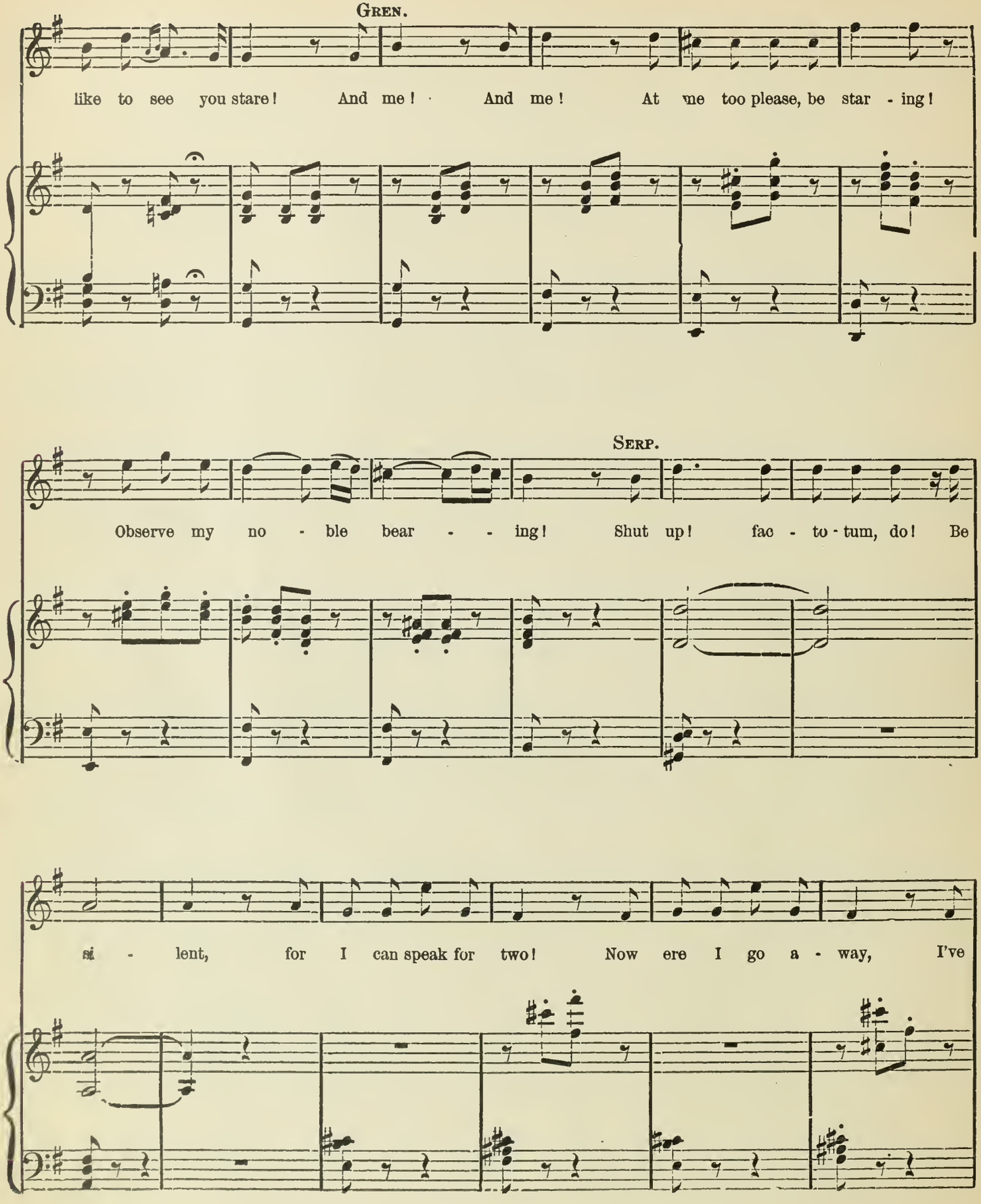


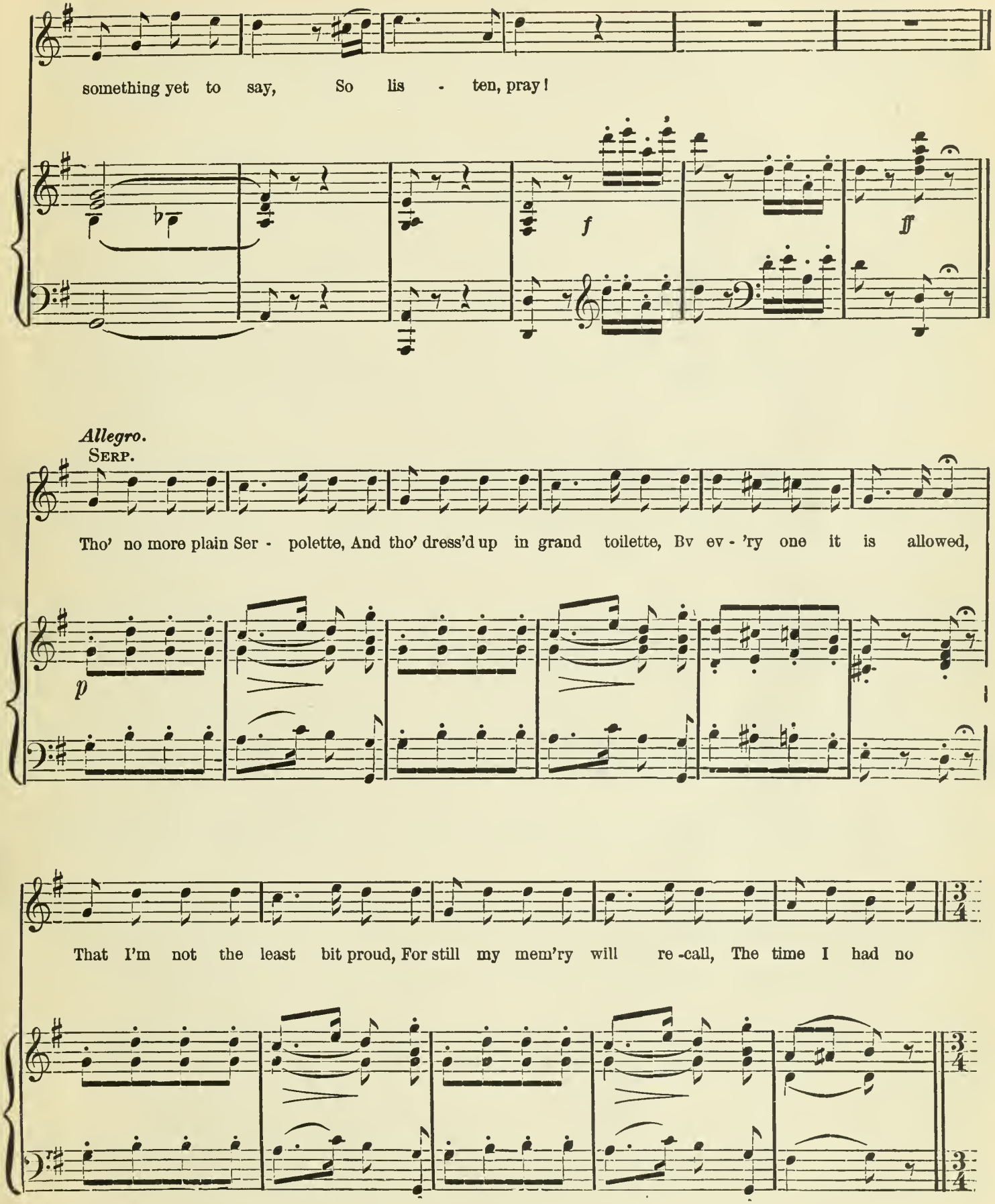

There she goes, with hors - es pranc - ing! Well may the folk chuc - kle and stare; Sat - ins shin - ing,
There she goes, with hors - es pranc - ing! Well may the folk chuc - kle and stare; Sat - ins shin - ing,

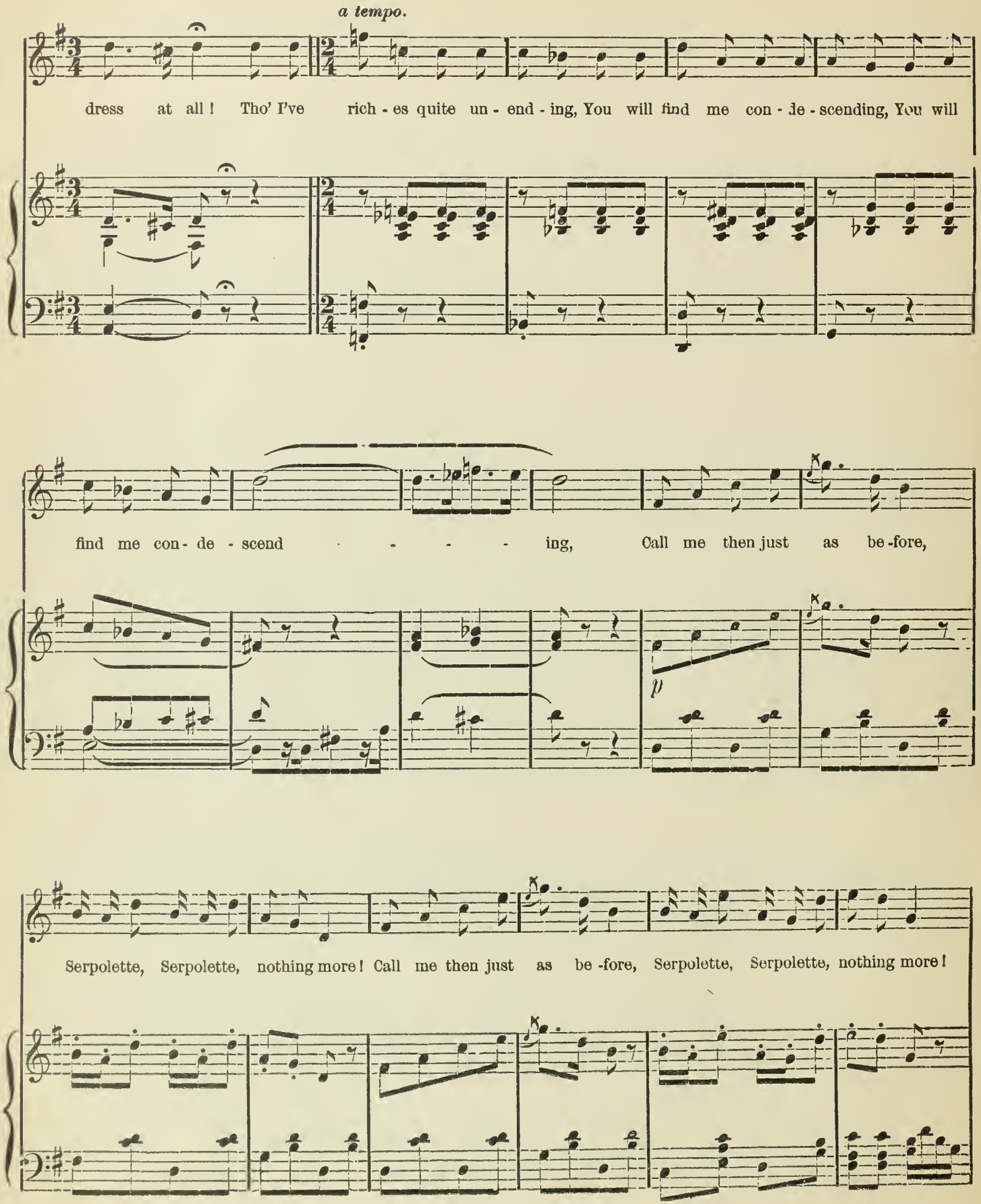

feath - ers dancing, And her nose well in the air!
GREN. "I beg to announce Her Highness, the Countess de Lucenay."
feath - ers dancing, And her nose well in the air!
8va
f
p

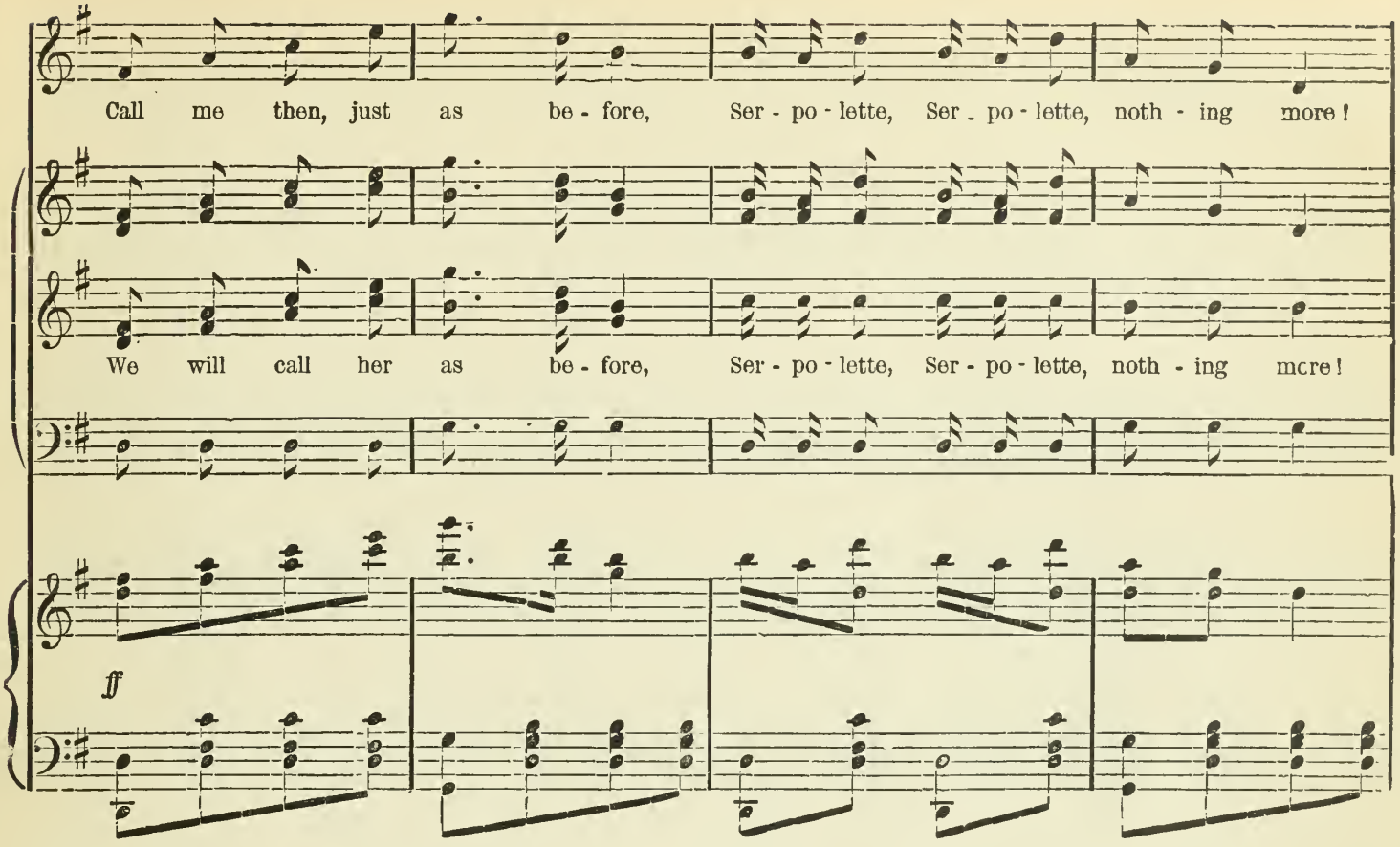

What! back a - gain? What! back a - gain!
What! back a - gain? What! back a - gain!
8va
f
Serp.
I've come— you see! How are you, Trum - per - y?.....
p
Trum - per - y!
f
Trum - per - y!
p
Trum - per - y!
f
Trum - per - y!
p
f

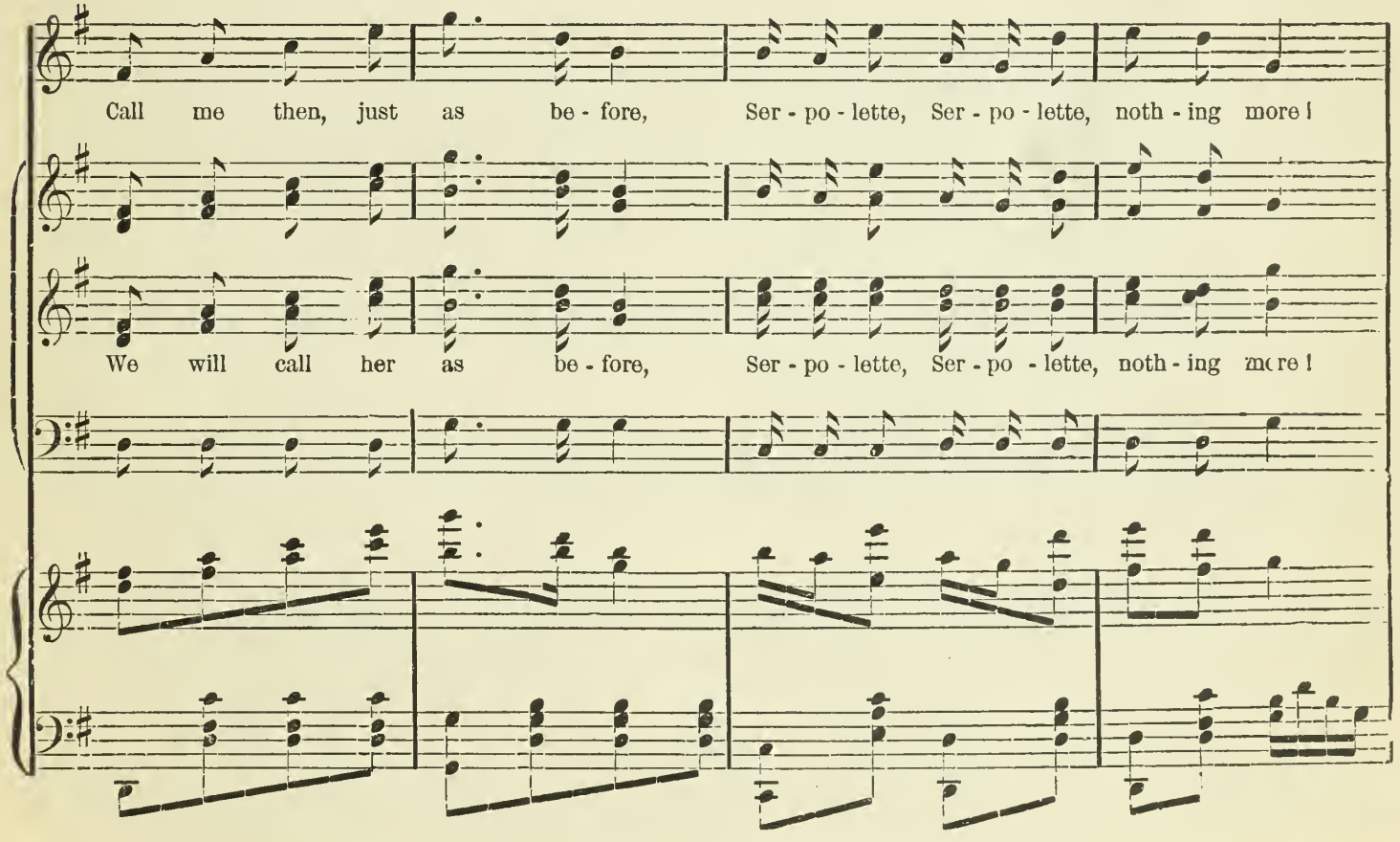

SERP.
At a coun - tess you are gap - ing, So let noth-ing you be 'scap - ing, You're a - maze
p
don't con - ceal, For ev' -ry thing is cost - ly, And ev-'ry thing is real .... Just look at that, just look at
p
this! I do not think that I'm a - miss! Just look up here, just look down there. I rath - er

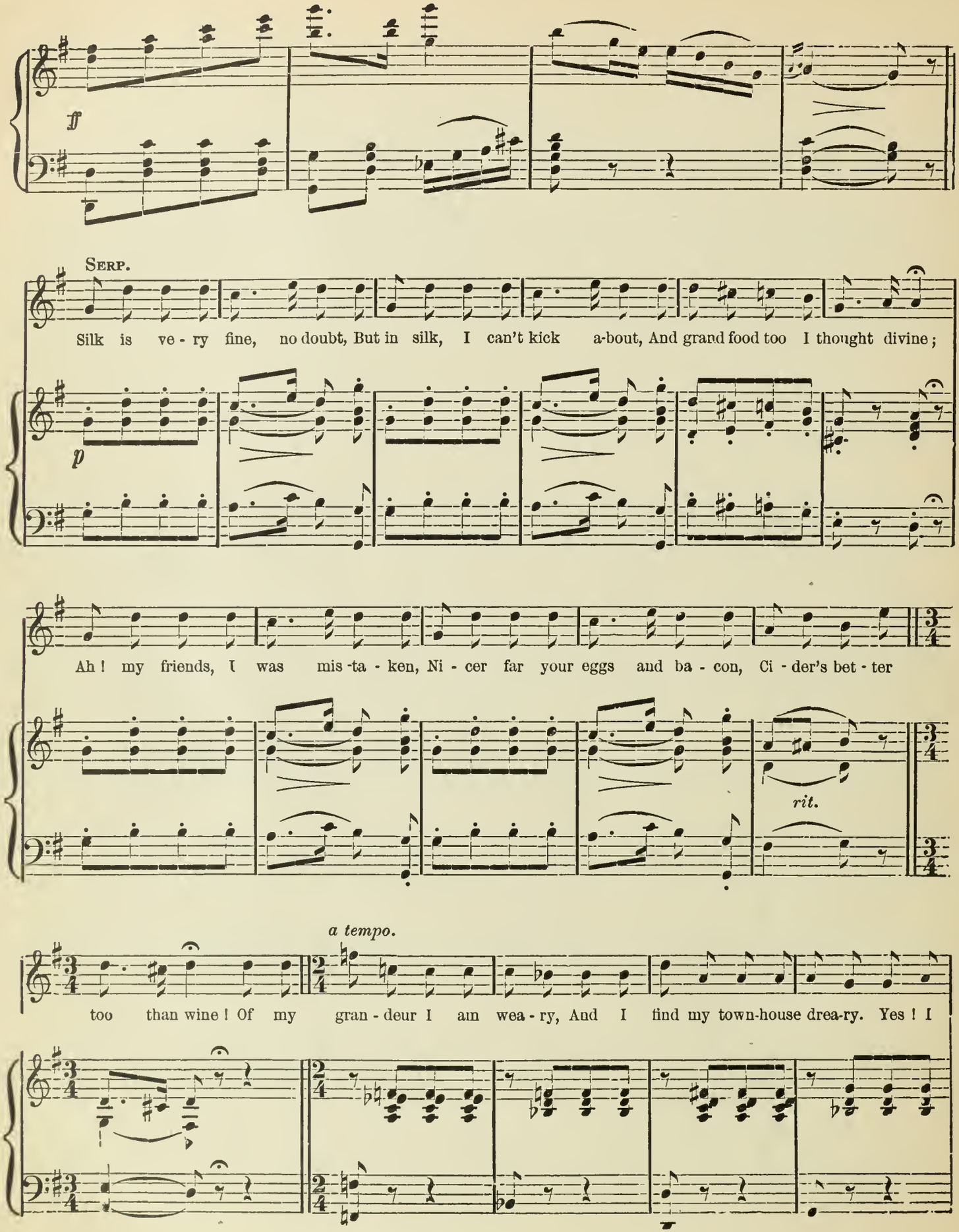

GREN.
like to see you stare! And me! And me! At me too please, be star - ing!
SERP.
Observe my no - ble bear - - ing! Shut up! fac - to - tum, do! Be
si - lent, for I can speak for two! Now ere I go a - way, I've

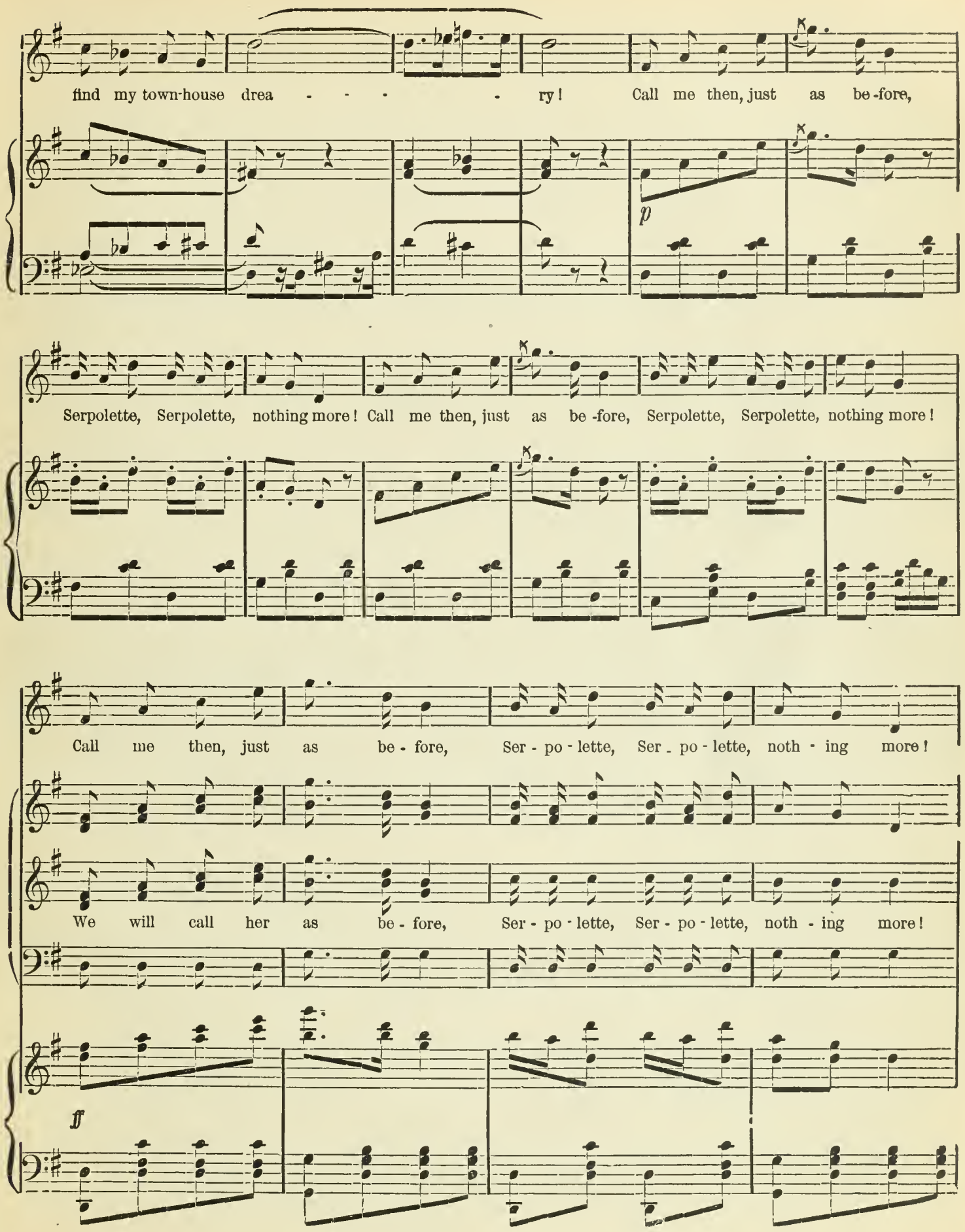

something yet to say, So lis - ten, pray!
f
ff
Allegro.
SERP.
Tho' no more plain Ser - polette, And tho' dress'd up in grand toilette, Bv ev - 'ry one it is allowed,
p
That I'm not the least bit proud, For still my mem'ry will re-call, The time I had no

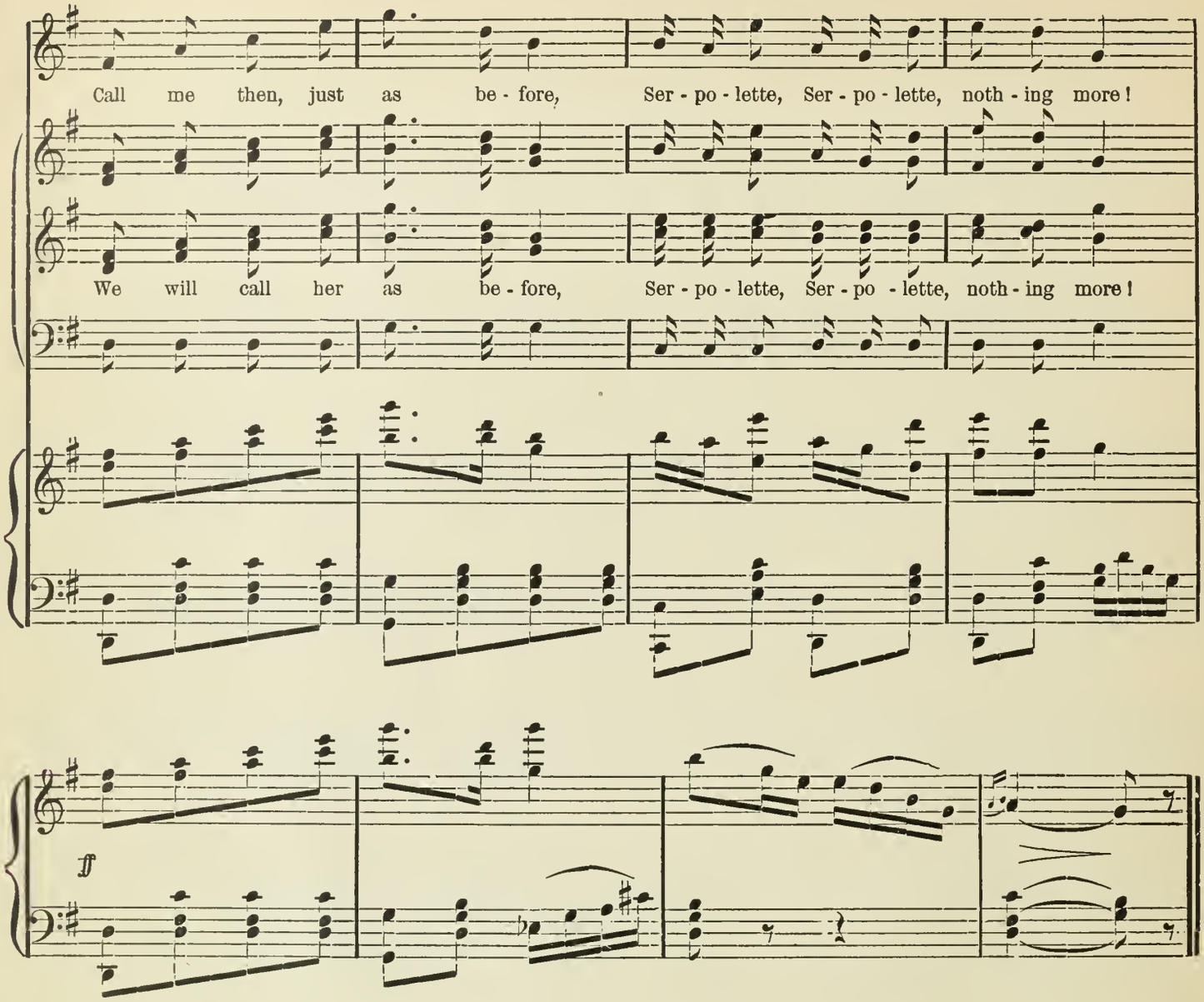

a tempo.
dress at all! Tho' I've rich - es quite un - end - ing, You will find me con - de - scending, You will
find me con - de - scend - - - - ing, Call me then just as be - fore,
p
Serpolette, Serpolette, nothing more! Call me then just as be - fore, Serpolette, Serpolette, nothing more!


Call me then, just as be - fore, Ser - po - lette, Ser - po - lette, noth - ing more!
We will call her as be - fore, Ser - po - lette, Ser - po - lette, noth - ing more!
ff


Call me then, just as be - fore, Ser - po - lette, Ser - po - lette, noth - ing more!
We will call her as be - fore, Ser - po - lette, Ser - po - lette, noth - ing more!


ff
Serp.
Silk is ve - ry fine, no doubt, But in silk, I can't kick a-bout, And grand food too I thought divine;
p
Ah! my friends, I was mis-ta - ken, Ni - cer far your eggs and ba - con, Ci - der's bet - ter
rit.
a tempo.
too than wine! Of my gran - deur I am wea - ry, And I find my town-house drea-ry. Yes! I


find my town-house drea - - - - ry! Call me then, just as be-fore,
p
Serpolette, Serpolette, nothing more! Call me then, just as be-fore, Serpolette, Serpolette, nothing more!
Call me then, just as be - fore, Ser - po - lette, Ser - po - lette, noth - ing more!
We will call her as be - fore, Ser - po - lette, Ser - po - lette, noth - ing more!
ff



GERT. So, Serpolette, you have returned to us once more?

GREN. Yes, good people, her highness—

SERP. Shut up about my Highness. Well, I have condescended to see you once more. Bye the way, young person, there is some festival in progress here.

GERT. Oh yes! the Marquis celebrates his return from exile.

GREN. As we shall, when we open our chateau.

SERP. Will you be still? Ah! there was a person named Germaine.

GERT. Oh, she is the particular friend of the Marquis. They say—

SERP. It looks bad. I am astonished she should be so indiscreet.

GREN. It is scandalous.

SERP. Hold your tongue, sir. Go and attend to my carriage.

GREN. (*aside.*) She is an absolute tyrant. I shall not submit much longer to her intolerant airs. (*aloud.*) Your Highness's orders shall be obeyed. (*Exit* GREN.)

BAILLI. Excuse me, my lady, but I cannot listen to any charges against such a good girl as Germaine.

SERP (*elevating eye glass.*) Ah! I recollect. The elderly person who wished to marry this Germaine.

BAILLI. I acknowledge that I made a fool of myself in trying to win, one young enough to be my grand daughter. But I maintain, Germaine is a good girl.

SERP. Well, old gentleman, the subject is beneath the notice of the noble Marchioness and Countess De Lucenay. Can any of you tell me about a certain miser named Gaspard?

ALL. He is crazy, my lady. (GASP. *dances insanely.*)

SERP. What a horrible creature! I shall speak to him however. Perhaps the dignity of my presence may restore him to reason. Gaspard, I say, approach me.

GASP. Why, it is little Serpolette.

SERP. No sir, you address the Countess De Lucenay.

GASP. Ah! now I remember. The Count De Lucenay, committed his daughter to my care.

SERP. Behold that daughter.

GASP. You! why, you must be crazy.

SERP. You horrible creature, it is you who are crazy.

GASP. Serpolette the daughter of the Count De Lucenay! Why it is the best joke, I have heard for a long time.

SERP. Begone, old man, Try and recover your senses.

(GASPARD *dances and sings.*)

BAILLI. Excuse the old fool, my lady. He is not responsible for what he says.

SERP. He is beneath the notice of the Countess De Lucenay, Ah! the music! the dance! just the thing for me.

BAILLI. Surely your ladyship would not condescend.

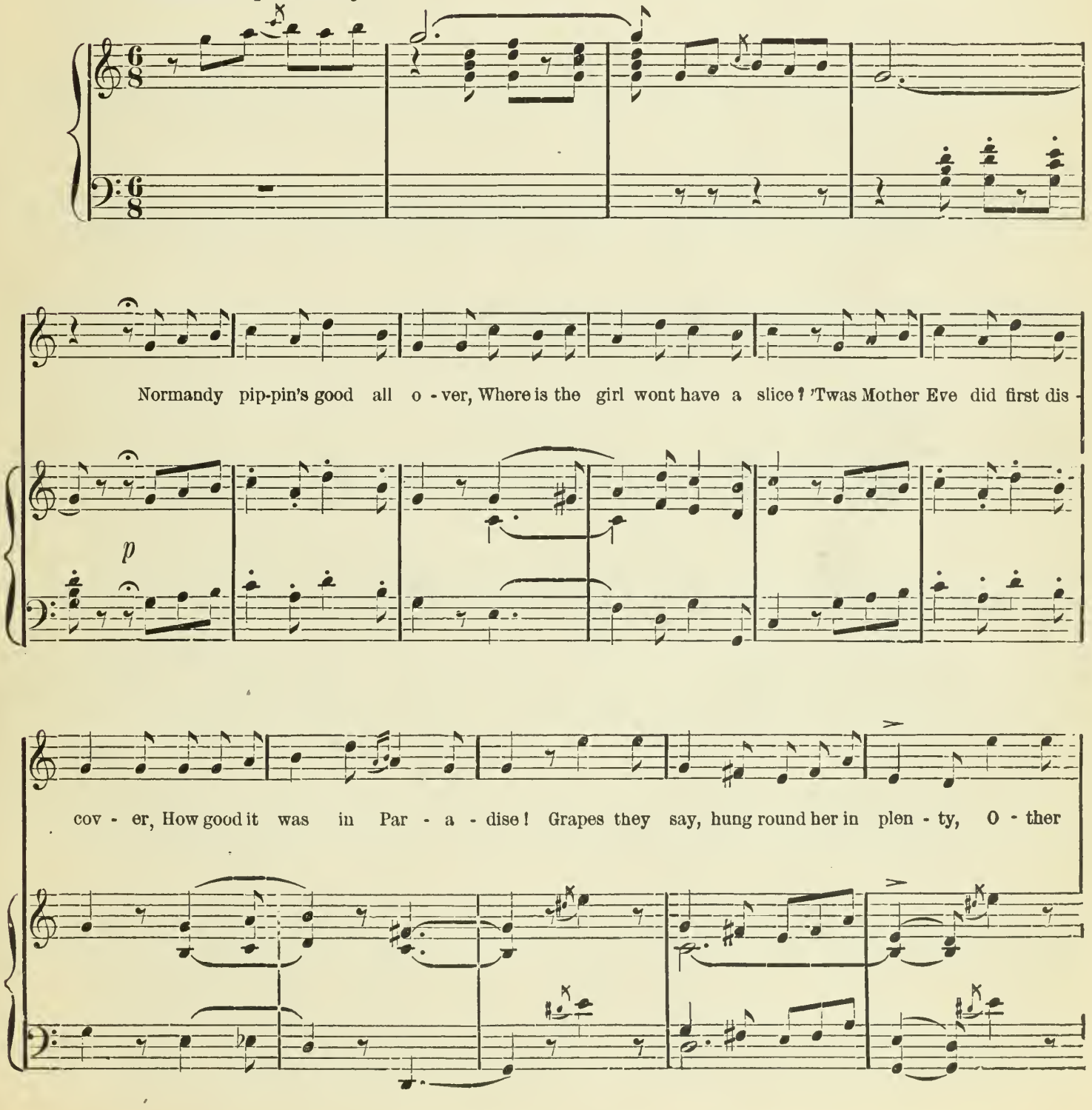
SERP. Just the very thing my ladyship will. Old man, I shall select you as a partner, but first let me sing you, one of our old Norman songs.

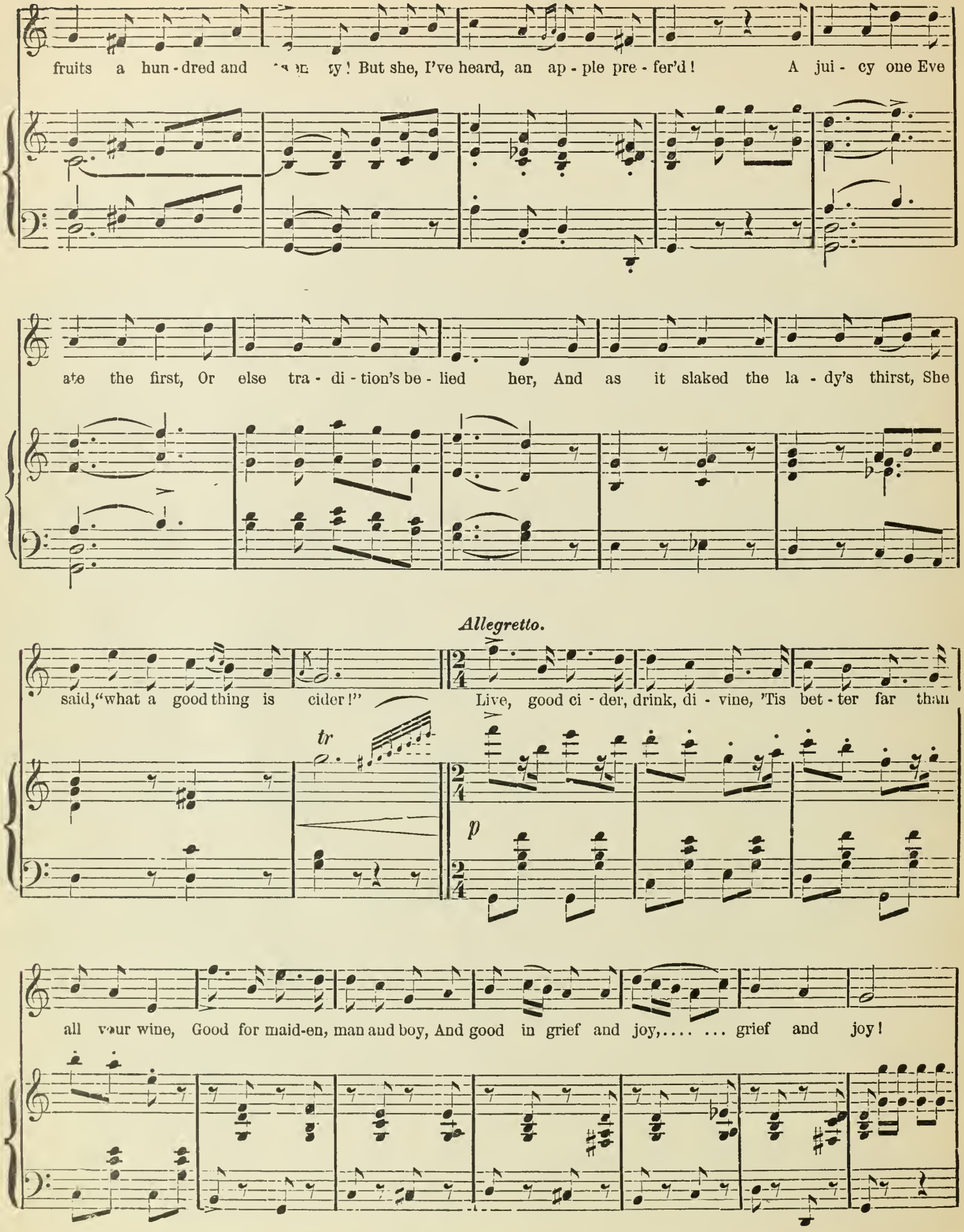
THE CIDER SONG.

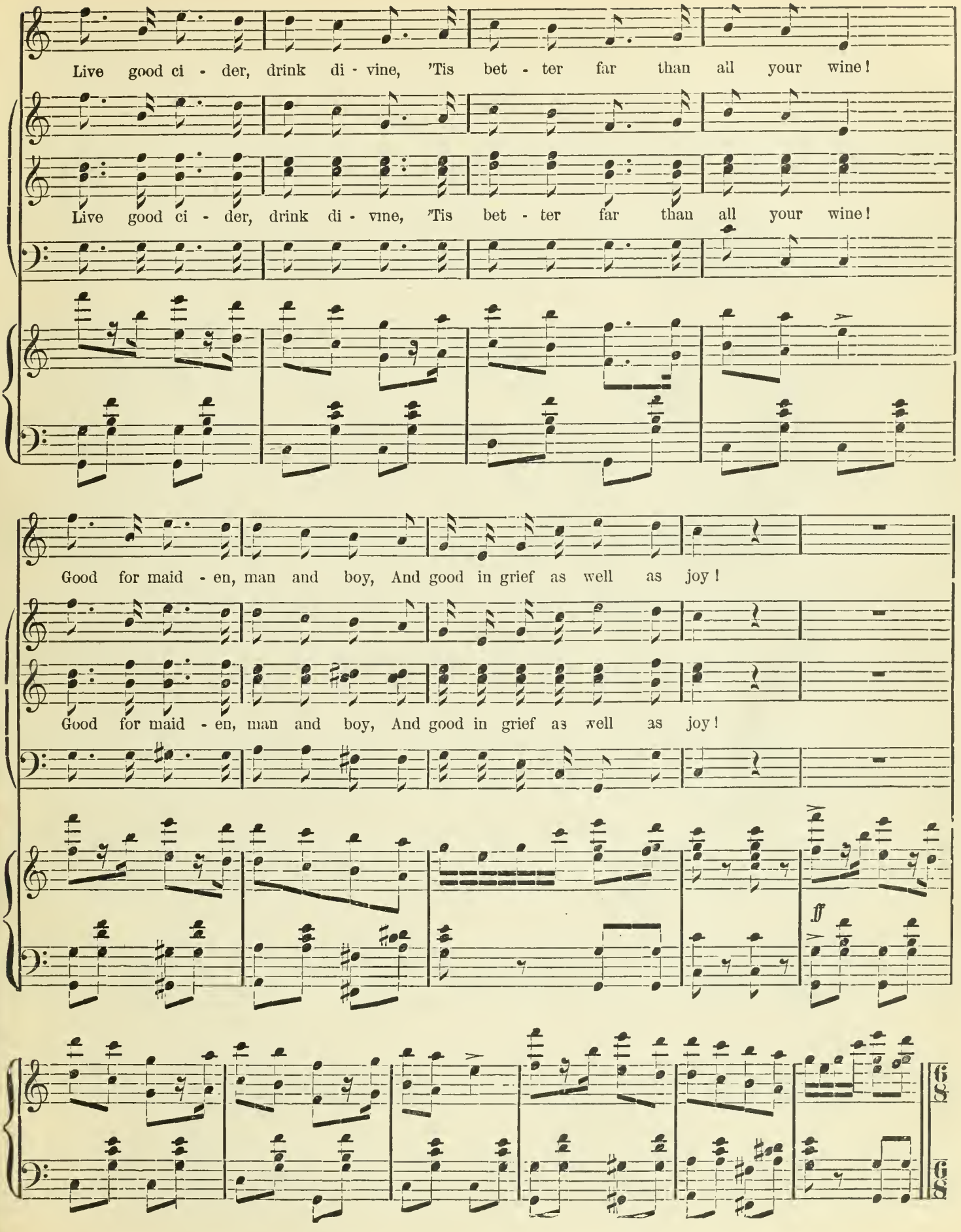
No. 19 **SONG & CHORUS.**

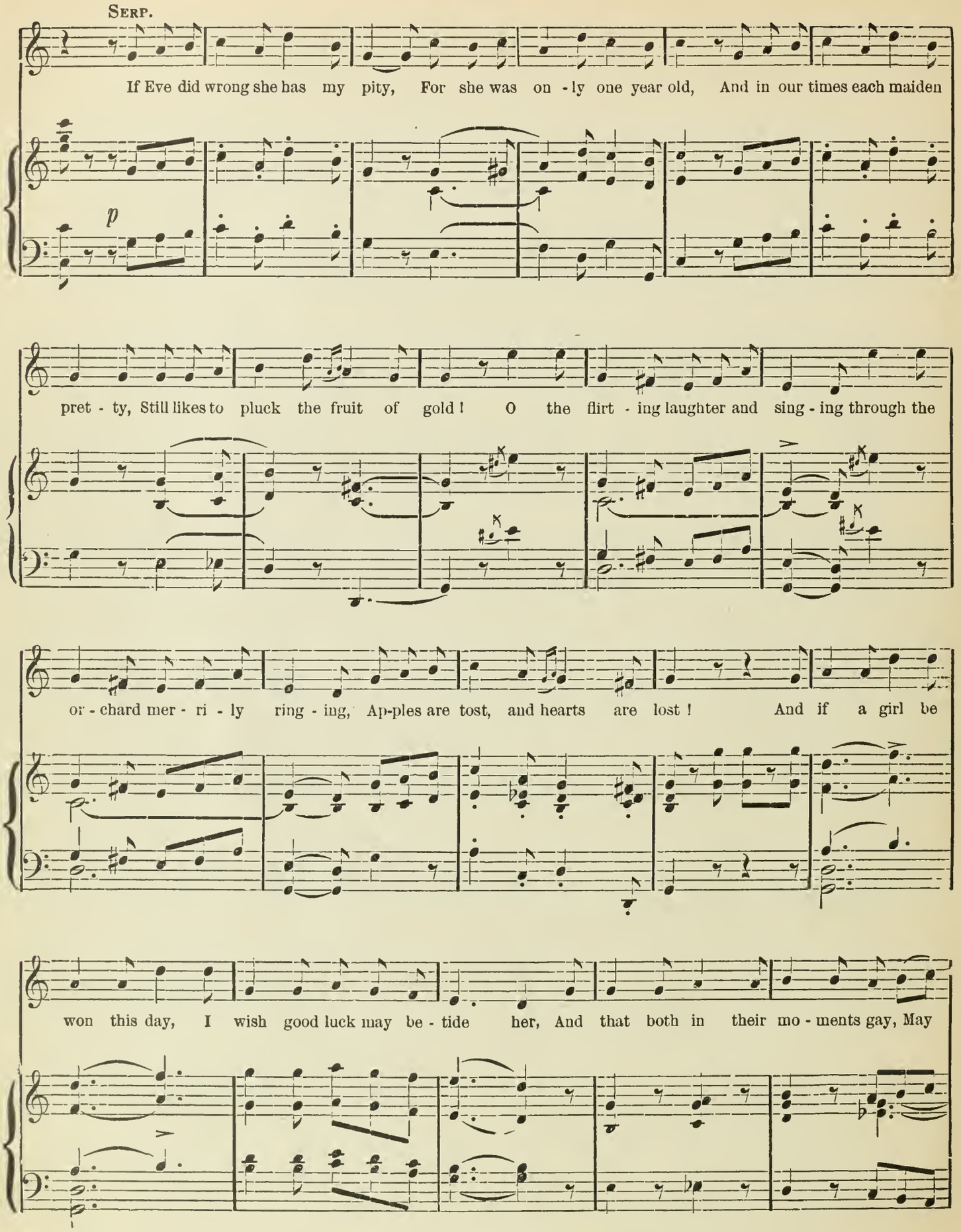
SERPOLETTE & CHORUS.

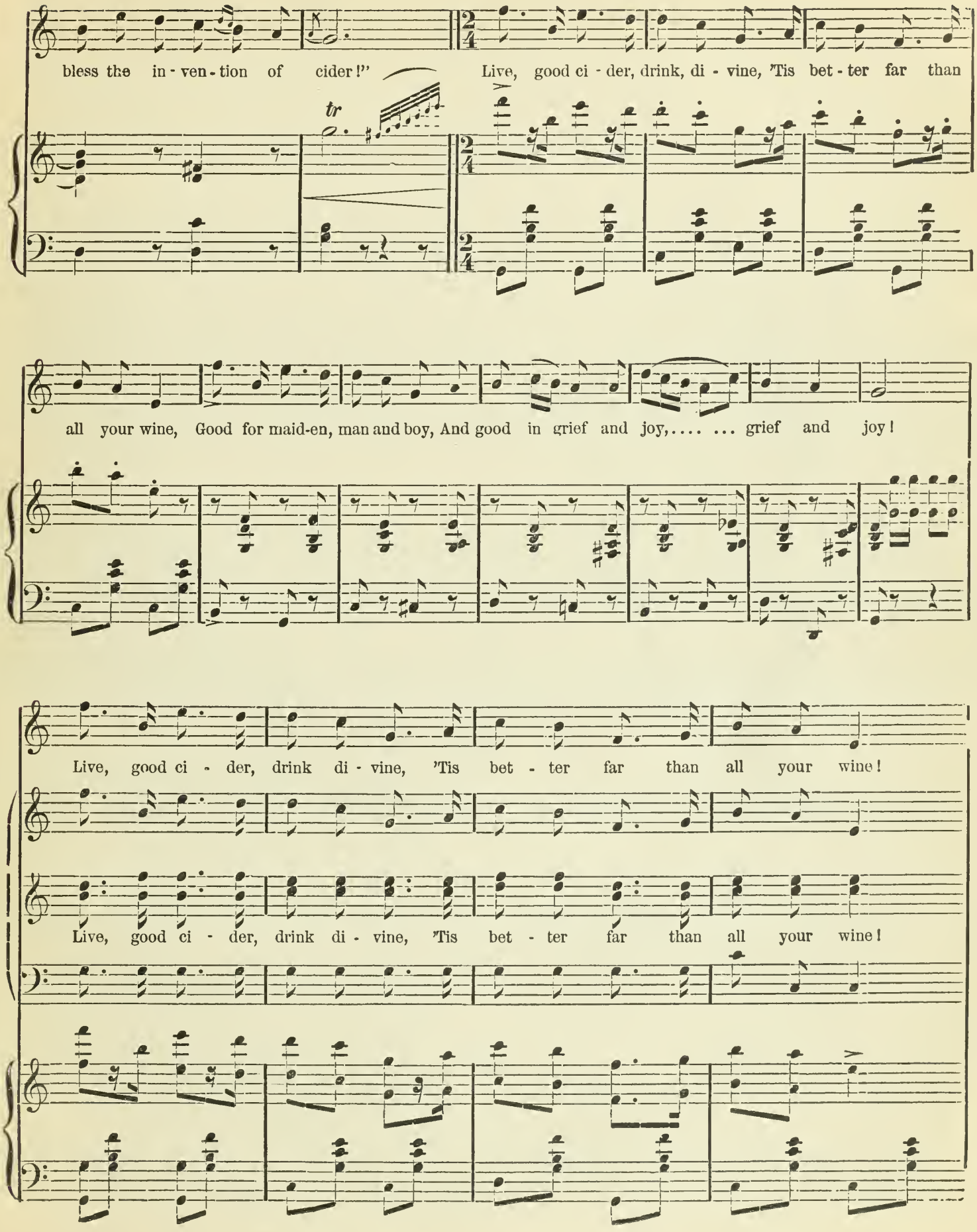
Moderato quasi Allegretto.

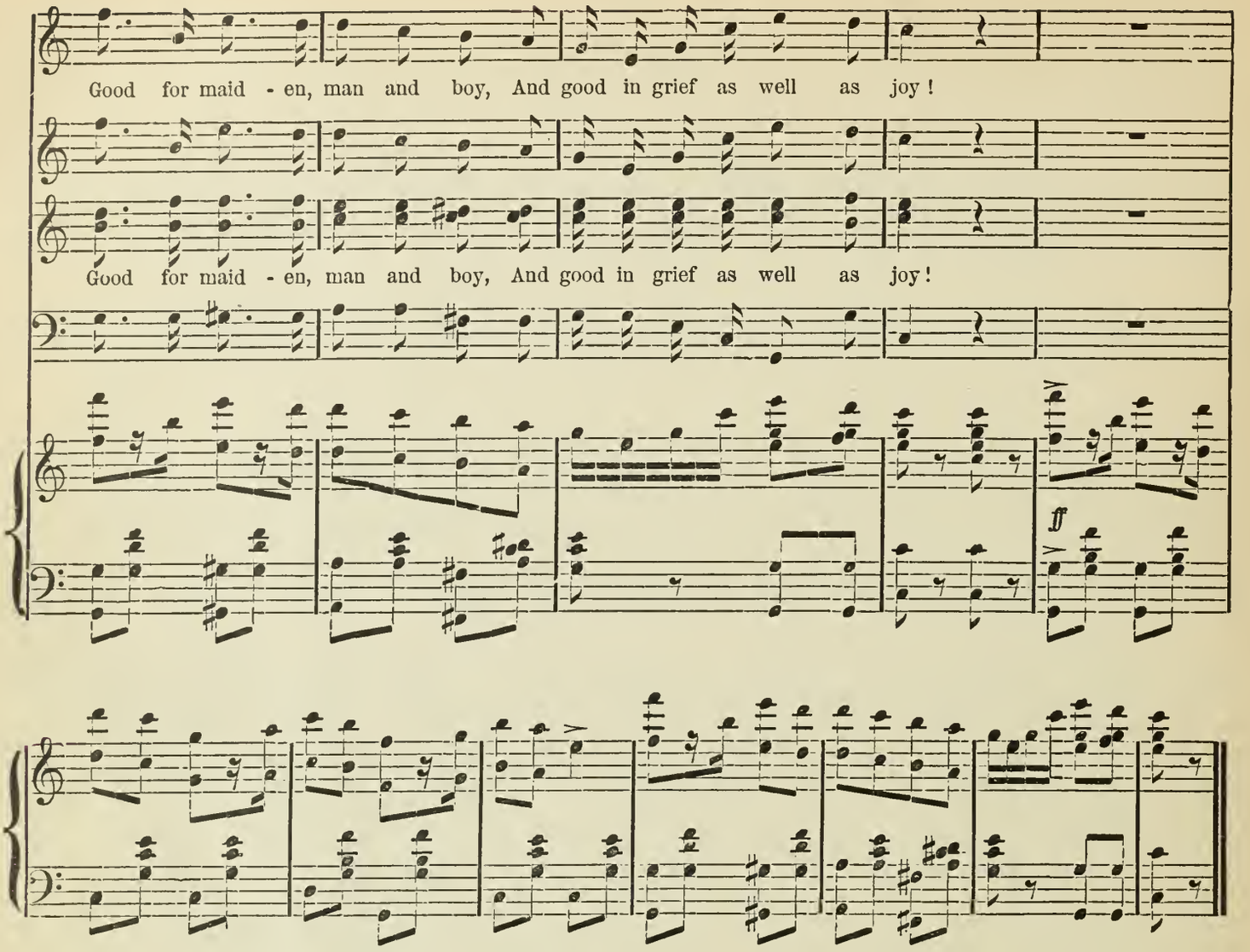



fruits a hun - dred and [illegible]ty! But she, I've heard, an ap - ple pre - fer'd! A jui - cy one Eve
ate the first, Or else tra - di - tion's be - lied her, And as it slaked the la - dy's thirst, She
Allegretto.
said,"what a good thing is cider!"
Live, good ci - der, drink, di - vine, 'Tis bet - ter far than
tr
p
all your wine, Good for maid-en, man and boy, And good in grief and joy,.... ... grief and joy!


Live good ci - der, drink di - vine, 'Tis bet - ter far than all your wine!
Live good ci - der, drink di - vine, 'Tis bet - ter far than all your wine!
Good for maid - en, man and boy, And good in grief as well as joy!
Good for maid - en, man and boy, And good in grief as well as joy!
ff


SERP.
If Eve did wrong she has my pity, For she was on - ly one year old, And in our times each maiden
p
pret - ty, Still likes to pluck the fruit of gold! O the flirt - ing laughter and sing - ing through the
or - chard mer - ri - ly ring - ing, Ap-ples are tost, and hearts are lost! And if a girl be
won this day, I wish good luck may be - tide her, And that both in their mo - ments gay, May


bless the in - ven - tion of cider!"
Live, good ci - der, drink, di - vine, 'Tis bet - ter far than
tr
all your wine, Good for maid-en, man and boy, And good in grief and joy,.... ... grief and joy!
Live, good ci - der, drink di - vine, 'Tis bet - ter far than all your wine!
Live, good ci - der, drink di - vine, 'Tis bet - ter far than all your wine!



(*Enter* HENRI.)

HENRI. (*clapping his hands.*) Bravo! Bravo! Excellent!

SERP. Good gracious! the Marquis to find me, a Countess, dancing the cancan.

BAILLI. My lord, I was just remarking to the noble Countess De Lucenay.

HENRI. Yes, so, I perceived, with your toes. Let me not interrupt you. So, my dear Countess, you have come back to us again.

SERP. Well, yes, Marquis. My first idea was to be presented at the court of Versailles, and the royal palace just suited me.

HENRI. Did you wish to purchase it?

SERP Yes, but I changed my mind. I grew tired of having all the great lords of the court at my feet.

HENRI. Imploring one kind word.

SERP. Dukes, marquises, barons, all suppliants for my favor.

HENRI. Begging a single smile—

SERP. Yet I could not bring myself to forsake you all. I said if I must buy a castle, or palace somewhere, why not give Normandy the first show? Now there's yours, Marquis. What will you take for your castle?

HENRI. Well, really, it's not yet in the market.

SERP. If it should be, consider me a bidder—with all its former terrors it is dear to me as having be so long the repository of the records of my birth and station.

HENRI. Now, my friends, make yourselves at home. Monsier Sheriff, will you act as escort for Mademoiselle to the castle, and also show all the other guests what is to be seen.

BAILLI. Ah! such an honor, with the most profound pleasure.

SERP. Oh, Monsieur, you are too kind. (*Takes his arm.*)

BAILLI. Happiness excessive. Follow me, friends. (*Exeunt Omnes except Marquis.*)

HENRI. Poor little Serpolette! What a disappointment it will be to her, when the truth becomes known. And sweet Germaine, how I have learned to love her. I must disabuse her mind, sometime, of her fancied obligations to that lying scoundrel, Grenicheux. Ah! here comes the rascal, looking like a popinjay. (*Retires up stage. Enter* GREN.)

GREN. I cannot stand this any longer. Suppose she has become a titled lady, that is no reason why she should treat me like a dog. Give me Germaine any day before her. I'll give up the Marchioness for Gaspard's niece. She thinks that I saved her life by rescuing her from drowning.

HENRI. (*coming forward.*) Indeed! So my coachman saves young ladies from drowning?

GREN. Yes, my lord, it was a most daring and successful effort on my part.

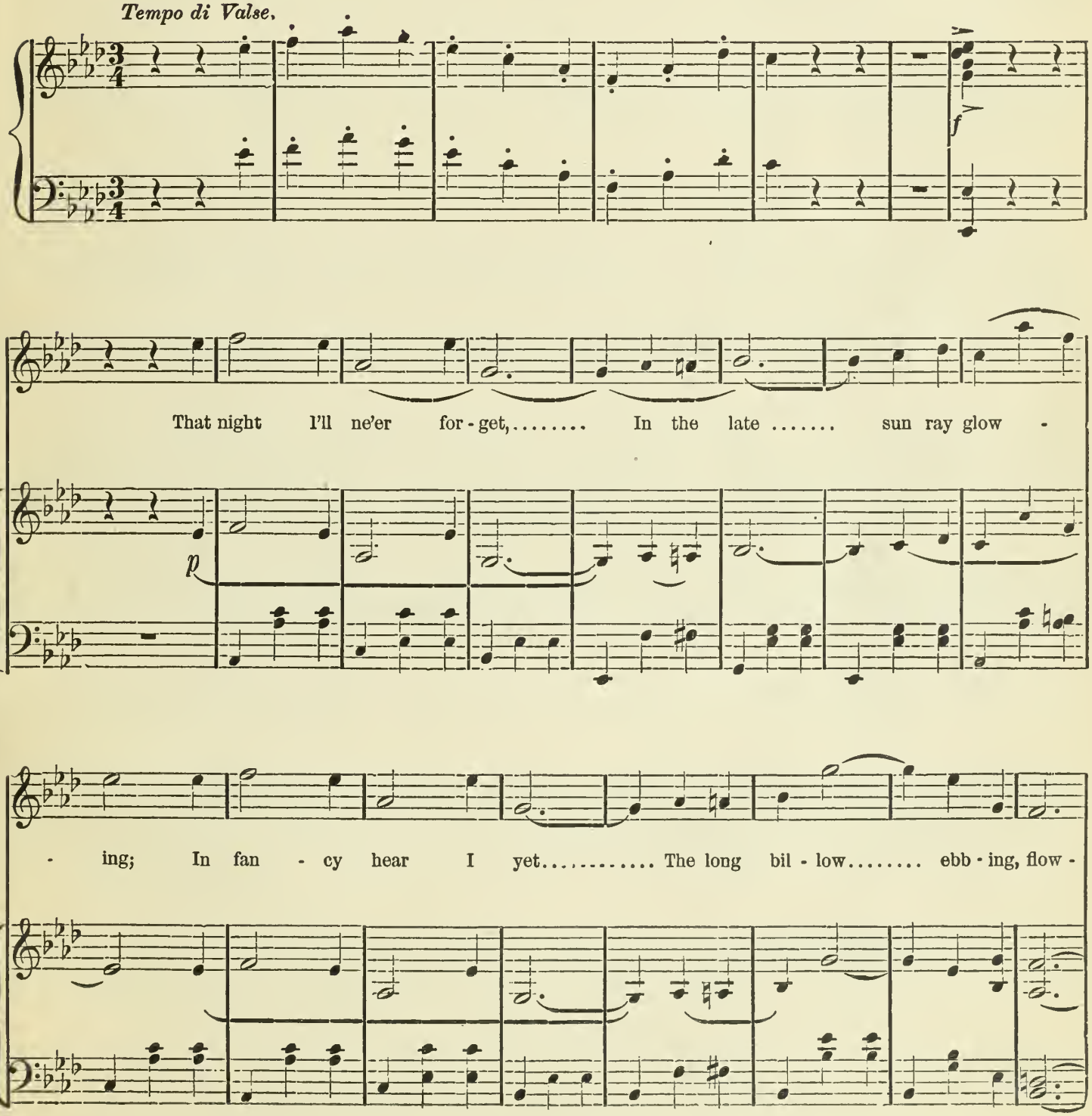
HENRI. Pray, tell me all about this wonderful adventure.

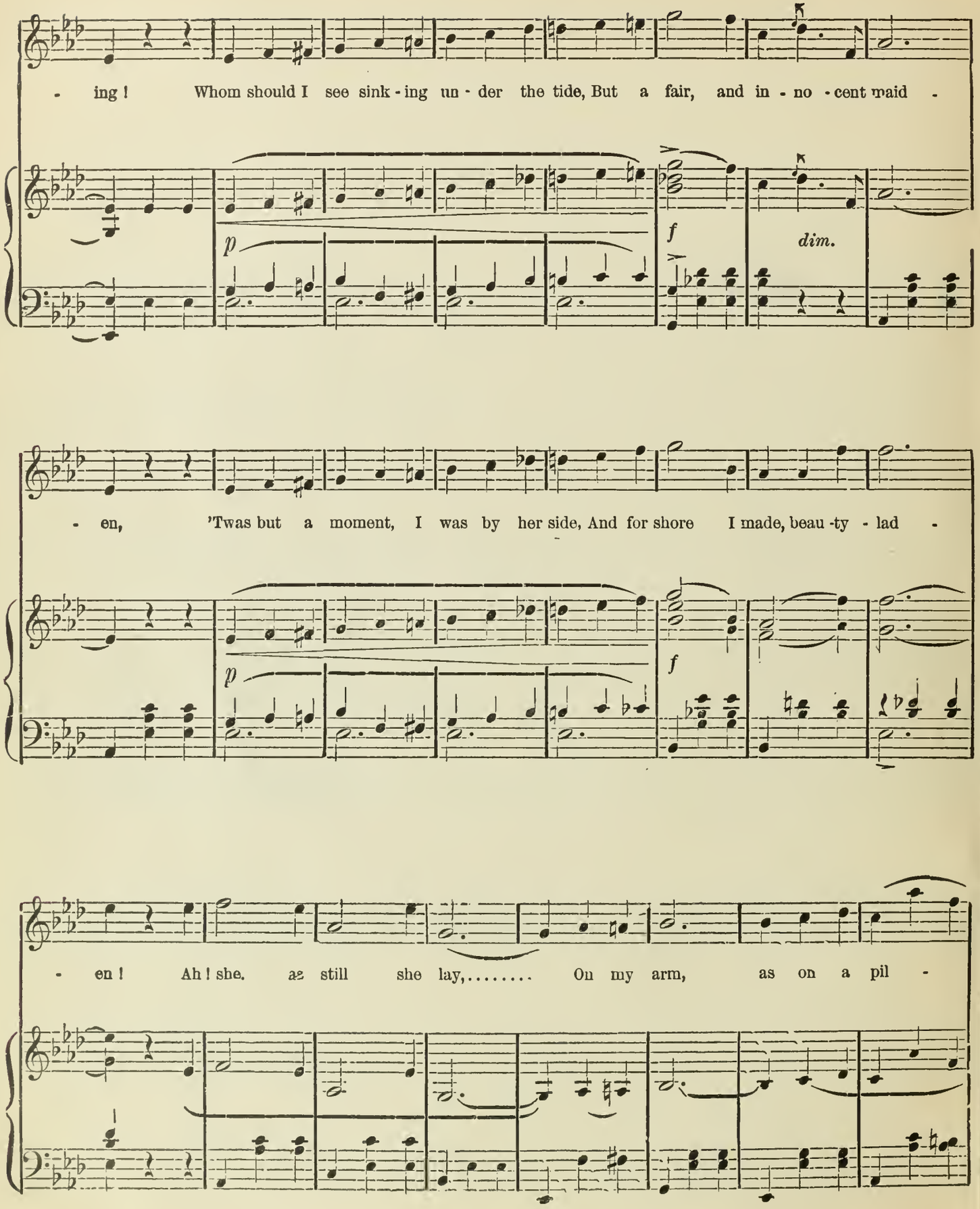
THAT NIGHT I'LL NE'ER FORET.

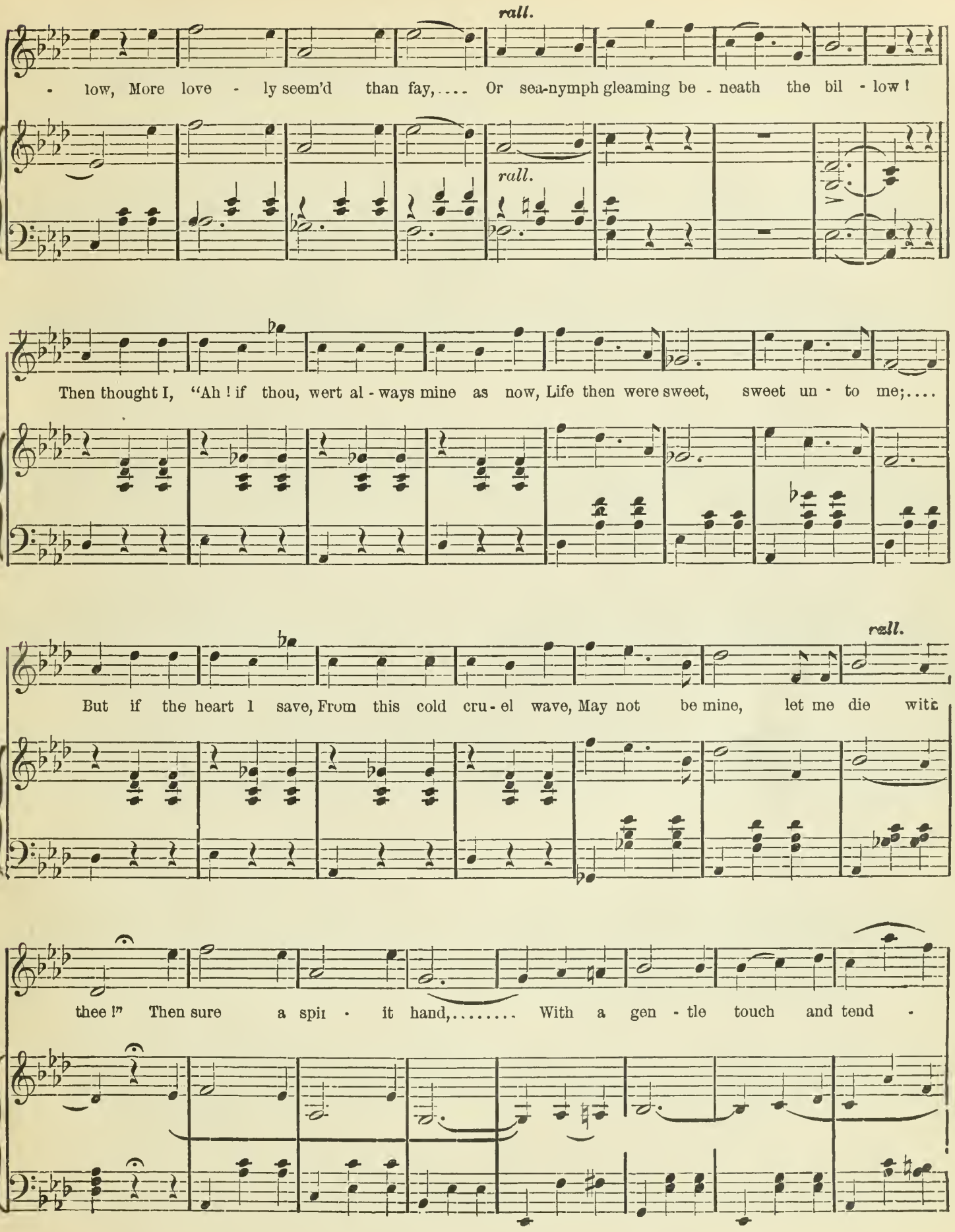
No. 20. **SONG.**

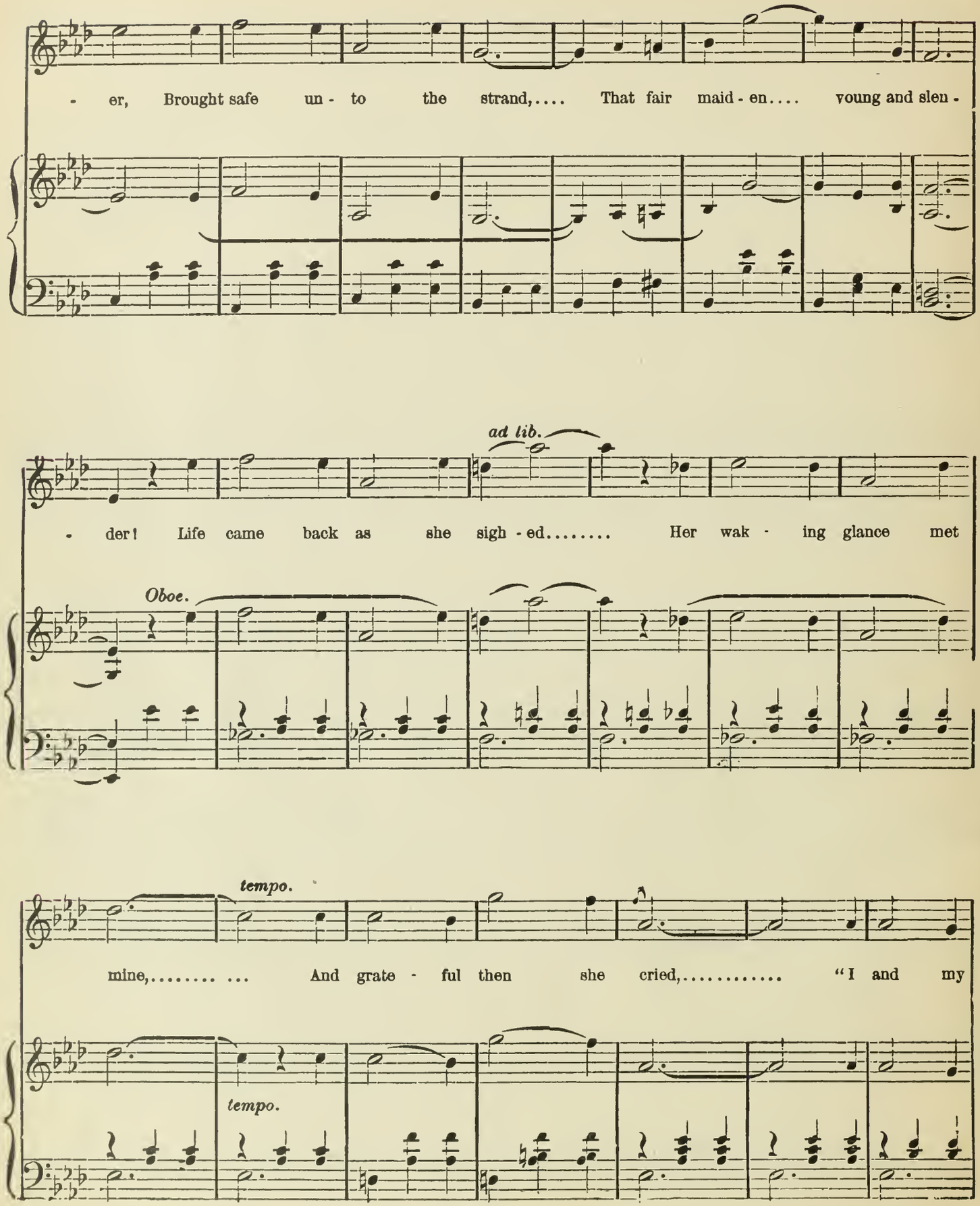
GRENICHEUX.

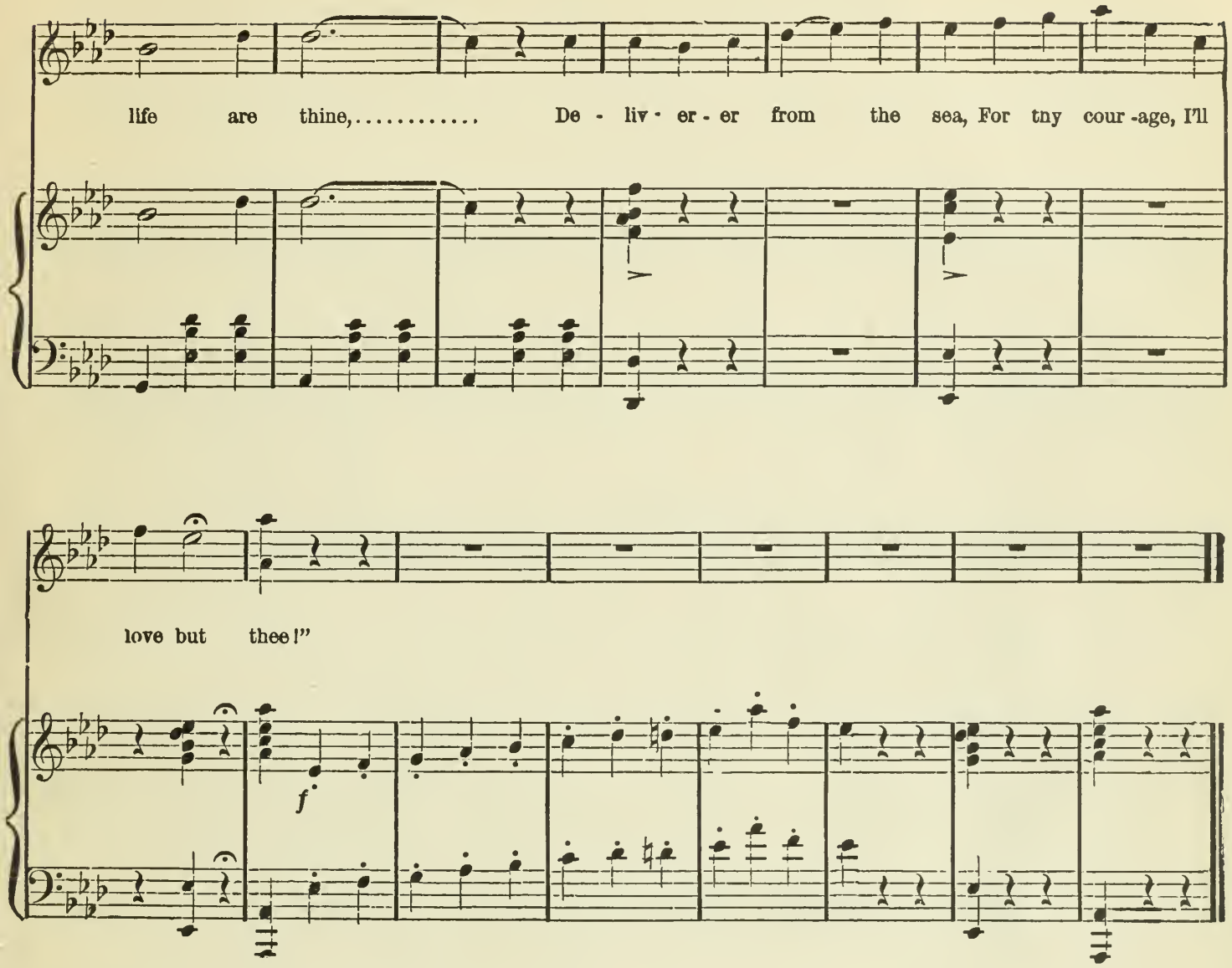
Tempo di Valse.




- ing ! Whom should I see sink - ing un - der the tide, But a fair, and in - no - cent maid -
p
f
dim.
- en, 'Twas but a moment, I was by her side, And for shore I made, beau - ty - lad -
p
f
- en ! Ah ! she, as still she lay,..... On my arm, as on a pil -


rall.
- low, More love - ly seem'd than fay,.... Or sea-nymph gleaming be - neath the bil - low!
rall.
Then thought I, "Ah! if thou, wert al - ways mine as now, Life then were sweet, sweet un - to me;....
rall.
But if the heart I save, From this cold cru - el wave, May not be mine, let me die with
thee!" Then sure a spir - it hand,..... With a gen - tle touch and tend -


- er, Brought safe un - to the strand,.... That fair maid - en.... young and slen -
ad lib.
- der! Life came back as she sigh - ed..... Her wak - ing glance met
Oboe.
tempo.
mine,..... ... And grate - ful then she cried,..... "I and my
tempo.



(*Enter* GERMAINE *unperceived.*)

HENRI. You unconceivable liar! So you claim the credit of rescuing Germaine from a watery grave. Now, here is my answer. (*Strikes him.*)

GREN. Oh, my lord, pardon! pardon! I didn't do it.

HENRI. You rascal! Don't you recollect that I was the captain of a certain vessel, which was off the coast at the time, and that I rescued the lady in question, from a watery grave, and afterwards confided her to your care. Now you claim all the credit of having rescued her.

GREN. My lord! I acknowledge all

HENRI. Now, then, you rascal, go to Germaine and acknowledge the truth, only don't mention my name. If you fail, I shall hang you from the battlements of the castle.

GERMAINE. (*rushing forward.*) Enough, my lord! then you are the preserver of my life, not this cowardly claimant?

HENRI. My dear Germaine!

GERM. I have heard all. My life is yours, begone, miserable deceiver!

GREN. Oh! I'm off. It was not an agreeable secret after all.

(*Exit* GRENICHEUX

MY LORD-MY LORD.

No. 21. DUET.

GERMAINE & HENRI.

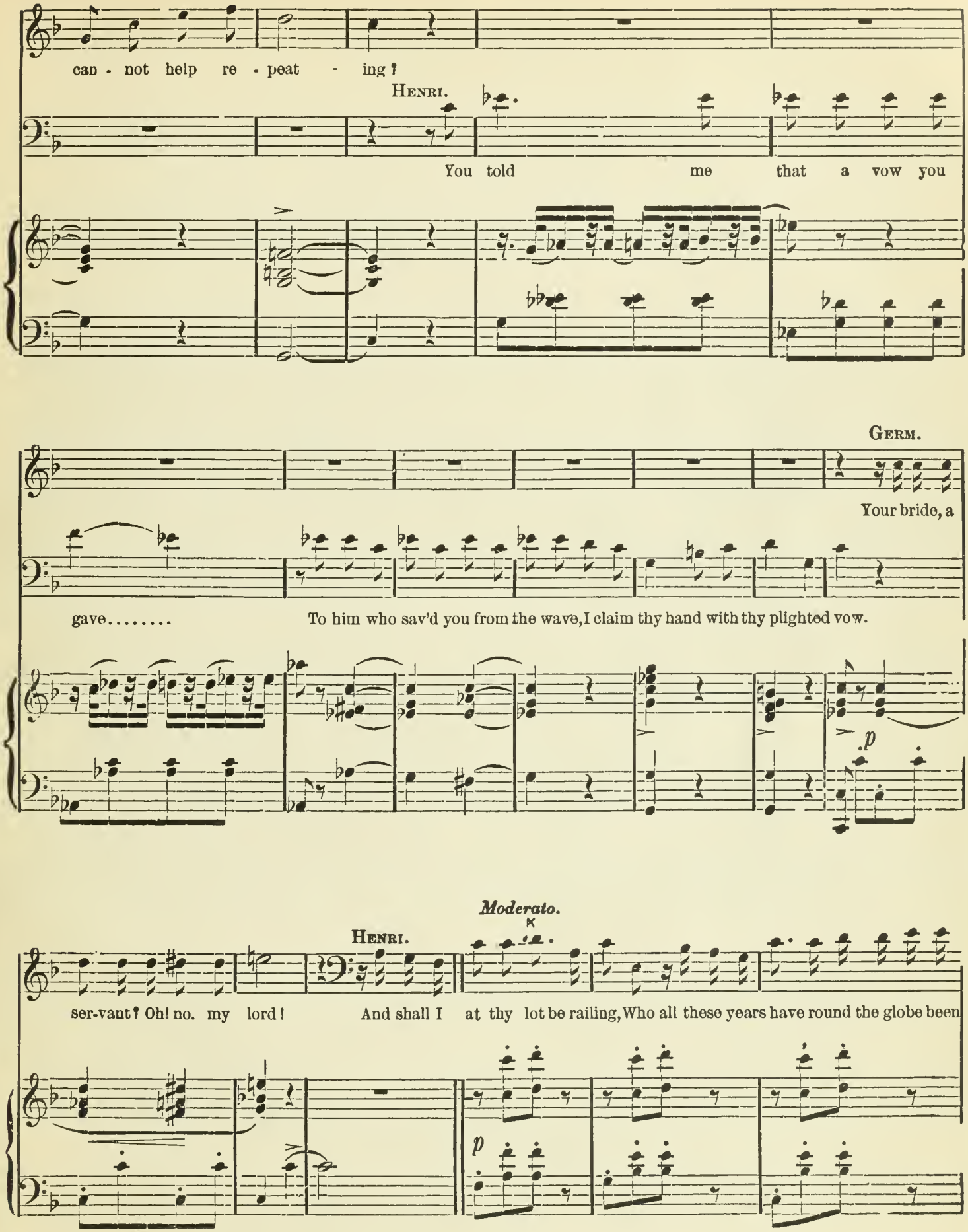
Moderato. GERM. *Agitato.*

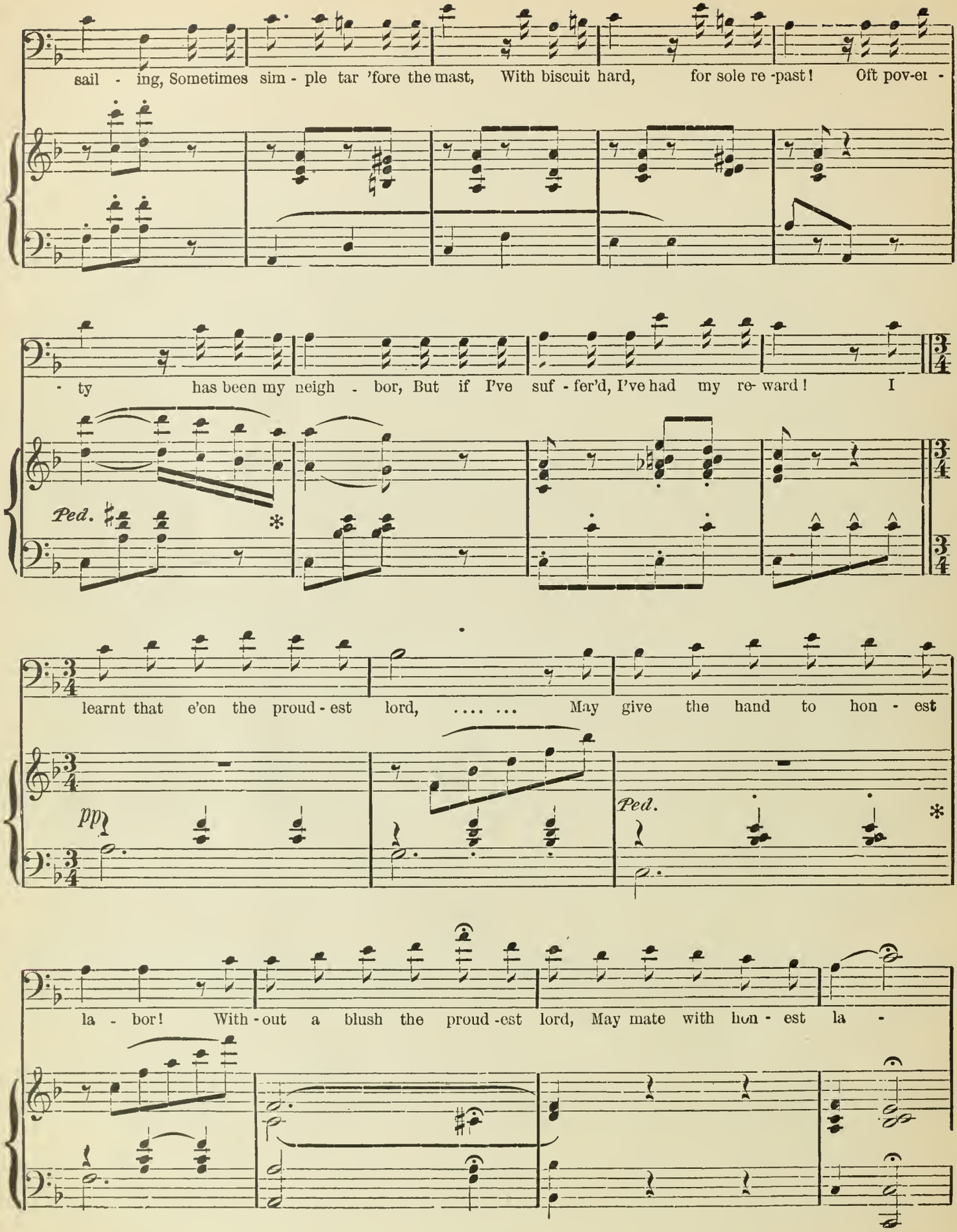
My lord! my lord! my

p

sil - ly heart is beat - - - - - ing, For oh! I feel I am your

thrall! And that to you, I owe life, for - tune, all! My debt I


can - not help re - peat - ing?
HENRI.
You told me that a vow you
GERM.
Your bride, a
gave.....
To him who sav'd you from the wave, I claim thy hand with thy plighted vow.
p
Moderato.
HENRI.
ser-vant? Oh! no. my lord!
And shall I at thy lot be railing, Who all these years have round the globe been
p


sail - ing, Sometimes sim - ple tar 'fore the mast, With biscuit hard, for sole re -past! Oft pov-er -
- ty has been my neigh - bor, But if I've suf - fer'd, I've had my re- ward! I
Ped. *
learnt that e'en the proud - est lord, ... May give the hand to hon - est
pp
Ped. *
la - bor! With - out a blush the proud - est lord, May mate with hon - est la -

Animato.

- bor !

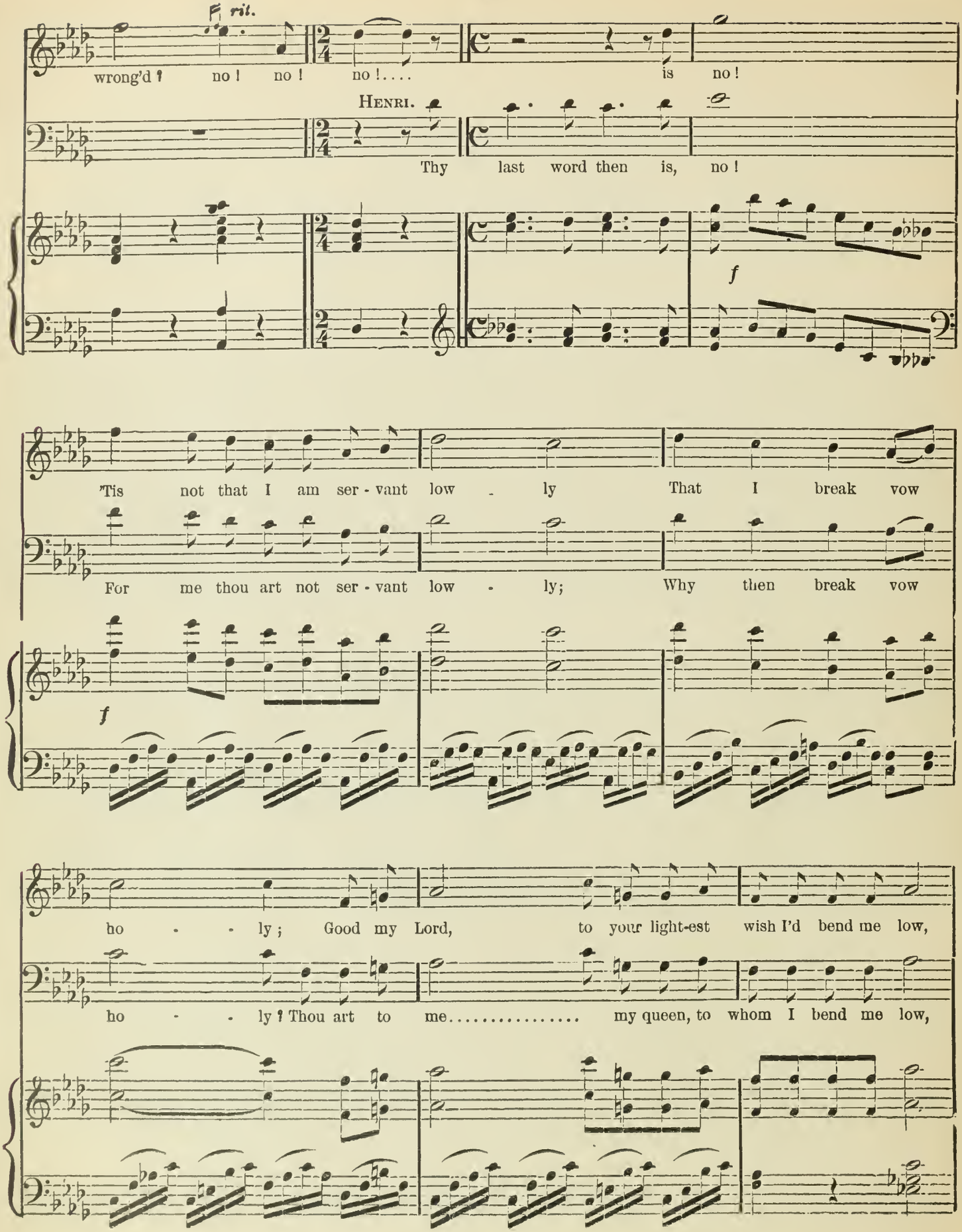
Allegro Moderato.

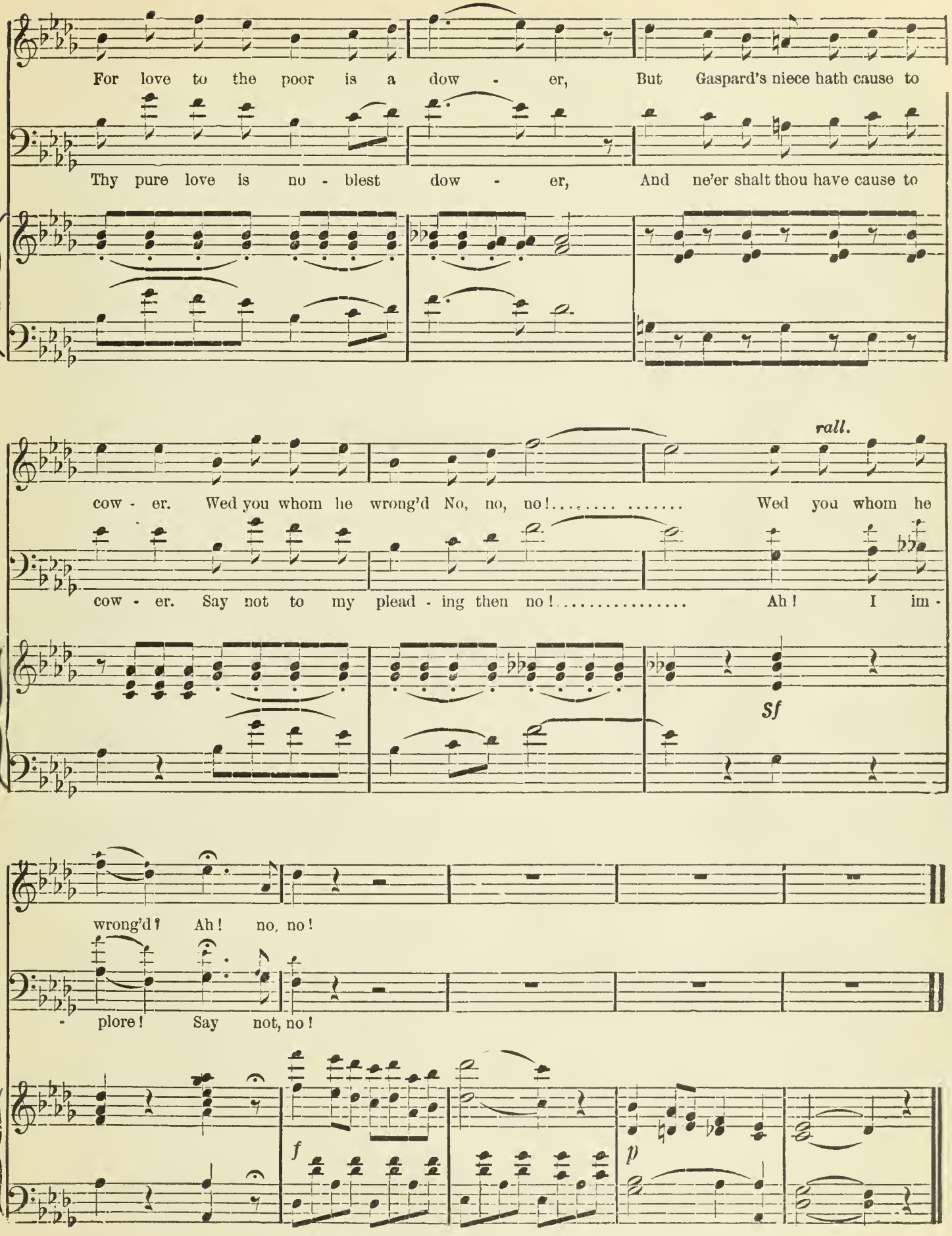
GERMAINE.

'Tis not that I am servant low - ly, That I break vow ho - ly; Good my

lord, to your lightest wish, I'd bend me low, For love to the poor is a dow - er;

But Gaspard's niece hath cause to cow - er. Wed you whom he wrong'd? no, no, no !..... Wed you whom he


rit.
wrong'd ? no ! no ! no !....
is no !
HENRI.
Thy last word then is, no !
f
'Tis not that I am ser - vant low - ly That I break vow
For me thou art not ser - vant low - ly; Why then break vow
f
ho - - ly; Good my Lord, to your light-est wish I'd bend me low,
ho - - ly ? Thou art to me..... my queen, to whom I bend me low,


For love to the poor is a dow - er, But Gaspard's niece hath cause to
Thy pure love is no - blest dow - er, And ne'er shalt thou have cause to
rall.
cow - er. Wed you whom he wrong'd No, no, no! Wed you whom he
cow - er. Say not to my plead - ing then no! Ah! I im -
Sf
wrong'd? Ah! no, no!
- plore! Say not, no!
f
p

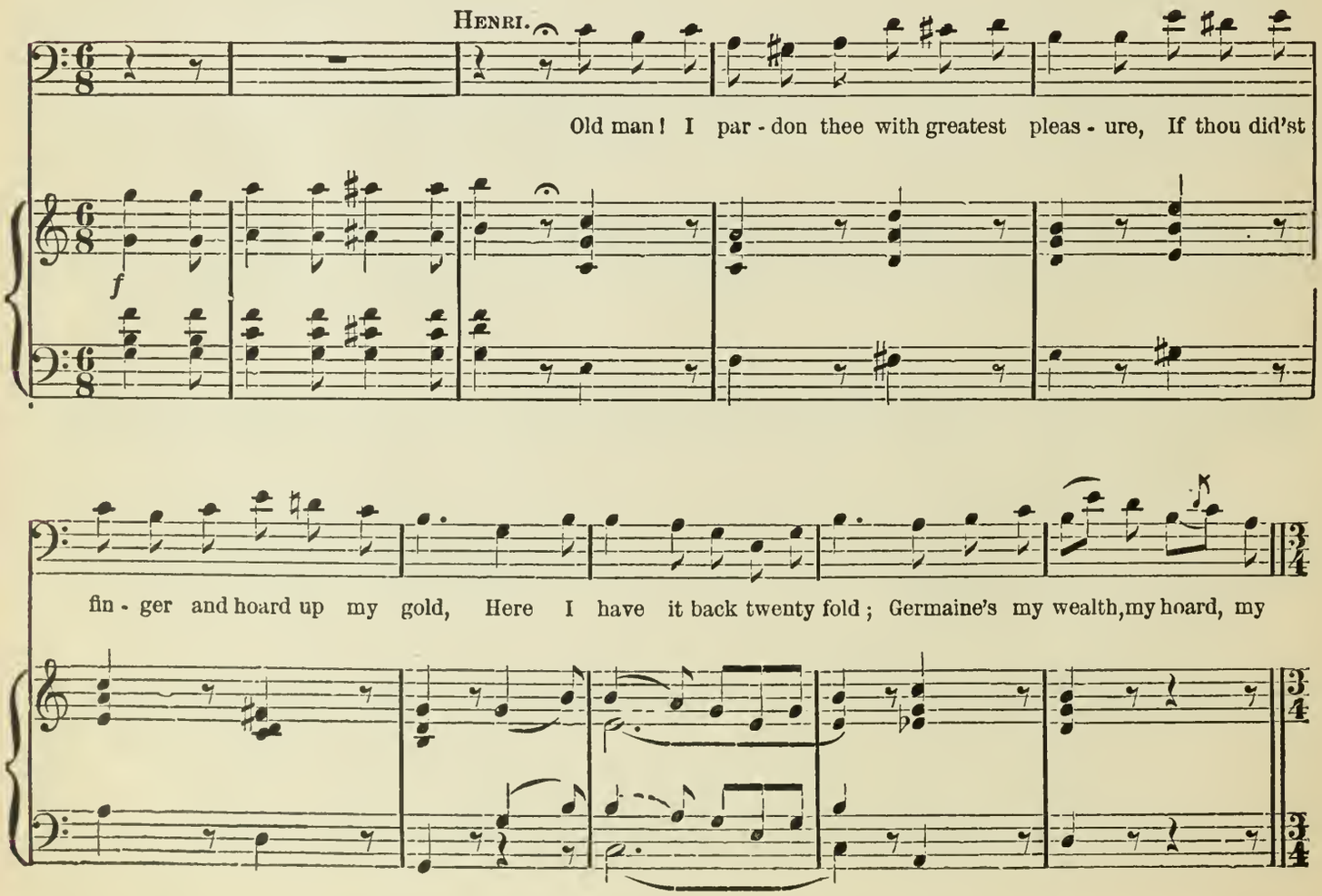
(*Cries within.* *Enter* SERPOLETTE, *dragging* GRENICHEUX *by the ear.* BAILLI, *Peasants, etc.*

GREN. You may say what you please—I am sick of the service!
SERP. What a cowardly wretch! Look here! I am your mistress, and you must obey me!
GREN. I shan't do it!
SERP. (*Boxing his ears,*) There! take that, you wretch!
HENRI. Noble countess, there is some trouble here.
SERP. I should say so. This fellow says you want to hang him.
GREN. From the battlements.
SERP. Hold your tongue! I don't want a servant of mine at the tight end of a rope.
GREN. With his neck broken.
SERP. Will you ever be quiet? Now, my lord, it is a very disagreeable thing for me, a marchioness, to have a servant at the end of a rope!
HENRI. Well, I acknowledge, it is rather derogatory to your dignity, therefore, I forgive him this time, for your sake; but allow me to present an old friend of yours, Germaine—you, surely, cannot have forgotten her.
SERP. Oh, yes, I believe there was a young person of that name whom I have honored with my acquaintance; but, then, Marquis, since I have become Marchioness and Countess de Lucenay, I move in quite another sphere. (*Enter* GASPARD, *crazy.*)
GREN. Crazy Gaspard! I want to go home.
GASP. Ah, everybody thinks that old Gaspard is crazy, but he knows better. He knows all about the haunted chateau and its secrets. Ah, here is the paper that can tell all about the Count de Lucenay's daughter. (*Shows paper.*)
HENRI. (*Snatching paper.*) What do I read! Germaine is the long lost Marchioness?
GASP. Help! Help! They rob me of my papers!
HENRI. Gaspard, look at me! I am the son of your old master, Henri de Corneville. Come, acknowledge your fault, and declare the truth. Germaine is the real daughter of the Marquis de Lucenay.
GASP. My lord! my lord! Where have I been? My head still whirls. Ah! yes, yes; now I recognize you. You are my old master's living picture! Please, forgive a poor old man! (*Falls on his knees.*) A poor, poor old man! And she, Germaine, is the child intrusted to my care.
SERP. You horrid old miser—who then, am I?
GASP. Why only Serpolette, the mischief-maker of the village—a peasant's daughter, that is all!
HENRI. Well, Gaspard, I'll forgive you for all, as long as you have such a sweet petitioner here.
SERP. But what is to become of me?
GREN. Please, take compassion on your humble servant!
SERP. Well, I suppose that is all left to me now.

OLD MAN! I PARDON THEE.

No. 22. FINALE.

CHORUS.



SERPOLETTE.

Well! my fate's ve - ry shady, Not Marquise, nor simple la - dy, What pur - suit to follow

treas - ure!

GERMAINE.

now? LE BAILLI. Nay! come with me, till your fortune shall mend—

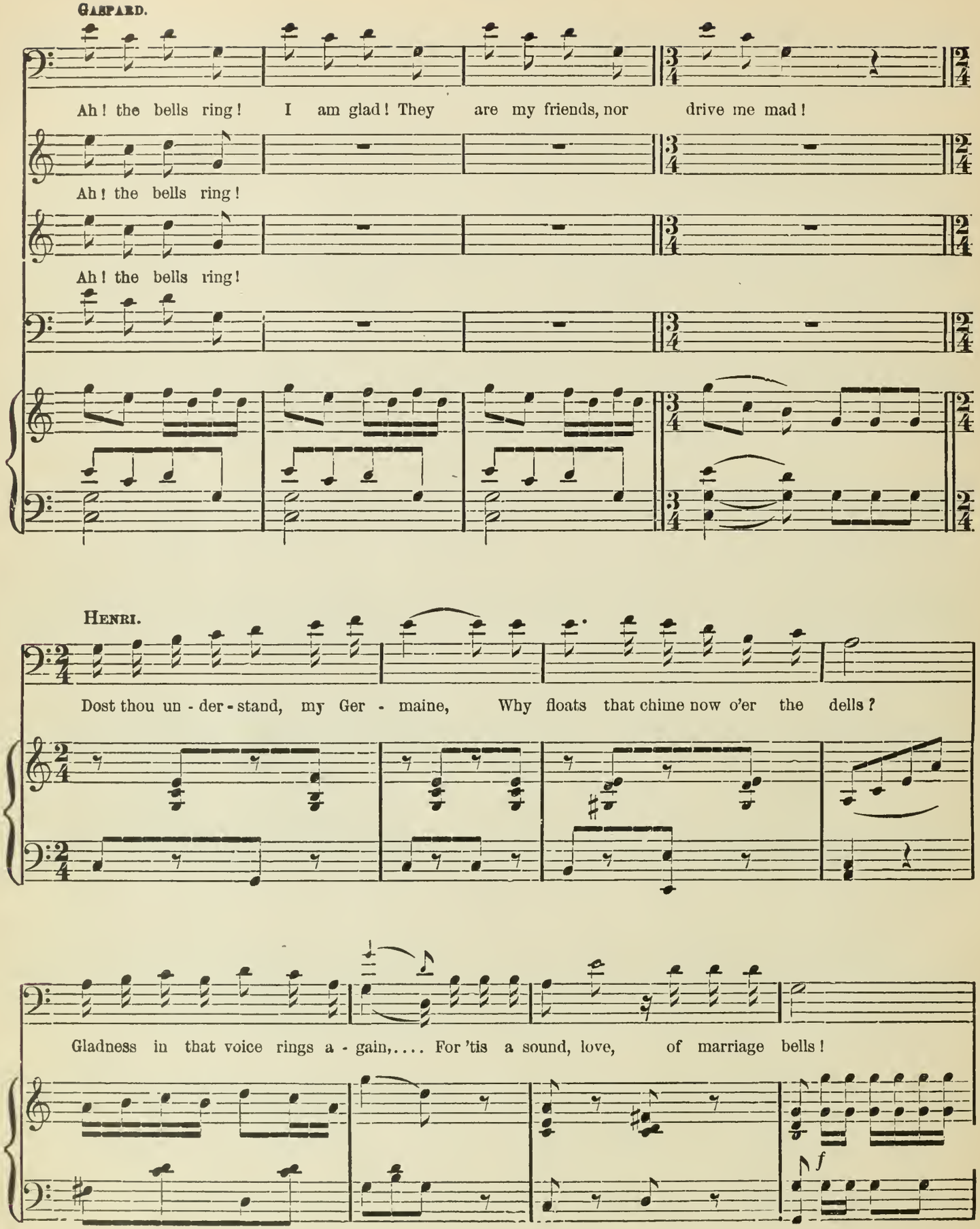
Please, your grace, come and milk the Cow!

rit. *pp*

SERPOLETTE. GERMAINE. GRENICHEUX.

As a servant, Eh! As my girlhood's friend! One thing I plain - ly see, No one asks me!

BELLS. *p*


GASPARD.
Ah! the bells ring! I am glad! They are my friends, nor drive me mad!
Ah! the bells ring!
Ah! the bells ring!
HENRI.
Dost thou un - der - stand, my Ger - maine, Why floats that chime now o'er the dells?
Gladness in that voice rings a - gain,.... For 'tis a sound, love, of marriage bells!
f

Ring! ring out far and wide! For our lord and for his bride!

Ring! ring out far and wide! For our lord and for his bride!

Ring! ring out far and wide! For our lord and for his bride!

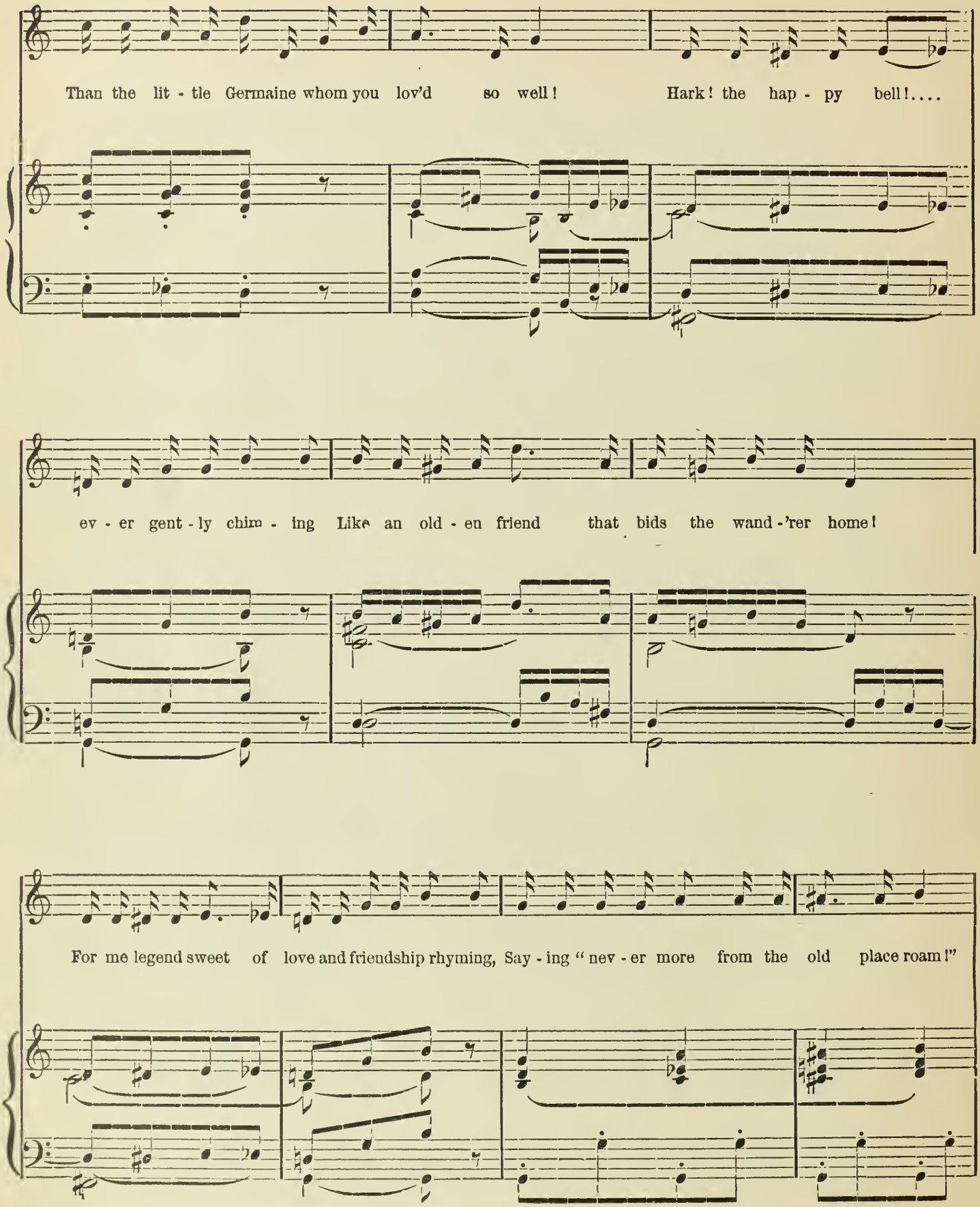
GERMAINE.

Moderato.

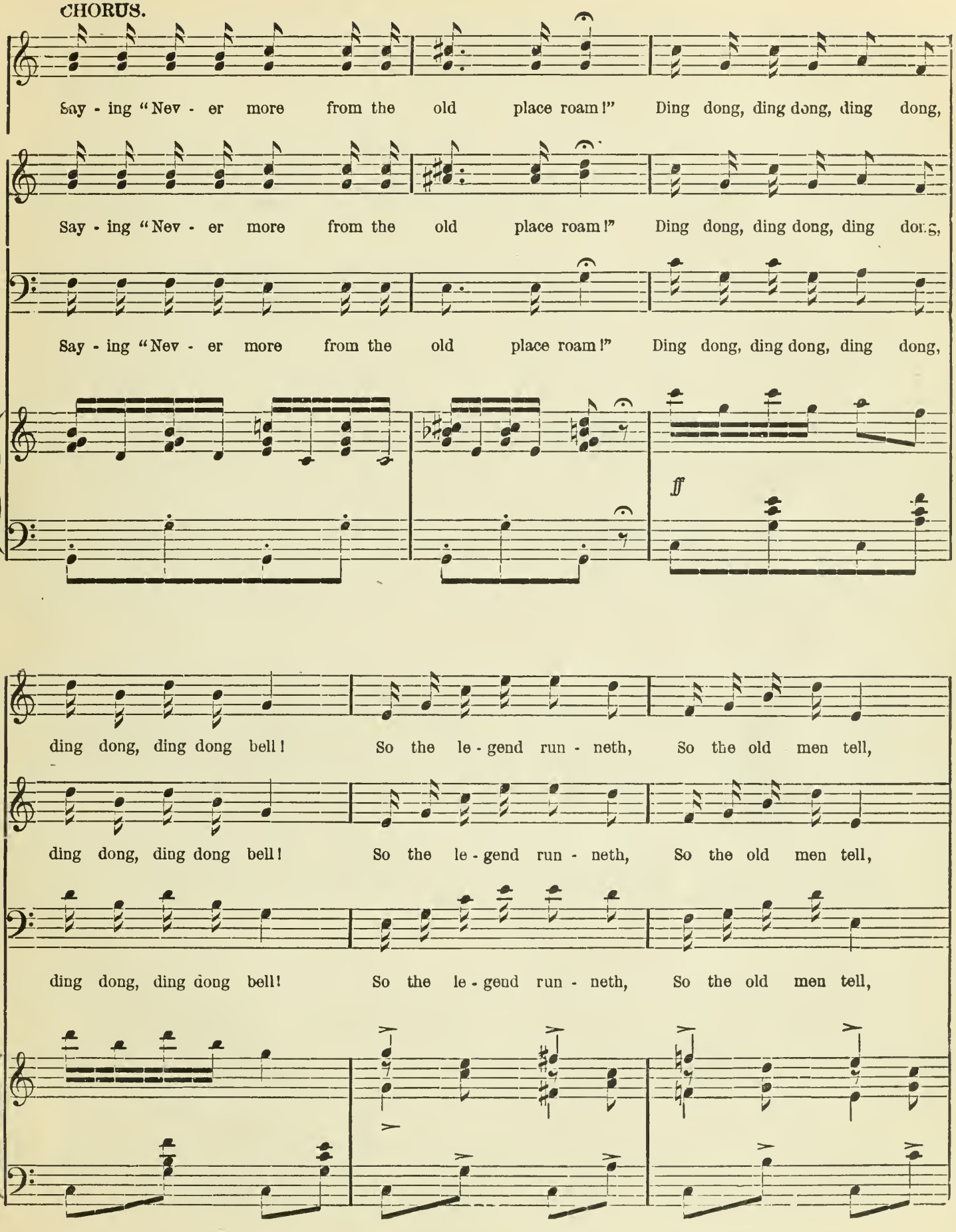
Dear frieuds of my youth— think not we are part - ed, Here where I have liv'd, I

p

ev - er hope to dwell! No - ble I may be yet not more true heart - ed,


Than the lit - tle Germaine whom you lov'd so well! Hark! the hap - py bell!....
ev - er gent - ly chim - ing Like an old - en friend that bids the wand -'rer home!
For me legend sweet of love and friendship rhyming, Say - ing " nev - er more from the old place roam!"

CHORUS.


Say - ing "Nev - er more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
Say - ing "Nev - er more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
Say - ing "Nev - er more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
ff
ding dong, ding dong bell! So the le - gend run - neth, So the old men tell,
ding dong, ding dong bell! So the le - gend run - neth, So the old men tell,
ding dong, ding dong bell! So the le - gend run - neth, So the old men tell,

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell! When the long lost heir re - turn-eth will clang the bell!

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell! When the long lost heir re - turn-eth will clang the bell!

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell! When the long lost heir re - turn-eth will clang the bell!

Curtain.

ff

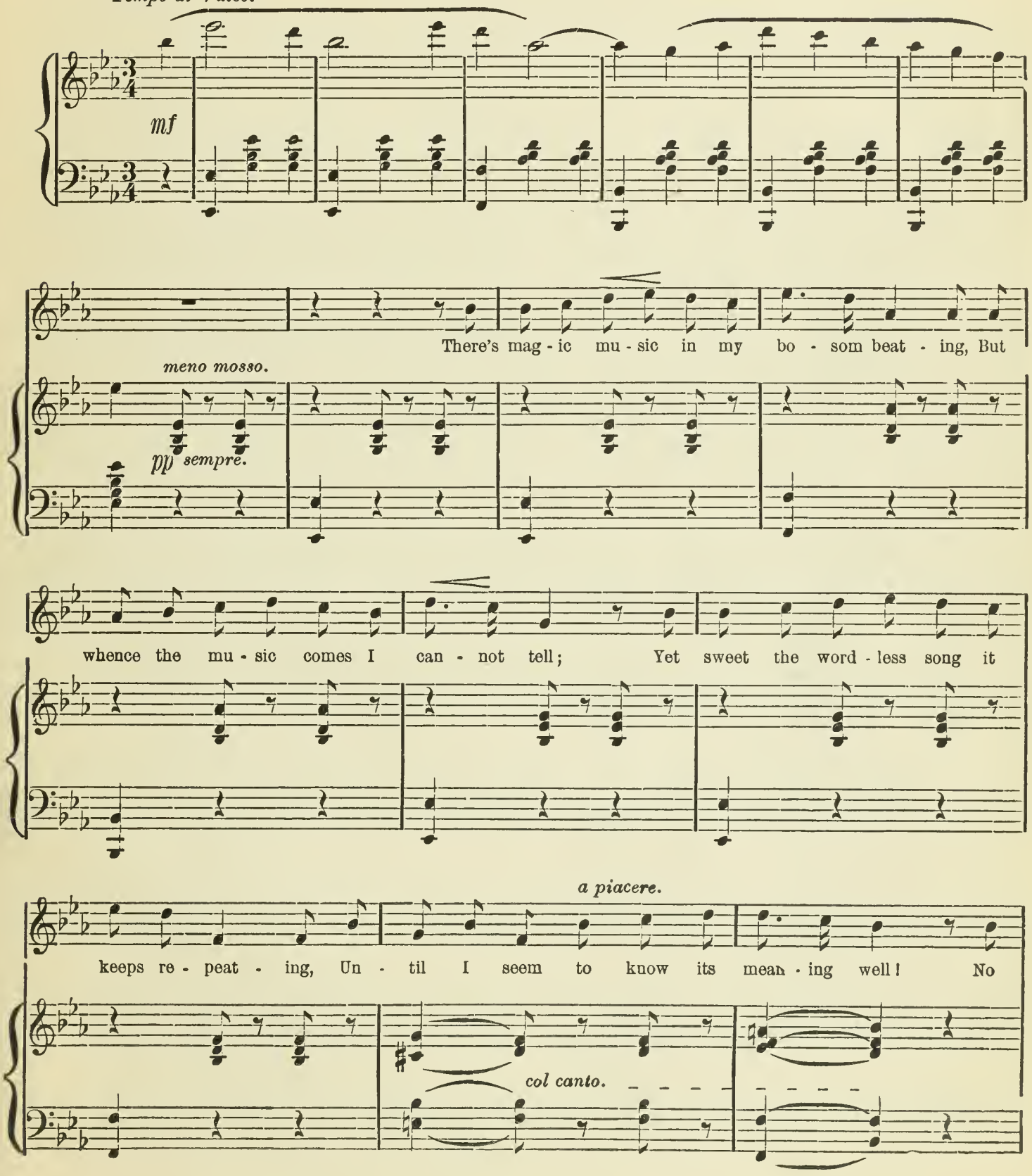
THERE'S MAGIC MUSIC.

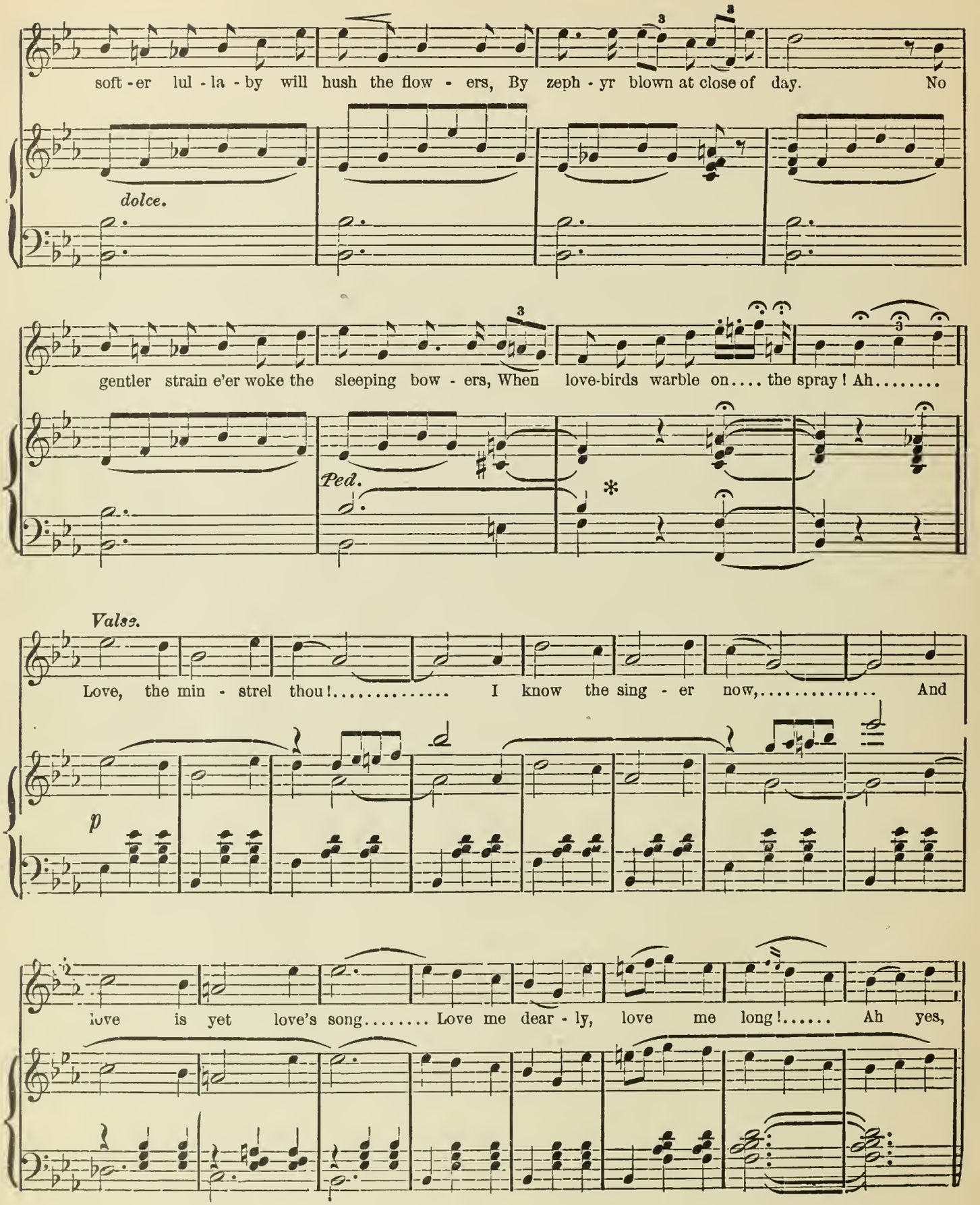
LOVE, THE MINSTREL.

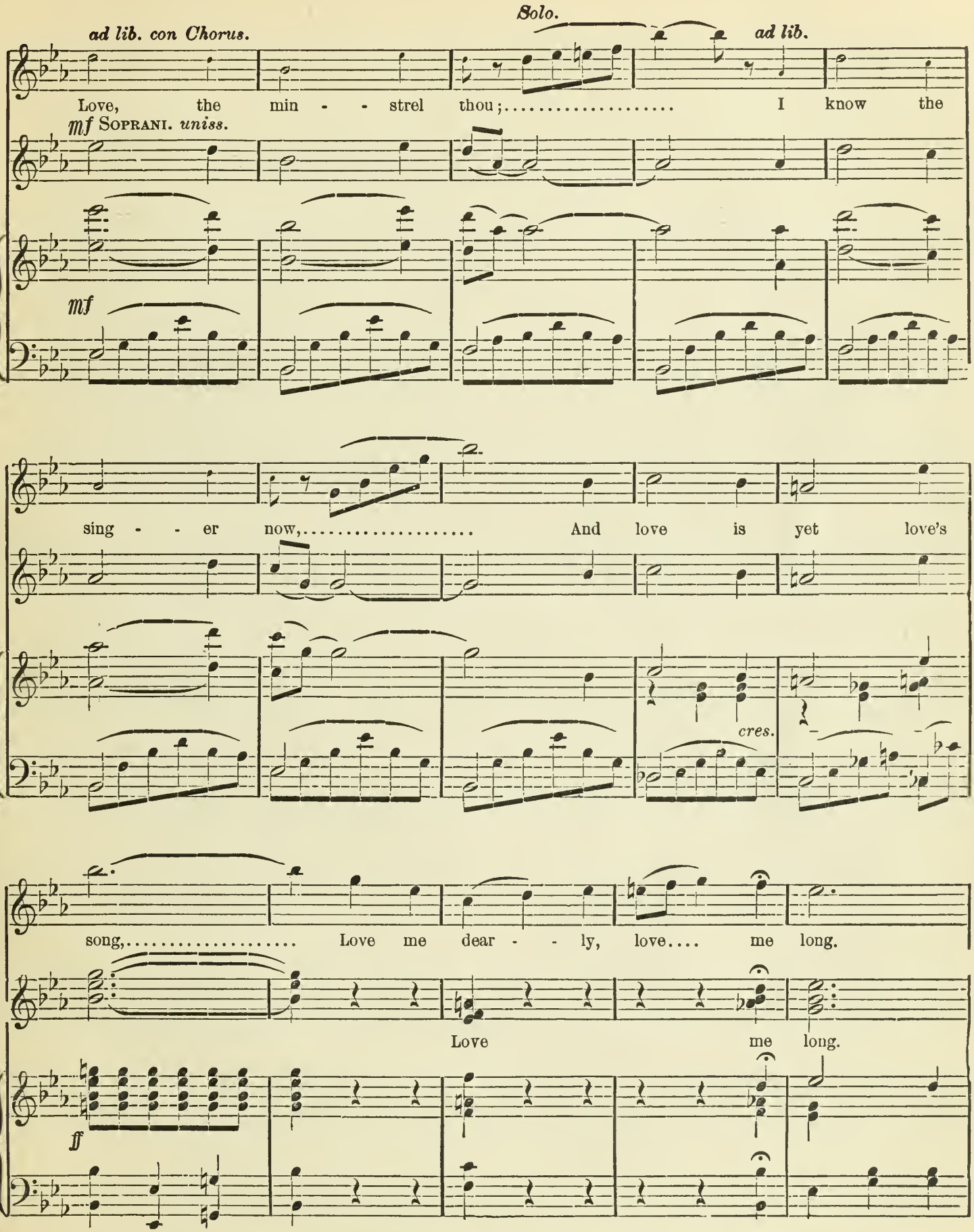
Introduced Song.
No Orchestral Parts.

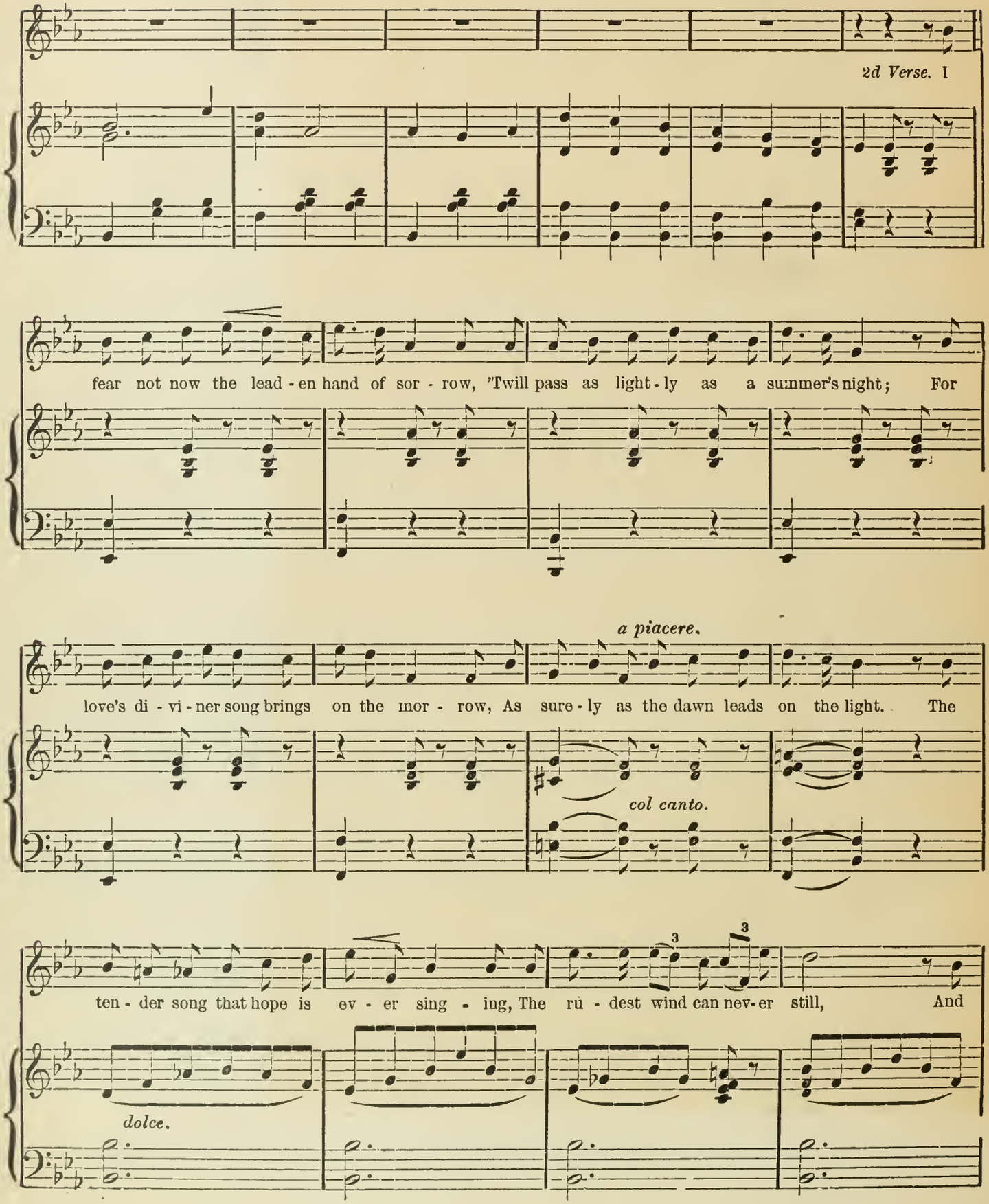
SONG AND CHORUS.

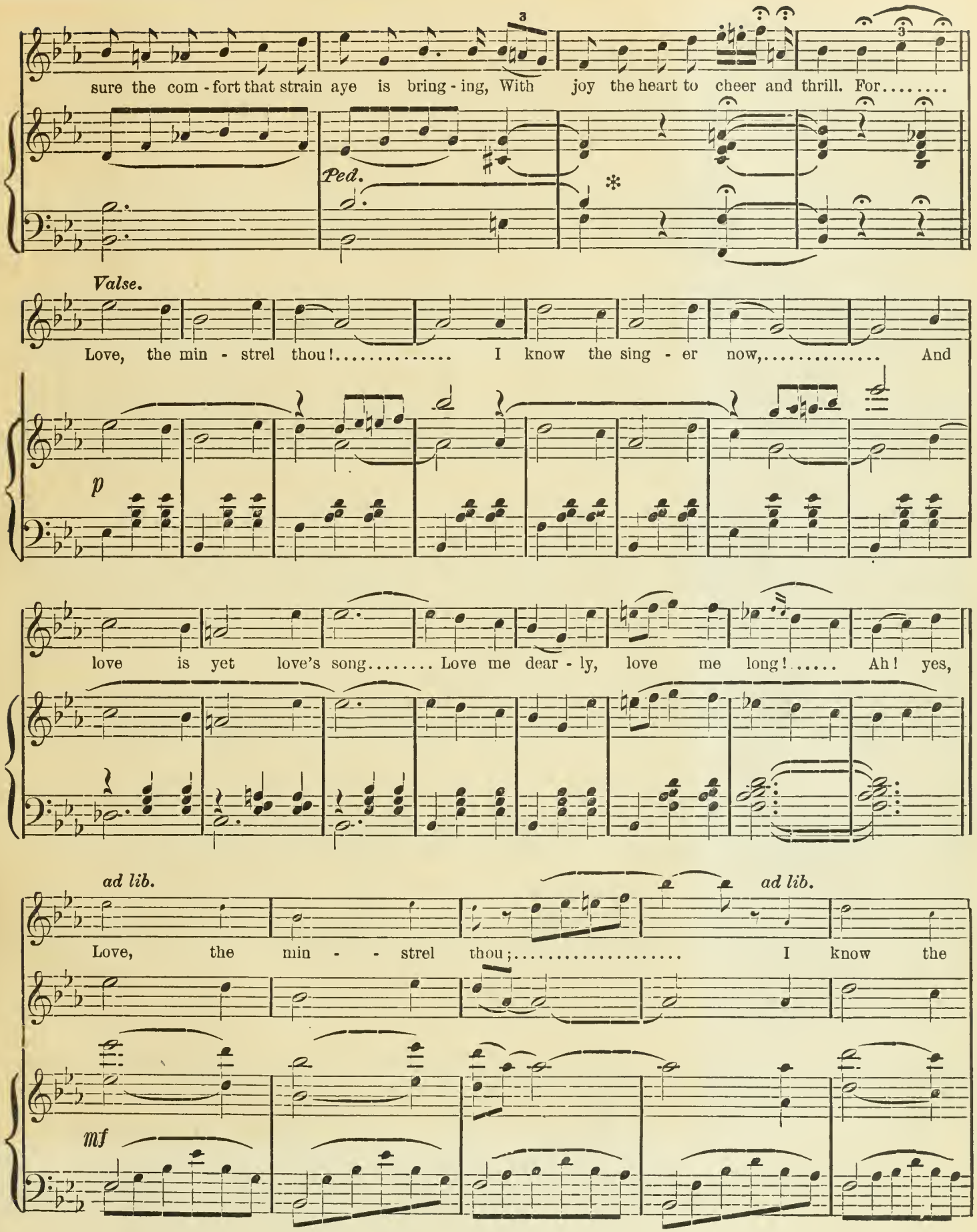
Tempo di Valse.

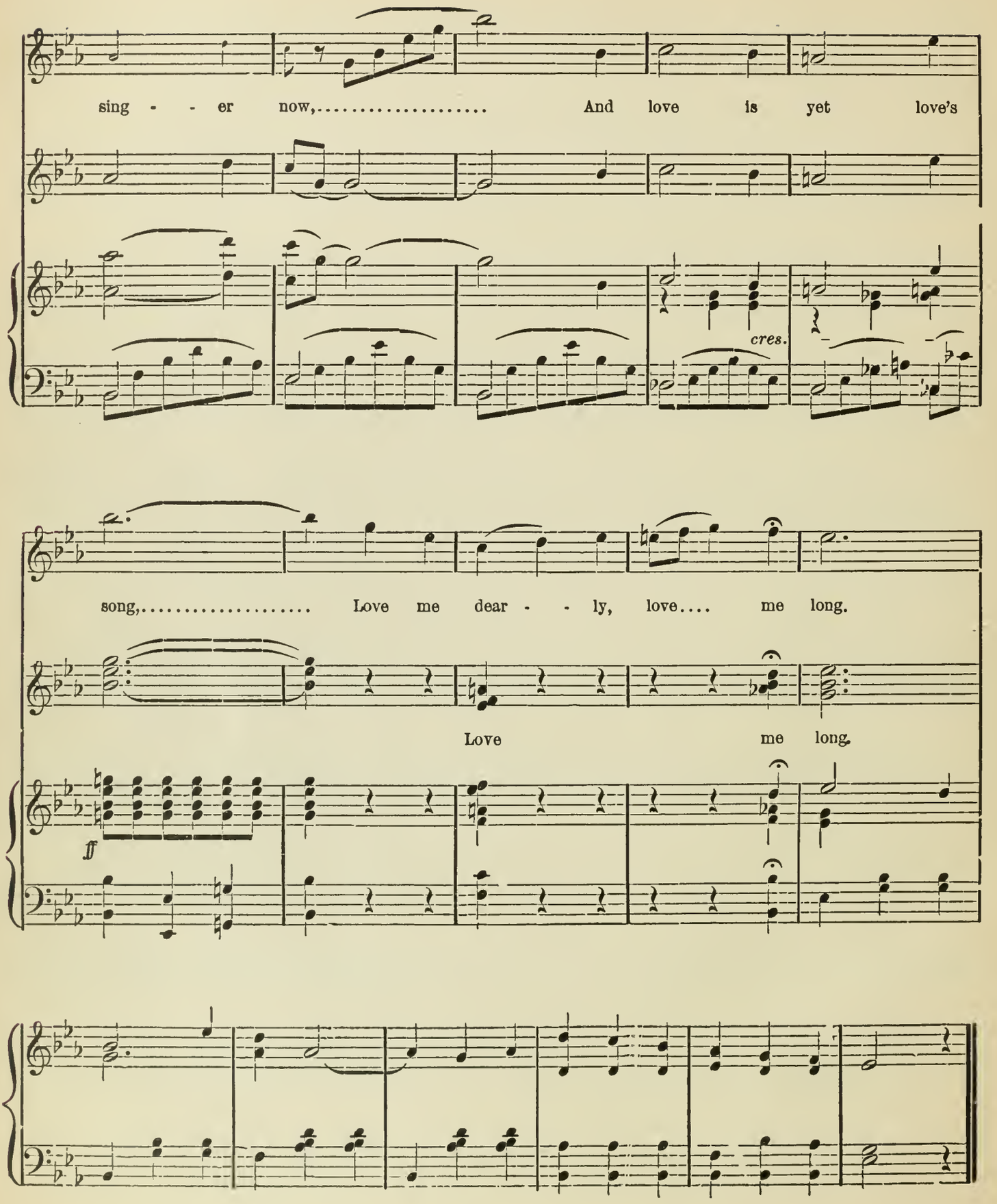



soft - er lul - la - by will hush the flow - ers, By zeph - yr blown at close of day. No
dolce.
gentler strain e'er woke the sleeping bow - ers, When love-birds warble on.... the spray! Ah.....
Ped.
Valse.
Love, the min - strel thou!..... I know the sing - er now,..... And
p
love is yet love's song..... Love me dear - ly, love me long!..... Ah yes,


Solo.
ad lib. con Chorus.
ad lib.
Love, the min - - strel thou;..... I know the
mf Soprani. uniss.
mf
sing - - er now,..... And love is yet love's
cres.
song,..... Love me dear - - ly, love.... me long.
Love me long.
ff


2d Verse. I
fear not now the lead - en hand of sor - row, 'Twill pass as light - ly as a summer's night; For
a piacere.
love's di - vi - ner song brings on the mor - row, As sure - ly as the dawn leads on the light. The
col canto.
ten - der song that hope is ev - er sing - ing, The rü - dest wind can nev - er still, And
dolce.


sure the com - fort that strain aye is bring - ing, With joy the heart to cheer and thrill. For.....
Ped.
Valse.
Love, the min - strel thou!..... I know the sing - er now,..... And
p
love is yet love's song..... Love me dear - ly, love me long!..... Ah! yes,
ad lib.
ad lib.
Love, the min - - strel thou;..... I know the
mf


sing - - er now,..... And love is yet love's
cres.
song,..... Love me dear - - ly, love.... me long.
Love me long.
ff

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